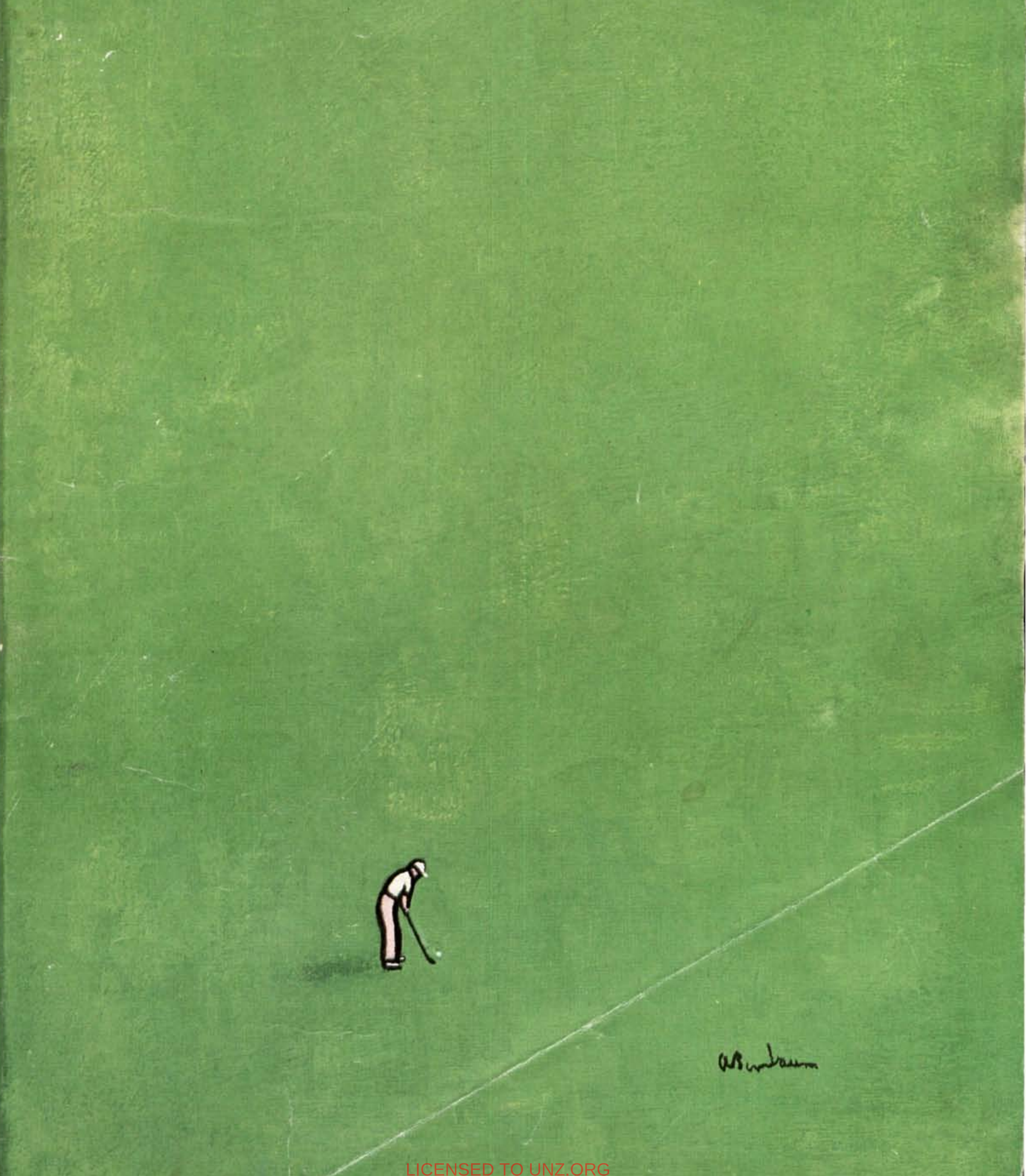
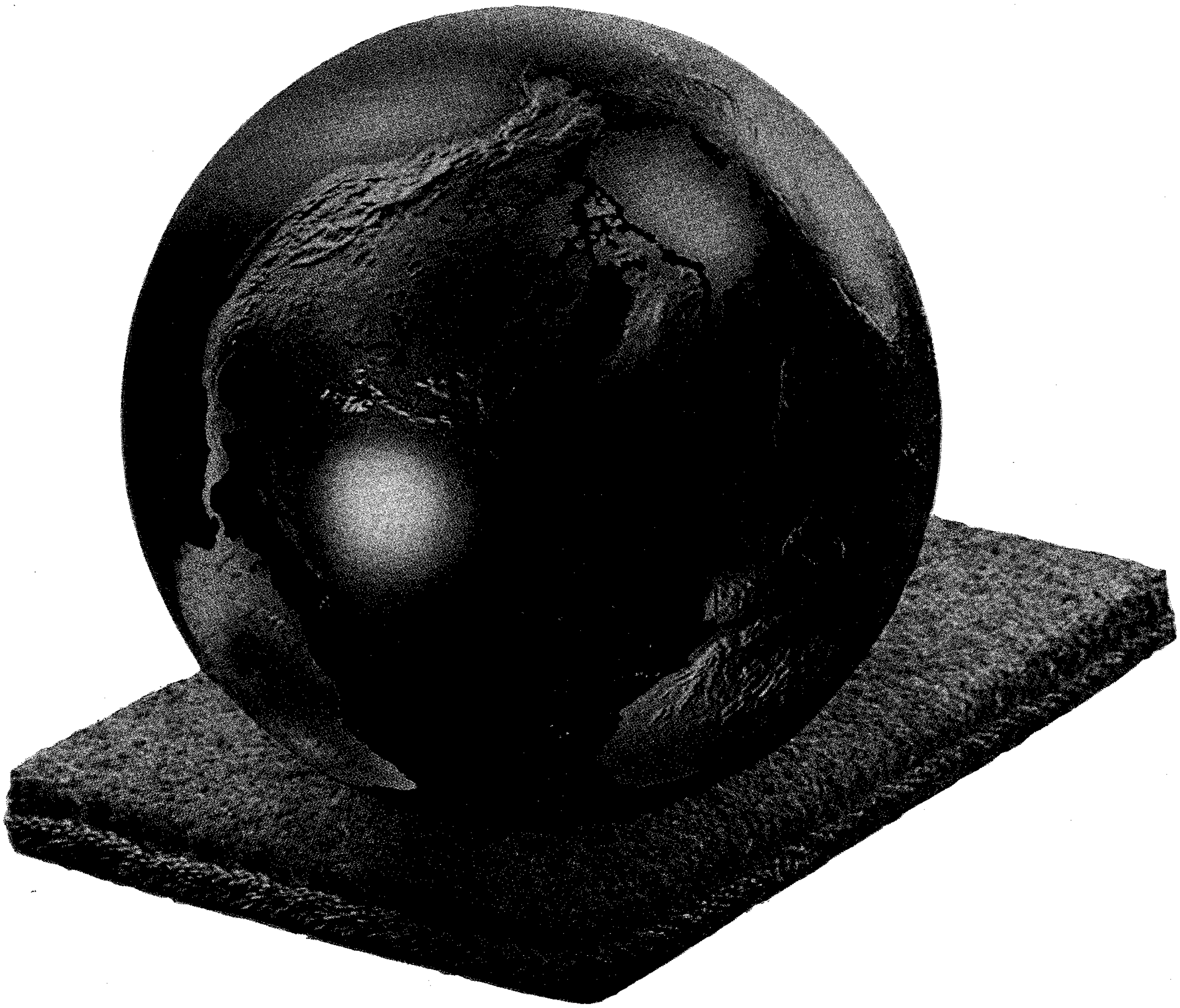
Aug. 6, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

Price 35 cents





You've got the world at your doorstep.
Today you can telephone all over the world.

Today you can call 96.8% of the world's telephones—for business or pleasure. And the cost is low. For only $12, plus tax, for the first three minutes, you can call almost anywhere in the world. Even lower rates are in effect to many countries. And reduced night and Sunday rates apply to many areas. Since the first overseas call, in 1927, the Bell System, in cooperation with foreign telephone agencies, has pioneered in the development of today's worldwide telephone network. This network consists of radio facilities, undersea cables and communications satellites. Whenever you want to keep in touch with anyone—call Long Distance. It's the next best thing to being there.

AT&T BELL SYSTEM **Bell System**
American Telephone & Telegraph
and Associated Companies

WHAT'S BEHIND THE NEW SEE-THROUGH MAKE-UP BY ESTEE LAUDER?

Absolutely nothing but bare skin. It's Estée Lauder's most-current beauty thinking—you just slip into a little-something glossy, something sheer and shimmery and let your own natural beauty shine through. She arrives at this vibrant young look with high-intensity luster, low-intensity color. Starting at the top, her newest shine-through is Eye Gloss, a stick of sheer radiance for eyelids in six see-through tintings. Glow-in-the-Round polishes the skin with gossamer sheen in natural or frosted shades. And lips are glistened with Lilac Frost, a new fashion-cued pink mauve for the Lip Gloss collection.

Estée Lauder

©1966 ESTEE LAUDER, INC.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A lively divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such admirable people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Brenda Vaccaro, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves to good advantage. The play was directed by the versatile author. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's sad and funny account of an Irish youth's last night on his home sod before emigrating to America. Under Hilton Edwards' perceptive direction, the cast, which includes Donal Donnelly, Patrick Bedford, Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, and Mavis Villiers, is highly effective. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—Lee Remick as a blind girl trying to outwit a trio of scoundrels who want to lay hands on a doll that, as it happens, is stuffed with heroin. An implausible and wearing business. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** Alan King in a comedy about a psychiatrist and some adolescents. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **LUV:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **THE ODD COUPLE:** Another Neil Simon comedy, concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Mame—Angela Lansbury and a fine cast make this musical (book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and music and lyrics by Jerry Herman) an amiable affair. It is an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel, and if it isn't long on originality, it does have a professional gloss and some highly comical moments. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—This musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess who wants to be honestly loved hasn't much to offer in the way of comedy, but it does have a lot of sprightly dances and an acceptable score. It also has the indefatigable Gwen Verdon and an enthusiastic cast. The choreography is the work of Bob Fosse, the over-all director of the enterprise, and the music and lyrics are the work of Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa in which an octet of fine young performers disport themselves most pleasantly. The music and the dances are mainly South African, and the instruments employed to keep things lively are for the most part modelled on homeland originals. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Through Saturday, Aug. 13, Paul Lipson is substituting for Herschel Bernardi in this musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Lady Godiva. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **SHOW BOAT**, with Barbara Cook, Constance Towers, Stephen Douglass, David Wayne, and William Warfield, is the second of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Sept. 10.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 4-5, at 8:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE** and **TRIAL BY JURY**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 3 and 8:30: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 3 and 7:30: **PRINCESS IDA**. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 9-10, at 8:30: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Aug. 11-12, at 8:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 3 and 8:30: **PRINCESS IDA**. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Page
BOOKS 104
THE CURRENT CINEMA 84
LETTER FROM LONDON 88
THE RACE TRACK 98

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Kitchen—A crisis or two in the kitchen of a large restaurant, as set forth by the English dramatist Arnold Wesker. With a couple of somewhat stronger performances in the leading roles, it might have seemed a powerful play as well as the fascinating documentary it is. Jack Gelber is responsible for the skillful direction. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

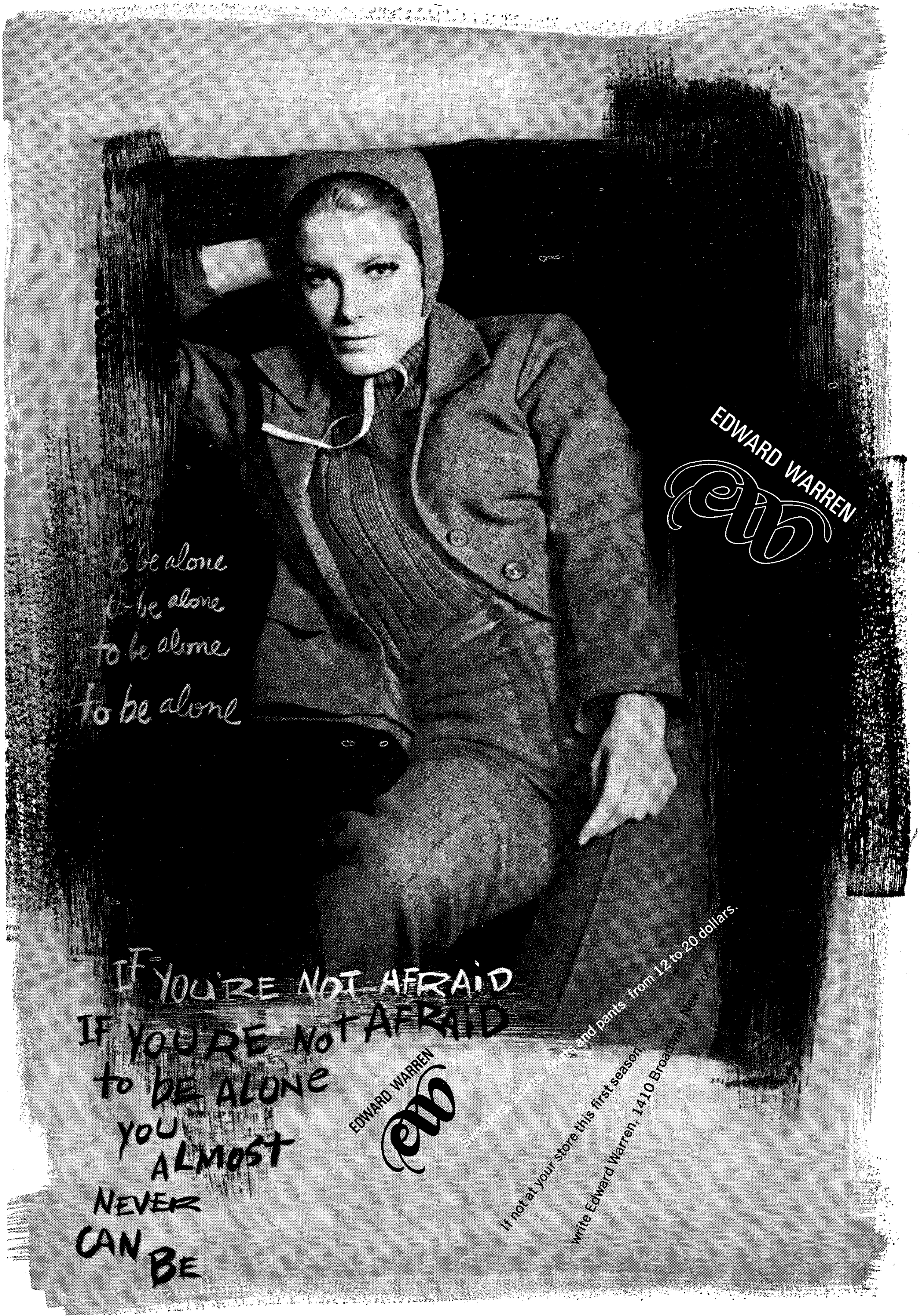
The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre. 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **KING RICHARD III**, with Joseph Bova, Penny Fuller, and Philip Bosco. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, ex-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, Robert S. Ogden, Marvin Rosenthal, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga., 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLII, No. 24, August 6, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1966 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.


to be alone
to be alone
to be alone
to be alone
EDWARD WARREN
ew
IF YOU'RE NOT AFRAID
IF YOU'RE NOT AFRAID
to BE ALONE
YOU ALMOST NEVER CAN BE
EDWARD WARREN
ew

Sweaters, shirts, skirts and pants from 12 to 20 dollars.

If not at your store this first season,
write Edward Warren, 1410 Broadway, New York.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cept Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A musical, **MARDI GRAS!**, based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Ralph Purdum, Fran Stevens, Joel Grey, Louis Armstrong and his band, and Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box is in good hands—the ones belonging to Kaye Stevens, who, apart from a single aria composed wholly of bathos, is an extremely funny girl. Her reign is dinner and supper. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which does the dance music, is more or less a work of art. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The name is still Barberry, but you can tell that it is now the Little Club by its stripes (Christmas candy), which ornament the new back room from head to toe. Horace Diaz's band plays for dancing Mondays through Fridays from nine to two, and Saturdays from nine to three. No music Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The age of chivalry prevails on the parquet floor of the restaurant between eight and one or two. Cliff Hall's band provides the athletes' instrumentation. No players on Sundays or Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Ben Cutler's brisk little band gets a great deal of bounce to the ounce in the Café Pierre—enough for every night of the week. Franco Pagani, an equally brisk tenor, sounds off in between sets every night but Sunday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lainie Kazan, a vigorous young thing who lives at night in the Persian Room, is not old enough to know that every ballad needn't be an emotional crisis. Whenever she forgets what she has been told, she does nicely enough. She shows up at ten during the week, at nine and eleven-forty-five Fridays and Saturdays. Milt Shaw, that good penny, is in circulation again with a dance band, and Mark Monte's revellers are on hand, too. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The Edwardian Room is closed Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a hacienda in Arcady, with nymphs bearing the triumphs of pastry chef, coffee brewer, and vintner, the whole overspread by a wistful violin. The artful illusion is visible until one every night but Sunday.

Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—Within this walled city, a small assemblage of musicians competes with the fountain from nine to one, except on Sundays, and the English Grill keeps a small assemblage of chefs on an equally nocturnal schedule.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A glowing tribute to the days when our floating population considered the steamboat the only way to go and a big band the only thing to dance to. Freddy Martin's band, which has long been wasting its fragrance on the Nevada desert air, is the current one. The action goes on from eight to two. No music Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Highland Fling would be the appropriate exercise for this lofty point of view, but the customers for George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's band, which run on from eight to two, are much more conservative. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Under the spreading chestnut trees, there is music by Phil Wayne's band, once of the Pierre's lamented Cotillion Room, and a quota of Latins. They work out from eight until one. In case of lightning storms, falling frogs, or other summer specialties, everybody indoors at once, where business will go on as usual.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Penetrating into the second layer of Peacock Alley, one finds Ray Hartley's baroque piano ornamenting the recess from cocktail time until eleven every evening but Friday and Saturday. On those nights, in the third layer of the Alley, there is dancing to a trio from eight to one.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The largest single portion of Inner Space in the whole city, and occupied by dancers who lead straightforward, unTwisted lives. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Eternal springs are the underpinning of the pianos of Sam Hamilton (who does the cocktail hour) and of Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who do solo flights during the evening, then up-and-coming tandem music after the theatre—all this for fanciers of eat-drink-and-be-merry. A four-day week (Monday through Thursday) prevails during the dog days. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The intellect as well as the palate is being cozened in this Florentine villa, for there are occasional readings from Shakespeare and Shaw by Philip Huston, and Elizabethan ballads by Lynn Ellsler. (What hath God wrought?) Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The right little, tight little island at its evening's ease, through which a wandering island minstrel parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **BELL'S**, 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): A neighborhood gathering place. What the boys and girls in the back room will have is the trio of George Taylor—none of it insistent, all of it cheerful, every night but Sunday. . . . **CHARLIE BATES**, 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): A neighborhood pub, aimed at looking and sounding 1900. The honky-tonk piano dwells fondly upon its memories of the twenties and the tens. Sundays, on the other hand, there are four-to-one sessions by the Smith Street Jazz Society Band. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the kindred arts have their after-hours here. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of the good life is enhanced every night but Sunday by Cecil Young's three-man exposition of new-school glee in music. On Sundays, sitting-in jazz groups work out from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past eleven years, is the definitely permanent party in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to a retrospective show of the music we grew up with. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): One of the few coigns in the Second Avenue Casbah that will bear inspection. From ten until three every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest plays piano and sings songs that possess the life and literacy all late-at-night big-city music should have.

Note—The discothèque, a form of undulant fever for which time may be the only cure, provides sociologists with the best material in the following establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Lap of luxury, plus music (seven-thirty until three or four) from both ticker tape and an urgent band, plus (at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty) a pagan rout of singers and swingers whose bodies are all triple-jointed. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): To all intents and purposes, the antics here are practically subscription dances, so enter your son and daughter at birth if you wish them to grow up wise in the ways of the night world. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The moving—well, practically flying—spirit is Tanya Everett (earlier on of "Fiddler on the Roof"), and the amusement is the effort of others to follow in her flight steps. The music comes partly from a tapped wire and partly (each Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday) from the land of the high-living; the hours are nine to last gasp; the menu is close to the vanishing point. Dead silence Mondays. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): You can gambol on this Village green in whatever you happen to be wearing, but all the same it is an establishment that is distinctly not of the Village Villagey. Some of the music comes out of a wall socket, the rest comes out of people just—or almost—like us. And when you're as young as the prepossessing house dancers, you can dance six days a week, too, on the beer and hamburgers. Nine-thirty to three or four is the rule of this road. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, monarch of all the pleasing prospect he surveys, takes his daily constitutional (that's the kind of monarch he is) on the finely tuned piano on the dais during cocktails, dinner, and supper—a constitutional jaunty and buoyant. Forrest Perrin, his second in command, does the honors every Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle (it serves as a sounding board for a peripatetic violinist) is an elaborately ornamented chess set in which all knights are bold and all kings, including Henri IV, are merry. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another kingly retreat, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, one of our most glorious antique shops, is the setting for Rogelio Reguera, an Iberian guitarist of the purest ray serene. He holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency

"an inch of
Pinch, please."

Pinch by Haig & Haig. Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 proof. Imported by Renfield Importers, Ltd., New York.

"Tortoni and Spumoni"
by Bernhard Altmann,
those people you thought knit
only cashmere classics

A DIVISION OF McGREGOR DONIGER, INC., N.Y., N.Y. 10019

Spin rings of Spumoni around circles of Tortoni and come up with two cashmere concoctions any girl will go off her budget for. The double-decker on the left is: one dip cashmere turtle neck top, about 30.00; one dip purist cashmere skirt, about 30.00. The triple decker, right, is a cashmere jacket that's solid on one side faced with stripes on the other, has a striped shell underneath, and altogether costs about 70.00. The solid cashmere skirt that's a solid citizen for your wardrobe is about 30.00 in several scrumptious color combinations, at stores that know knitting, or drop a note to Bernhard Altmann, 1407 B'way, N.Y. 10018.

Bernhard Altmann
THE LEGEND OF A GREAT KNITTER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Kurt Maier, whose piano offers conducted tours of the Vienna Woods. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from six to one—in the bar. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar and Tony Gorody does thoughtful piano from nine-thirty to one. Saturday, Aug. 6, is Signor Lembo's finale, but Mr. G., who stays home Sundays, will continue to carry on.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The summertime reserve forces are practicing on the playing field—to wit, Marvin Gaye as singer and Fred Barber as joker. And there are always the Copa ballerinas, kicking (not necessarily in unison) up their heels and their long, lovely legs. Dancing for the patrons as well. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music nearly every minute. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The big specialty on the menu might as well be called *vol-au-ventre,* for it is done by Nai Bonet, a belly dancer of a certain renown. There are many others from way out East, among them the Keigo Imperial Japanese Dancers. "Oriental Phantasy" is the extremely reasonable caption for this charivari. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The loose ends, weird and wonderful, at which the miniskirt contingent and its escorts arrive here certainly justify the means. The music issues from a collection of bands in a state of perpetual frenzy. Nine-thirty until four every night is the deal. Hot dogs and such are all that keep the little bodies and souls together.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk, in a spirit of midsummer-night's madness, is doing a throwback to his earliest hall of fame, Le Ruban Bleu, with himself as *conférencier* and such sprightly aides as the arcane Alice Ghostley, and the team of Tony Hendra and Nick Ullett, a sly set of British customers. Robert Colston, Otis Clements, and their pianos are the pit band. This sporting proposition begins at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España is a Spanish army that lives off the countries it has been to, acquiring and proclaiming the jollier songs of each one. The amiable, deliberately artless cavalcade happens at dinner and supper during the week. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. A dinnertime song-and-dance interlude is all that happens on Sunday evenings. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays. . . .

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Below the Belt," a revue that reprises a number of the skits that have gone on here in the past few years, is on tap at nine-thirty and midnight every night but Sunday. Richard Blair is the best-known member of a cast of five. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this extremely casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The threesome of Bill Evans, whose piano is subterranean and submarine, holds forth, and so does the quartet of Thelonious Monk, another of pianism's great explorers. Mondays are devoted to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A two-ply enterprise—street-level restaurant and below-decks grotto. In the grotto, there is aggressive music by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers every night but Monday. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, they get help from the crews of Chico Hamilton and Roland Kirk; Thursdays through Sundays, the helpmeet is Fats Domino. Mondays are easier to decipher—just a Latin band and Symphony Sid, a commentator who is sure he invented jazz. . . . ¶ In the restaurant, which is open every day but Monday, Dave Pike's trio provides the brisk, metallic sound of the future. Sundays, from five to nine, the place is a Strivers' Row, where what is called the Jazz Interactions has its day. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most important coffee plantation in the Village. With the Mocha goes mostly folk music on a bearable level, such as, right now, the activities of Jake Holmes, who does not take the genre seriously, and of a brace of newcomers called the Pair Extraordinaire. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. On Wednesday, Aug. 10, a new set of principals arrives: The jack-in-the-pulpit Bitter End Singers and a set of incipient jesters designated the Uncalled-For 3. Mr. Holmes, though, remains at his post. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Jazz as it used to be, but mellowed a bit, and still as good as ever to dance to, which can be done here. Among Mr. Condon's accomplices are Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Ray Bryant, Cliff Leeman, and Herman Autrey, and who can complain about that? Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Small world, large sound. The sound comes from the fivesome of the happy and well-informed Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, who will wind up their stay on Sunday, Aug. 7, and (Friday through Sunday of that same weekend) the voice of Jimmy Rushing, at whose impact the walls of Jericho turn to quicksilver. True-blue Art Farmer returns his quintet, with which Jimmy Heath is concerned, to action on Tuesday, Aug. 9. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The work load is being handled by the quartet of John Hicks, assisted by Betty Carter, who sings. Mondays, their day of rest, other cats are at play. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and slow-tempo fantasy, is at work with his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson is the intermission keyboard man. Mondays, everybody stays home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The Grand Army of the Original 52nd Street convenes here for vespers with the likes of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Cliff Jackson, and Marshall Brown, who dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. You may never have heard of the current musicians—the Lee Morgan quintet, through Sunday, Aug. 7—but they are dead in earnest. They are to be replaced, on Tuesday, Aug. 9, by Kenny Burrell's quartet. Mondays are allotted to one-night-standers.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA,** 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery artists, including Moses Soyer, William Gropper, and John Kearney; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Marine paintings by Bennett Bradbury, Frederick J. Waugh, William Ehrig, and others; through Aug. 31. . . . **IBM GALLERY,** 16 E. 57th St.: Contemporary drawings from the collection of the Saint Paul (Minnesota) Art Center, by such artists as Hans Moller, Chaim Gross, and Ben Shahn; through Aug. 19. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Paul Cadmus, Robert Vickrey, and Nathan Hale (to mention a few); through Aug. 26.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Robert Motherwell, David Smith, Francis Bacon, and others; through Sept. 9. . . . **SCHWEITZER,** 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Landscapes, portraits, and marines by, among others, Frank Boggs, William Merritt Chase, and Renoir; through Aug. 31.

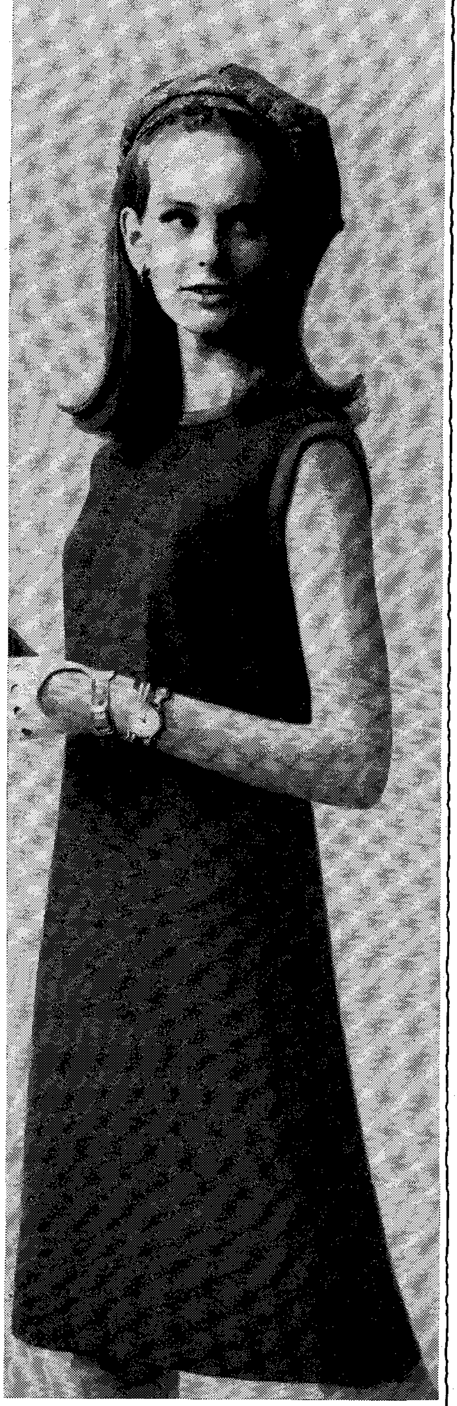
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An extensive exhibition of paintings, draw-

Saks Fifth Avenue

FALL GO-KNIT –
OUR BANDED
SHAFT DRESS, $36

Olive green outlines the neck, shoulders and arm cut-outs on our sleeveless tube of double knit navy wool in 6-16 sizes. Young Elite® Dresses. Mail and phone orders filled.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings, and sculptures on loan from private New York collectors, ranging in date from the eighteen-sixties to the nineteen-sixties and ranging in practitioner from Corot to Picasso and Marino Marini; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ "Americans on the Go," a series of Currier and Ives lithographs from the collection of Miss A.S. Colgate, recording our early methods of transportation and sport, and even 1869 "Fashionable Turn-Outs in Central Park." (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An excellent arrangement of the paintings of Henri Matisse from 1897 to 1953 which, though the majority date to his early years as an artist, is yet revealing of his maturing competence in design and color; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ A retrospective of Reuben Nakian—large abstract sculptures, some of painted steel and some of plaster (the most ponderous of the latter being "The Judgment of Paris" group), along with smaller bronzes and terra-cottas and drawings relating to them, mainly of a mythological nature; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," a fine exhibit in which Gauguin's works are pointedly interspersed with works by such outstanding artists as Kandinsky, Matisse, and Munch; through Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and forty-two examples of ancient Near Eastern, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan art dating from the third millennium B.C. to the Roman era, from the collection of Leon and Harriet Pomerance; through Oct. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ A showing of satirical prints and drawings—biting comments of the time—from Hogarth's "Beer Street," of 1751, to Mario Micossi's "Fantasia di Liturgie Romaniche," of 1962; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ The Sculpture Garden has been transformed into a proper cemetery for some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings that have been demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—A display of miniature clay figures, animals, and temples illustrating the daily life of the people in pre-Columbian Mexico; through Aug. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art–The Nadler Collection," an exhibition of sculptures (carved from marble, wood, ivory, bone, and limestone), textiles, ceramics, and bronze works, plus a small loan exhibit of objects typical of the reign of Ramses II, who built the Abu Simbel Temples; through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Current happenings in Op and Pop Art, as represented by Lichtenstein, Warhol, Rivers, and others, along with a less startling showing of such artists as Matisse, Modigliani, and Chagall, from the Harry N. Abrams Family Collection; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Court, six examples of the work of Alexander Liberman—large intertwining shavings of welded steel; through Sept. 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Craftsmen USA '66," comprising works in a variety of mediums by outstanding American craftsmen; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 and 22 W. 54th St.—"The World of Primitive Art," an exhibition of sculptures, paintings, jewelry, textiles, and ceramics from Africa, the Pacific islands, the Americas, and prehistoric Asia and Europe; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A delightful little showing of sketches, studies, preliminary drawings, and letters of Beatrix Potter. Peter Rabbit, Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, and Mr. Jeremy Fisher—they're all there. Through Oct. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

Mozart Festival at Philharmonic Hall—A four-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and solo programs. Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: The Guarneri String Quartet, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Werner Torkanowsky conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord and piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 11:30: Allan Miller conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Jorge Mester conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Claude Frank, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: The New York Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: Jorge Mester conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Mr. Frank. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: The Guarneri String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: Milton Katims conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Josette and Yvette Roman, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: A recital by Mr. Frank. (Through Saturday, Aug. 27.)

Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**LEWISOHN STADIUM:** Final performances of the season. Friday, Aug. 5: Joseph Rosenstock directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" in concert form, with Roberta Peters, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; Frank Guarrera, baritone; and Raymond Michalski, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6: Ignace Strasfogel conducting the orchestra, with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet performing "Les Sylphides," "Echoing of Trumpets," and "La Ventana." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 9: Kurt Adler directing the orchestra and chorus in performances of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" in concert form, with Mary Ellen Pracht, soprano; Irene Dalis and Joann Grillo, mezzo-sopranos; Placido Domingo, tenor; and Cornell MacNeil, baritone. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 10: John Green directing the orchestra and chorus in a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Jean Fenn, soprano; Marcia Baldwin, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley, tenor; and John Reardon, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12: George Schick directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Madame Butterfly" in concert form, with Teresa Stratas, soprano; Miss Baldwin; Mr. Shirley; and Clifford Harvuot, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13: Lamberto Gardelli conducting the orchestra, with Renata Tebaldi, soprano. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Evenings at 8:30.) . . . **CENTRAL PARK MALL:** Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 14.) . . . ¶ Operas in English, presented by the Manhattan Opera Company. Thursday, Aug. 4: "Tosca." . . . Tuesday, Aug. 9: "Aida." . . . Thursday, Aug. 11: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Evenings at 8.) . . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Arthur Delmoni, violin. (Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30.) . . . **WOLLMAN RINK:** A mixed bag of commotion, mainly musical, sponsored by the Rheingold people. Mondays at 8:30, jazz; Wednesdays at 8:30, rock 'n' roll; Fridays at 8:30, folk music; Saturdays at 8:30, pop music; and Sundays at 6:30, musical salutes to various nations. (For information about tickets, call 249-7750.) . . . **EAST RIVER PARK AMPHITHEATRE** (near Grand St.): Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band. (Thursdays at 8:30; through Aug. 11.)

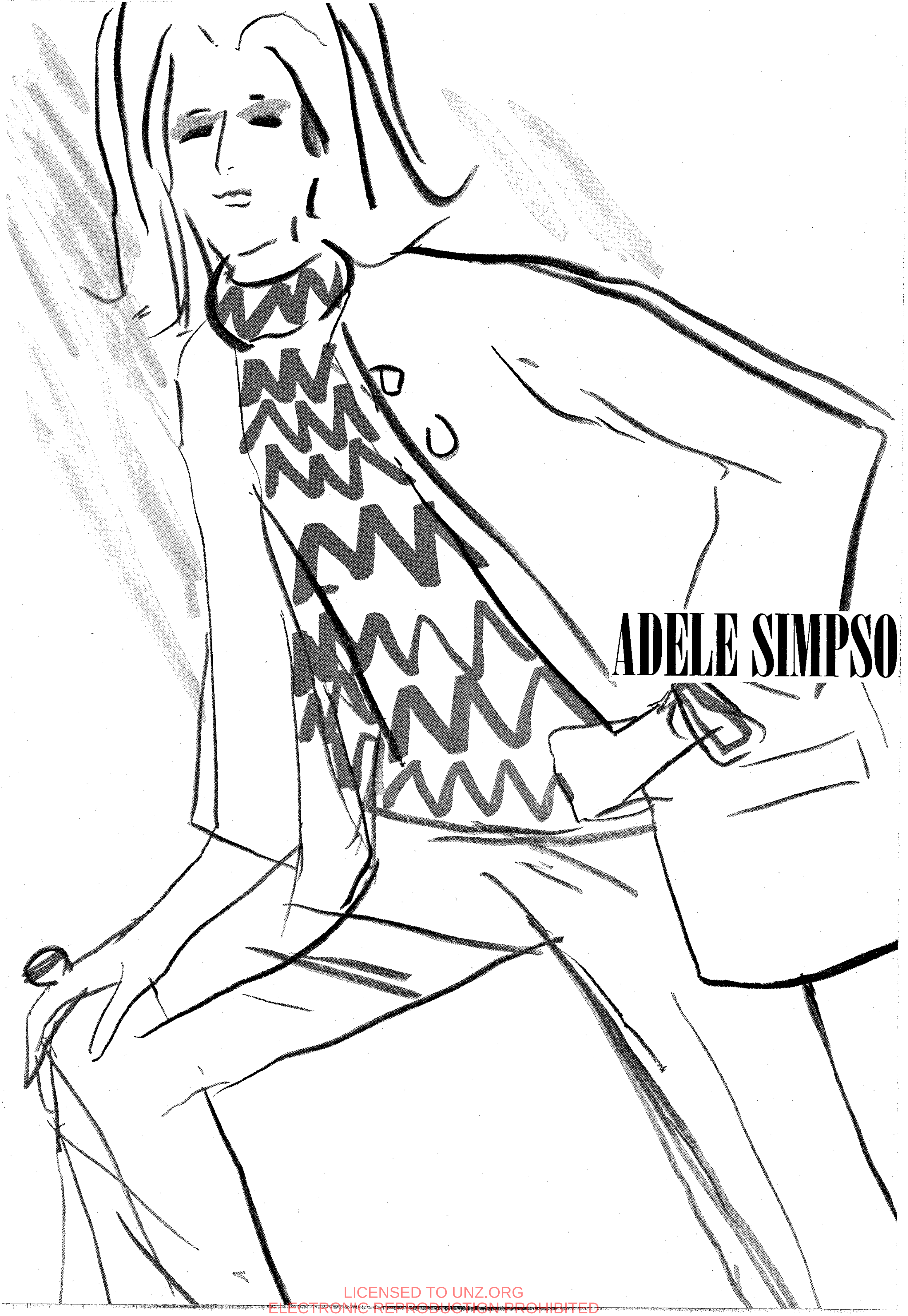
Jazz Concerts—**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART GARDEN:** Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: The Bill Evans trio. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Roland Kirk's quartet. (11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.) . . . **RANDALLS ISLAND:** Gloria Lynn, Arthur Prysock, Mongo Santamaria, Dizzy

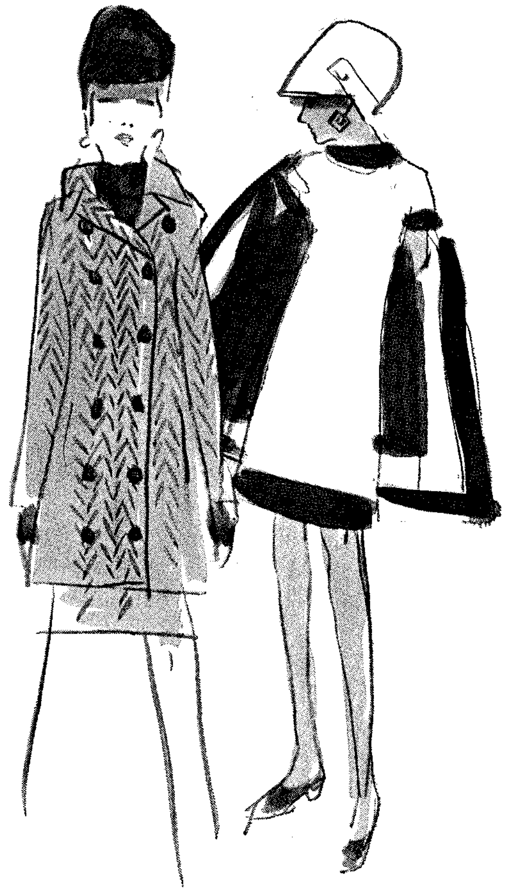
Go ahead, spend the summer in Oyster Bay. You can still see the Paris Openings.

Oyster
Christian Dior
Yves Saint Laurent
GIVENCHY
BALENCIAGA

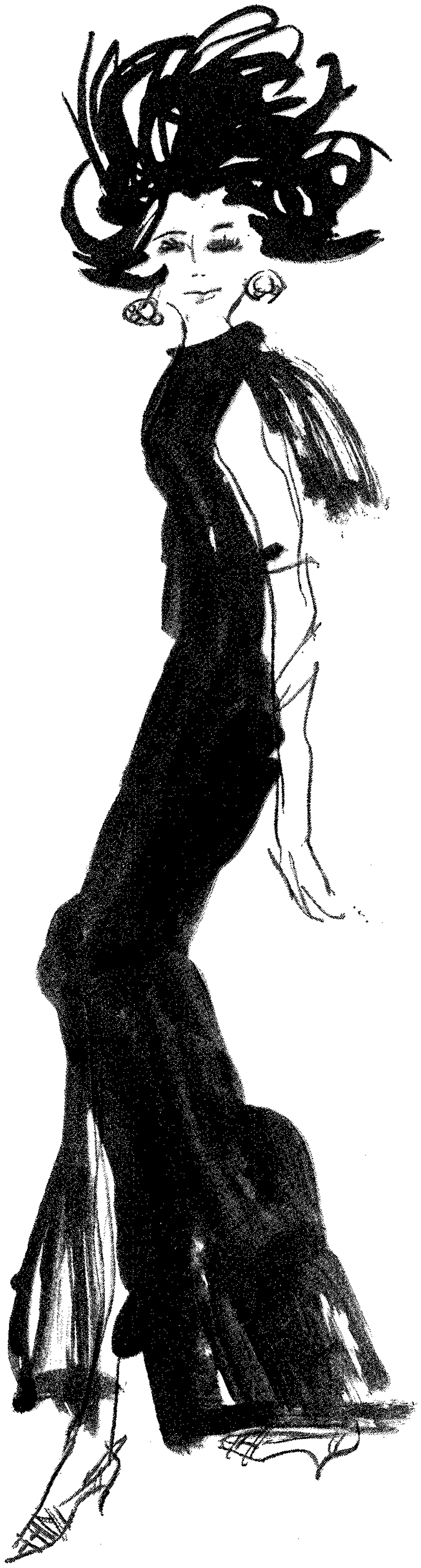
Quite as if you were there. Sitting in one of the gilded chairs. Seeing the fuss, the fervor, the frantic excitement of the most beautiful fashions of Paris in their first triumphal showing. Because we're bringing it back for you. The crème of the couture collections for fall. Originals, never copies, from the ateliers of Balenciaga, Christian Dior, Givenchy, Yves St-Laurent. They'll arrive in Chicago September 1st. At our 28 Shop® on Six. There's nothing like it back home.

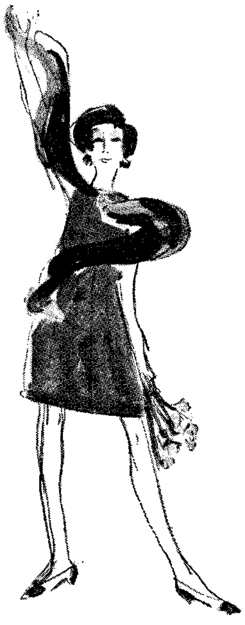
Marshall Field & Company


ADELE SIMPSO

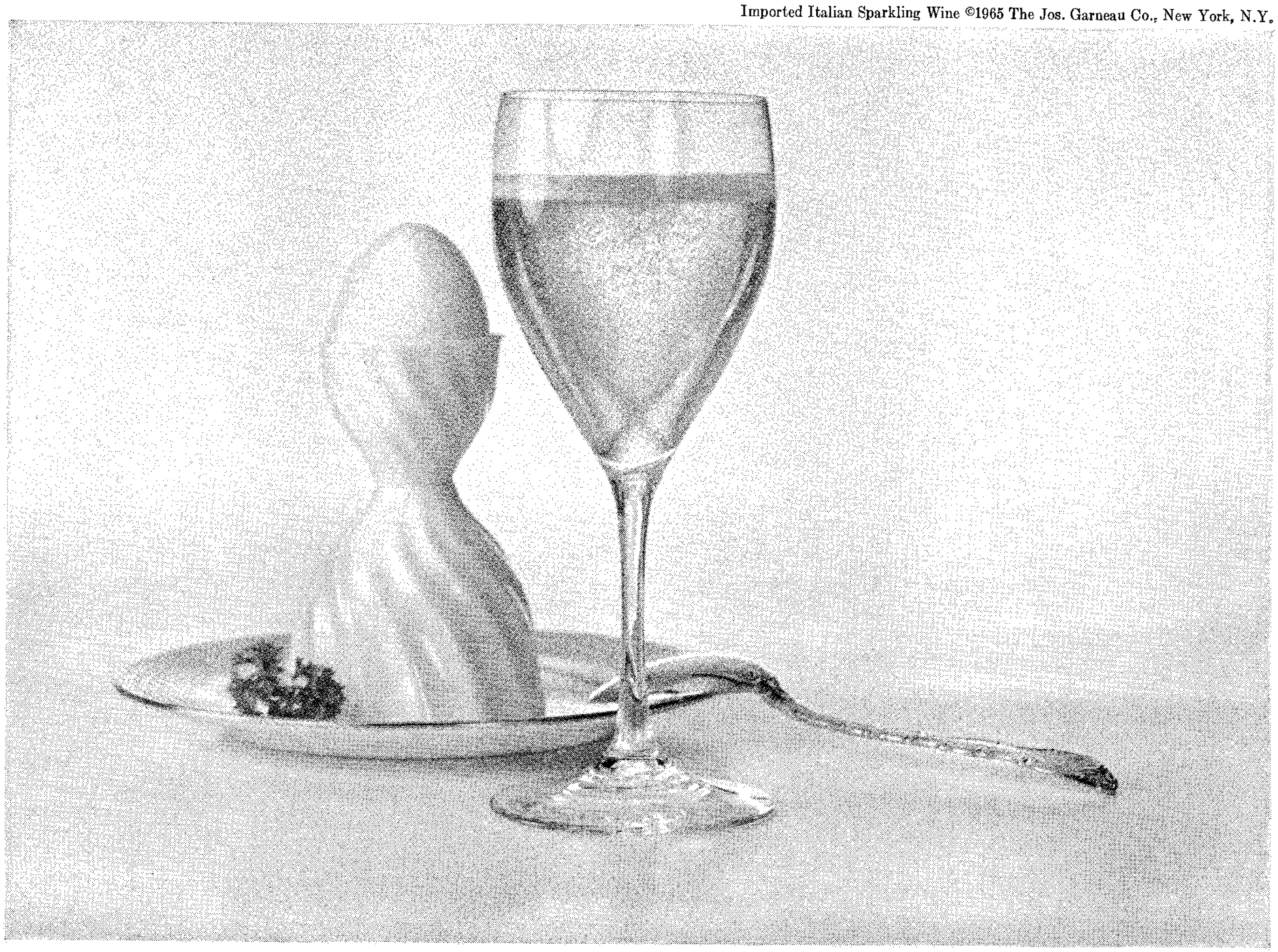


DEFIES AUTUMN.





Imported Italian Sparkling Wine ©1965 The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N.Y.



Breakfast Italian style

Gancia
Asti
Gancia
Italian Sparkling Wine

The egg itself may be poached, fried, scrambled or boiled.

The wine must sparkle. With true Italian sparkle. The flavor must be natural. No sugar added to conceal an undeveloped grape.

Asti Gancia Spumante is such a wine.

Spumante tells you the wine is sparkling.

Asti tells you the grapes are grown in Italy's lush northern vineyards.

Gancia tells you it is Italy's best-loved sparkling wine.

The first sip tells a lot more. Asti Gancia has all the lightness and gaiety of champagne. But without the price tag.

Next time you buy eggs, don't forget the Asti Gancia Spumante.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gillespie, Redd Foxx, Sonny Stitt, Hank Crawford and his band, and others. (Downing Stadium. Saturday, Aug. 13, at 7. For tickets, call LT 1-0933.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, Aug. 5, at 7: An all-Mozart program performed by Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 9: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Boston Symphony, with Leslie Parnas, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing a performance of Mozart's "The Magic Flute" in concert form, with Judith Raskin, Jane Marsh, and Beverly Sills, sopranos; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Nico Castel and George Shirley, tenors; John Reardon, baritone; Ara Berberian and Ezio Flagello, basses; and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 2:30: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, at 7: An all-Tchaikovsky chamber-music program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, at 9: Sixten Ehrling conducting the Boston Symphony in a Sibelius-Tchaikovsky program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Hindemith-Tchaikovsky program, with Jane Marsh, soprano, and Stephen Kates, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a varied program, with Masuko Ushioda, violin, and Mischa Dichter, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 21.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances by the Philadelphia Orchestra of a three-week season that will run through Wednesday, Aug. 24. Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy directing an all-Beethoven program, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; John Alexander, tenor; Justino Díaz, bass; the Capitol Hill Choral Society; and the Cornell University Glee Club and Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: William Steinberg conducting a Schubert-Strauss program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 3: William Steinberg conducting an all-Wagner program, with James King, tenor. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: Thomas Schippers conducting an American-Italian program, with Leontyne Price, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Russian-Hungarian program, with Anthony di Bonaventura, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 3: Thomas Schippers conducting a program of French music, with Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo piano. (Saratoga Springs.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, Aug. 6, at 3:30: Carlos Montoya. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 3:30: Theodore Bikel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Nina Simone. (Lenox, Mass.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 6: Eleanor D'Antuono and Royes Fernandez; Myra Kinch and her company, with Celene Keller, Barton Mumaw, and Christopher Lyall; and Sahomi Tachibana, with Yoshio Aoyama. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 9-13: Toni Lander and Bruce Marks, and Norman Walker and his company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium**: Mets vs. San Francisco, Thursday, Aug. 4, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Aug. 5, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 6, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 7, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Tuesday, Aug. 9, at 8; Wednesday, Aug. 10, at 2; and Thursday, Aug. 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, Aug. 12, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 13, at 2:15.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Inwood Country Club, Inwood, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 4-7.) . . . ¶ Thunderbird Open Pro-Amateur Tournament. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Upper Montclair, N.J. Wednesday, Aug. 10.) . . . ¶ Thunderbird Classic Invitation Tournament. (Upper Montclair Country Club. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 11-14.)

Horse Show—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 6.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **blind brook polo club**, Purchase. . . . **bethpage polo field**, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At **saratoga**: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 27. The Test, Thursday, Aug. 4; the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 6; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 13. . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 6. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 6. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) . . . **atlantic city**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, Aug. 8, through Tuesday, Oct. 11. (Buses to the track will leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 8-14.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway**: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Oct. 18. . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 26.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk *in the public lobby no earlier than thirty* minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Walking Tours—"East Sixties–Castles and *Clubhouses," a conducted tour sponsored by* the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Aug. 7, at 2:30. Meets at Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—At **yankee stadium**: Aug. 14, Aug. 19-21, Aug. 23-28, and Sept. 13-15. . . . **shea stadium**: Aug. 16-18, Aug. 29-Sept. 6, and Sept. 9-11.

Dog Show—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sept. 11.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Merion Golf Club, Merion, Pa. Aug. 31-Sept. 3.)

Horse Shows—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Sept. 3-5.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Sept. 8-11.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Sept. 15-18.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 10 and 17.)

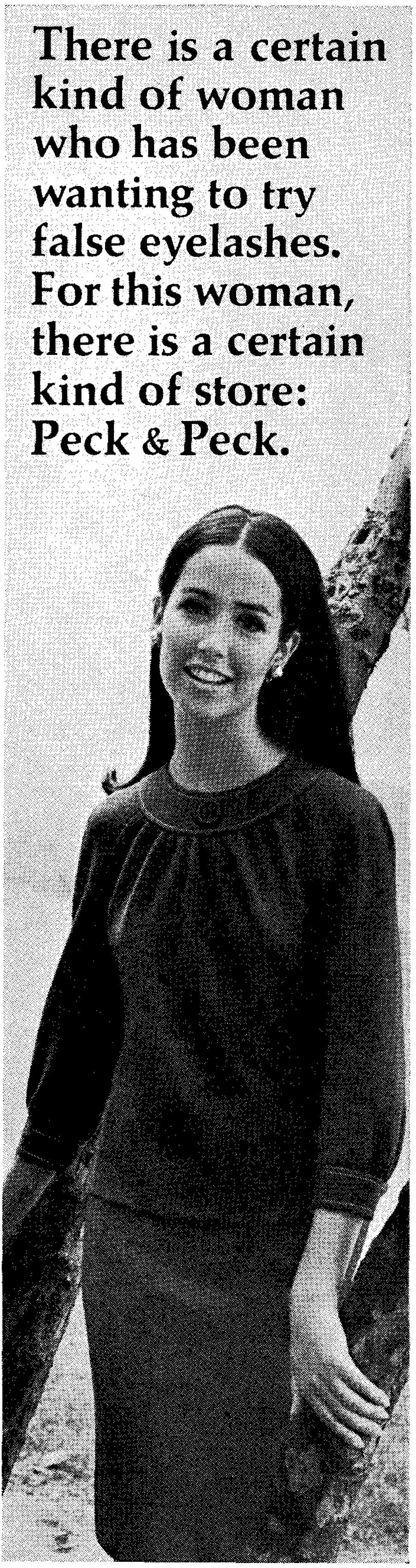
Racing—At Aqueduct: Aug. 29-Dec. 10.

Sports-Car Racing—At **bridgehampton race circuit**, Bridgehampton: Aug. 14. . . . **watkins glen**: Aug. 20-21. . . . **lime rock**, Lime Rock, Conn.: Aug. 27. . . . **thompson raceway**, Thompson, Conn.: Sept. 4-5.

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Aug. 15-21.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Aug. 21-28.) . . . ¶ National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Sept. 1-11.)

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Aug. 24-28.)

Other Dates—Holiday on Ice, at Madison Square Garden, Aug. 31-Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 5. . . . ¶ New York Film Festival, at Philharmonic Hall, Sept. 12-22. . . . ¶ Third-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Thursday, Sept. 15.


There is a certain kind of woman who has been wanting to try false eyelashes. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

You know who'd wear this.
She's the one you've always admired
for her individual taste.
It's a two piece wool knit that makes
the word "casual" elegant.
Blue, cherry, grey. 8 to 16, 46.00

Fifth Avenue, New York/Boston/St. Louis
Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland/Rochester/Baltimore
Chicago/Providence/Philadelphia/Buffalo
Kansas City/Hartford/Detroit/Washington, D. C.
Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S
TODAY
All Star Cast
BAR

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Dear John—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. In Swedish. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Doctor Zhivago—A beautifully filmed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—A brilliant documentary on surfing. A perfect movie about a search for the perfect wave. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

A Fine Madness—A mixture of broad comedy and social comment that is interesting in one way or another in spite of its many faults. With Sean Connery as a poet, Patrick O'Neal as his analyst, and Joanne Woodward and Jean Seberg as their respective wives. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through Aug. 9.)

Khartoum—Handsome and authentic locations, sets, costumes, and actors (Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier); tame script. In Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Lady L—Nearly all good fun, thanks to Peter Ustinov's lively direction of his own witty, rather ramshackle screenplay. With Sophia Loren, David Niven, and Paul Newman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Aug. 9.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

Mandragola—Alberto Lattuada directed this merry, ribald, and often beautiful satire, which gives itself no airs at all. The setting is sixteenth-century Florence. In Italian. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Aug. 8.)

Morgan!—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about contemporary London, directed with great verve by Karel Reisz. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Aug. 10, tentative.)

The Naked Prey—Cornel Wilde at his all-around best in Africa. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

The Shop on Main Street—An exceptionally fine film, all the way from Czechoslovakia. The stars are Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska, and the setting is a village during the Second World War. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 9.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—Yves Montand and Simone Signoret in a model thriller, laid mainly in Paris. Directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 10.)

A Thousand Clowns—Herb Gardner's Broadway hit, much improved by being shot all over Manhattan. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Aug. 9.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—The wit and harshness of the original are undimmed, and the language is unbowdlerized. Richard Burton's performance is so strong that the emphasis now has shifted: Martha's play has become George's movie. The other actors—Elizabeth Taylor, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis—do very well, too. Mike Nichols was the director; Ernest Lehman adapted the script. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Wrong Box—Excellent comedy, with comedians Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Wilfrid Lawson, Michael Caine, Peter Sellers, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

REVIVALS

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy, in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 9.)

Cartouche (1964)—A takeoff on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

The Conjugal Bed (1963)—An account of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 4.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in nightgowns and at war. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Aug. 10.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 6.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Aug. 10.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardship of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in an interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 5.)

The Island (1962)—Life on a farm circumscribed by the Inland Sea of Japan. Without dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Aug. 10, tentative.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 9.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 4.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 5.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. With Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 9.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers again, this time on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Aug. 10.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—Still more Marx Brothers, here cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 9.)

Pather Panchali (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role in this account of a corner of hell in Harlem. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 9.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 5-8.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon deWilde. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 10.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Aug. 10, tentative. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 9.)

The Texans (1938)—Joan Bennett, Randolph Scott, and thousands of steers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 8.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 9.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd—Through Aug. 6: "Mr. Robinson Crusoe" (1932), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ Aug. 7-9: "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), with W. C. Fields and Jack Oakie; and "Flowers and Trees" (1932), a Walt Disney cartoon. . . . ¶ Aug. 10: "The Blue Angel" (1929), a German film with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings; no English titles. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **gallery of modern art,** 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Joe Pasternak." Through Aug. 5: "Presenting Lily Mars" (1942), Judy Garland and Van Heflin. . . . ¶ Aug. 6-7: "As Thousands Cheer" (1943), with Kathryn Grayson and Gene Kelly. . . . ¶ Aug. 9-10: "Two Girls and a Sailor" (1944), with Gloria De Haven and Van Johnson. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
A FINE MADNESS.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE NAKED PREY.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
KHARTOUM.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
MORGAN!

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
HELP!, revival; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 9: **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET**, a Czechoslovakian film; and **BILLY LIAR**, revival.
From Aug. 10: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 9: **A FINE MADNESS.**
From Aug. 10: "The Idol," Jennifer Jones, Michael Parks.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Uncle," Rupert Davies.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Mademoiselle," Jeanne Moreau.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE WRONG BOX.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Aug. 9: **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET**, a Czechoslovakian film; and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From Aug. 10: "Bambi," revival, a Walt Disney full-length film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Aug. 9: **LADY L.**
From Aug. 10: **GIGI**, revival.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Arabesque," Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 9: **THE PAWNBROKER**, revival; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.
From Aug. 10 (tentative): **MY FAIR LADY.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 9: "A Man Called Adam," Sammy Davis, Ossie Davis; and "The Main Chance," Gregoire Aslan, Tracy Reed.
From Aug. 10: "The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer; and "A Place Called Glory," Lex Barker.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 9: "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.
From Aug. 10: "Modesty Blaise," Monica Vitti, Terence Stamp.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 4: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.
Aug. 5-8: **THE SERVANT**, revival; and "Hallelujah the Hills," revival, Peter H. Beard.
From Aug. 9: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Aug. 4: "Red River," revival, Montgomery Clift, John Wayne; and "Lonely Are the Brave," revival, Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.
Aug. 5-9: "Belle of the Nineties," revival, Mae West; and "The Old-Fashioned Way," revival, W. C. Fields.
From Aug. 10: **DUCK SOUP**, revival; and **MONKEY BUSINESS**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 9: **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET**, a Czechoslovakian film.
From Aug. 10: **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French); and "Eva," revival, Jeanne Moreau, Stanley Baker.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
LADY L.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 10 (tentative): **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and **THE LADY VANISHES**, revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 8: "Lt. Robin Crusoe, U.S.N.," Dick Van Dyke, Nancy Kwan.
Aug. 9: "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds; and "Meet Me in St. Louis," revival, Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien.
From Aug. 10: "Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Aug. 9: **A FINE MADNESS.**
From Aug. 10: "The Idol," Jennifer Jones, Michael Parks.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 8: **MANDRAGOLA** (in Italian).
From Aug. 9: "La Visita" (in Italian), Sandra Milo, François Périer.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through Aug. 7: "Enough Rope" (in French), Gert Frobe, Marina Vlady.
From Aug. 8: "It Happened Here," Pauline Murray, Sebastian Shaw.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Good Times, Wonderful Times," a semi-documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.

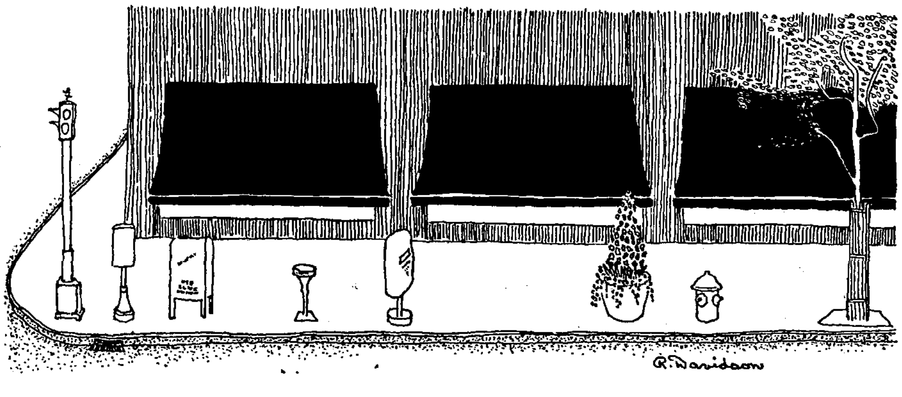
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 4: "Virginia City," revival, Miriam Hopkins, Errol Flynn; and "The Texas Rangers," revival, Jean Parker, Fred MacMurray.
Aug. 5: "Rancho Notorious," revival, Marlene Dietrich, Arthur Kennedy; and "Winchester '73," revival, James Stewart, Shelley Winters.
Aug. 6-7: "Red River," revival, Montgomery Clift, John Wayne; and "The Gunfighter," revival, Gregory Peck.
Aug. 8: **THE TEXANS**, revival; and "Wagonmaster," revival, Ben Johnson, Joanne Dru.
Aug. 9: "From Hell to Texas," revival, Don Murray, Diane Varsi; and "The Last Sunset," revival, Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas.
Aug. 10: **SHANE**, revival; and "The Virginian," revival, Joel McCrea, Barbara Britton.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 9: "A Man Called Adam," Sammy Davis, Ossie Davis; and "The Third Day," revival, George Peppard, Elizabeth Ashley.
From Aug. 10: "Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 4: **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian), revival; and "Contempt" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.
Aug. 5: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and **M** (in German), revival.
Aug. 6: **THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE**, revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
Aug. 7: **PATHER PANCHALI** (in Bengali), revival; and **THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue), revival.
Aug. 8: **CARTOUCHE** (in French), revival; and "Male Hunt" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Aug. 9: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.
Aug. 10: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival; and "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

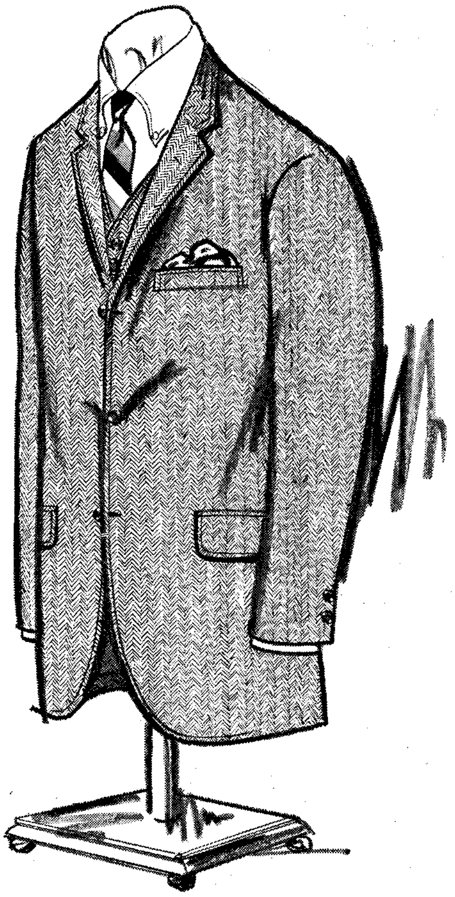
Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

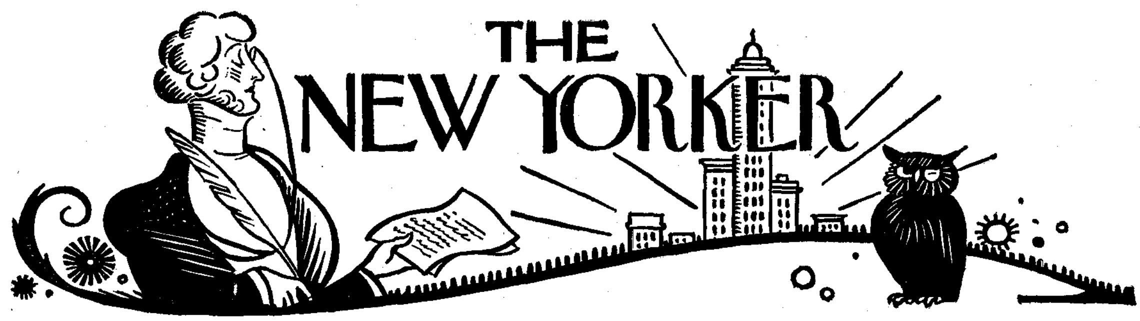


B Altman & Co

The suit with vested interest...

stands out on the campus...and it graduates to the business world with easy confidence! This tweedy version has natural shoulders, 3-button closing and center vent. It is tailored of fine wool cheviot, in herringbone tweed or hearty homespun texture in British brown, Irish blue or Scottish heather tones. See it and other Ivy League favorites in the University Shop, on our sixth floor. 69.50. Fifth Avenue's great store understands the young man's preferences in distinctive suits and sportswear...and always with an unfailing tradition of friendly service. Come see us. B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa. and in early 1967, Ridgewood/ Paramus.

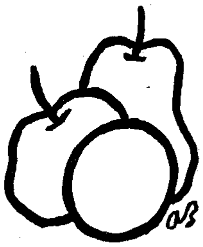




THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LATE in the evening of July 23rd, we found ourself driving back to Manhattan from the East New York section of Brooklyn in the happy position of having covered an event that did not occur. That day, the city had been braced for the possibility that rioting would break out in the racially troubled community we were leaving behind, and, instead, the hours had gone by in utter serenity. (Significantly, if the anticipated East New York explosion had occurred, it would have been exactly two years to the day after the rioting in the streets of Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant section.) Certainly East New York had had all the makings of the kind of riots that were sweeping areas of Cleveland and—nearer home—Troy. Racial tension was the biggest factor, of course. East New York is the easternmost community in Brooklyn, and since the early days of the Second World War Negroes have migrated from Bedford-Stuyvesant, in the center of the borough, eastward across Brownsville (now ninety per cent non-white) and, finally, across Pennsylvania Avenue and into the apartments and houses of the western section of East New York. Negroes and Puerto Ricans have first integrated and then completely dominated areas that were once considered Jewish, Italian, Irish, or Polish neighborhoods, and now, the police estimate, the East New York precinct is fifty-six per cent white, twenty-six and a half per cent Negro, and seventeen and a half per cent Puerto Rican. In recent years, ghetto boundaries have calcified roughly along New Lots Avenue, which roughly bisects the community, running northeast-southwest. The streets south of New Lots Avenue, the last stop on the I.R.T. Seventh Avenue line, are almost solidly white, as are sections farther to the east and northeast. The blocks to the west above New Lots Avenue are either solidly Negro or a checkerboard arrangement of Negro and Puerto Rican. Exacerbating the racial friction in East New York is a history of civic neglect—the result of an official attitude that despite increasing turmoil, particularly between Negro and Puerto Rican neighbors, the area is stable enough to hold its own while more explosive parts of the city are attended to. Last February, a "crash" clean-up program had been undertaken for Brownsville, but its effects, such as they were, had stopped at Pennsylvania Avenue, the street that separates the two communities. And as recently as July 19th Mayor Lindsay had disappointed leaders in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brownsville, and East New York by dedicating an industrial park on a ninety-six-acre site, just to the south, on which it had been hoped the city would erect an "educational park" to break the pattern of segregated schooling. Then, there was the heat. New York had been suffering from a heat wave that had broken records for length and severity. For two weeks, violence in the area had been growing in intensity. In the second week, after the shooting of a Negro woman in Brownsville, Negro and Italian groups in East New York had fought sporadically. Finally, aggravating all else, there was the presence of an organization of young self-proclaimed bigots—a number of youths who styled themselves the Society for Prevention of Negroes Getting Everything, or SPONGE. On Thursday, July 21st, a demonstration by about thirty SPONGE members at the Triangle—a small wedge of concrete at the intersection of New Lots Avenue, Livonia Avenue, and Ashford Street, just under the elevated terminal of the Seventh Avenue line—touched off the gravest violence of the summer. Mayor Lindsay had come to a restaurant a half block away from this symbolic triangle, the Checkpoint Charlie of the Negro and white areas, to talk over the situation with community leaders. The SPONGE youths (they range in age as high as twenty-seven) had been shunted by the police from the front of the restaurant, on New Lots Avenue, to the Triangle, where they shouted, among other slogans, "Two, four, six, eight! We don't want to integrate!" A smaller band of Negro youths, bent either on seeing the Mayor (as it happened, he had already left) or on taking on the SPONGE demonstrators, approached the Triangle from the north, and the SPONGE pickets responded by breaking through police barricades and chasing them. In the melee, shots were fired, both between the groups and at the police who hurried to break up the running fight. One of these shots, apparently aimed at a policeman, killed an eleven-year-old Negro boy named Eric Dean as he was walking down the street from his home in the hope of getting a look at the Mayor.



Fighting continued until the early-morning hours, and by the time it subsided more than three hundred and fifty extra policemen had been summoned, many of them sent to the area after they had completed evening tours in other areas of Brooklyn or in Queens. The detail was more than tripled on the night of the twenty-second. With the beginning of the weekend, the police, including the specially selected, specially trained Tactical Patrol Force, packed the area in a show of strength such as had not been seen here since the 1964 Bedford-Stuyvesant riots. The great numbers of police had not deterred the rioting in 1964, however, and even ranking police did not expect that the presence of helmeted patrolmen at practically every intersection would have a better result this year. However, as the evening wore on, scattered incidents, provoked by obviously dedicated troublemakers, failed to trigger any rioting. Matters were not running according to form. The first indication that the anticipated trouble might not materialize came in the western area early in the evening, when a band of Negroes rescued a young white delivery boy from an attack by other Negroes. Later that evening, elements of this same band formed part of a group—two hundred strong—that startled the police, who intercepted them on their way to the Triangle, by linking arms and shouting, "We want peace! We're all brothers!" This was on Friday. Nobody knew whether Friday's events signified a truce or merely a hiatus. Saturday, it was believed, would be decisive. Police units in the area were increased, and Mayor Lindsay called some fifty residents of the area to City Hall for a conference, which had been arranged by the Chairman of the City Commission on Human Rights, William H. Booth. While the Mayor and the Commissioner talked with Negro, Puerto Rican, and white leaders and with members of youth gangs—a picture of the Mayor shaking hands simultaneously with a SPONGE spokesman and a Negro block captain appeared on page 1 of both the Sunday *News* and the Sunday *Times*—we were touring the streets of East New York.

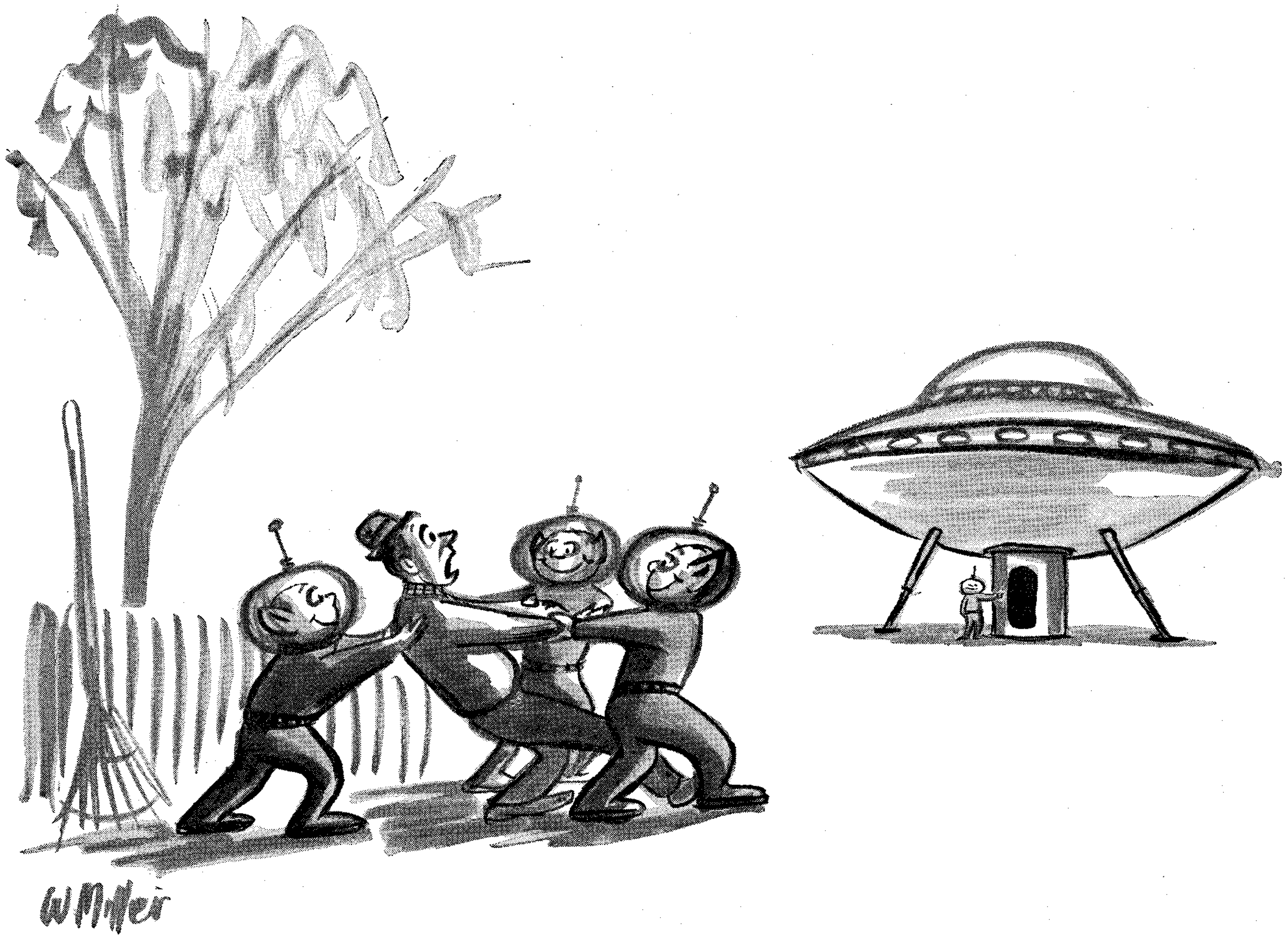
A temporary police headquarters had been set up in a truck parked in a playground a few blocks from the Triangle, and as we drove there Saturday around two o'clock, the streets of East New York might have served as the setting for a documentary film illustrating brotherhood. Negro and Puerto Rican children lined up together beside a double-parked ice-cream van; a homeowner wiped off a lawn sign that read "Cleanliness Is Next to Godliness;" a Negro girl chased a white girl—but only for the purpose of a game of tag—up and down the street; and in the white, Negro, and Puerto Rican areas people sat in their gardens or, if they didn't have gardens, on their porches or on stoops, and chatted with neighbors. At least in the western part of the community, many of these talks were, perforce, interracial. Across from the playground, which was at New Lots Avenue and Barbey Street, we found a *News* car and, in it, a veteran Brooklyn reporter, Philip (Stitch) McCarthy. "Hasn't been a thing going all day," he informed us. "Not a soul booked in the precinct." McCarthy added that just about the only thing he'd had to report was a street-corner meeting between several Negro nationalists and Assistant Chief Inspector Lloyd Sealy, the highest-ranking Negro in the Police Department. McCarthy accompanied us into the playground, where we found, in plain clothes, Chief Inspector Sanford D. Garelik, and he explained for our benefit the Police Department's new diversionary tactics. The key to this kind of operation, he said, is the establishment of barricades at strategically scattered intersections. Bands of youths, of whatever persuasion, are not permitted to pass the barricades, but neither are they broken up. A path always remains open to them, but it leads only from one barricade to another, and they are thus shunted around the circumference of the troubled area. From the playground we walked to the Triangle, encountering on our way only an increasing number of patrolmen—two or three on every corner near the center of the area. One old-timer, we noticed, was training a rookie in the art of twirling his nightstick by its cord. "Nobody but nobody is to hang around here," a captain was instructing a barricade detail. "If they come, get them moving again." A minute after we stopped to listen, one of the patrolmen came over and dutifully got us moving again. We walked around the area to no particular purpose for a time, inspecting, among other things, the lined-up horses of Mounted Troop E on New Lots Avenue. Then, when it seemed clear that peace had settled in in East New York, we said good night to Chief Inspector Garelik and drove back to our office in the pleasant darkness.

The question of what had prevented the rioting is one that is best left to sociological observers, but surely there can be as many elements involved in averting trouble as in starting it. The very identification of a number of these elements might cause them to lose their effectiveness if there should be any recurrence of the threat of rioting, but of the groups that can be identified there are the anti-poverty agency called the Council for a Better East New York, which arranged the Friday truce between the western-area Negro and Puerto Rican groups, and the hastily organized Emergency Committee for Peace in East New York, whose members walked and drove through the community to plead for an end to the fighting. Police spokesmen thought that their new diversionary tactics, plus the increased restraint imposed on officers meeting dangerous situations, might have had something to do with the unexpected peace. City officials could point to a decision they made earlier in the week to open a high-school swimming pool and athletic field to community residents. Even the weather deserves some credit. The heat wave had broken; by the weekend, temperatures had dropped to average readings. There was also a timely and valuable visit by Mayor Lindsay to Mrs. Aluvita Dean, the mother of the dead boy, and her own nobility and stoicism. "I just hope that all the fighting that was going on in the street will stop," she told him. "I don't want to see no one else get hurt."

Bush Mammalogist

WANDERING along the immense corridor of the fifth, or offices-and-laboratories, floor of the Museum of Natural History the other afternoon, we came upon our old friend Hobart M. Van Deusen, assistant curator of the Archbold Collections in the Department of Mammalogy, chatting earnestly with a lean, weather-beaten, keen-faced man with a golden-brown beard, whom he introduced as William Henry Butler, of Western Australia. "Harry has recently wound up a three-year expedition in the bush country there, undertaken jointly for us and the Western Australian Museum," Mr. Van Deusen said. "He's made the best collection of Western Australian mammals in the world, along with the finest herpetological collection from that area. Everything is divided right down the middle between the two museums. He's here for a few days to identify some of the specimens for us."

We followed Mr. Butler into an office he was temporarily occupying. "Over two thousand mammals, representing around a hundred and twenty



"But you don't understand! I haven't even seen Europe yet!"

• •

species, which is an extremely comprehensive range," he said of his haul. "About a thousand reptiles, representing a hundred and fifty species—again, a very comprehensive range. Many frogs. A good many plants and artifacts. I think several of the mammals are new species or subspecies. I also collected the scaly-tailed opossum, which had been considered very rare—I found a big colony of the opossums—and I got some new reptiles and about a hundred new species of plants. All these *appear* to be new, that is; they're being studied at the Western Australian Museum. It's unusual to turn up a new mammal in this day and age. This is the first time a comprehensive collection of Western Australian mammals has been made. I got out to new places in the bush, sometimes spending six or seven months alone in the field—flat, arid country, where you have to carry water and live off the land. I deliberately go to places that are extremely inhospitable, in order to fill in the gaps. I travel in a Land-Rover and take along a flyproof tent for skinning. If you meet someone on the road, you have a cup of tea and a yarn. The dust is so thick that you have to stop when you meet another car."

"Live off the land on what?" we asked.

"Aborigine-type food," he said. "Snake, kangaroo, bird, lizard, acacia seeds, grass seeds, grubs. I've been eating this sort of thing since I started going into the bush, in my teens. Here."

He reached into a bookcase and took out a copy of the December, 1950, issue of the *Western Australian Naturalist*, which he handed to us open to a Butler contribution entitled "Living Off the Land." "In this article, I propose dealing with plant and animal foods available in the bush of the Southwest, with some notes on their preparation," it began, and went on:

> A rule of thumb regarding plant foods is to place a small portion of the plant on the tip of the tongue. If the skin of the lips or tongue is irritated, the plant may be rejected as harmful.
>
> Watercress (*Nasturtium officinale*): Eat the leaves and stems raw or boiled. . . . Nettle (*Urtica dioica*): Eat the boiled stems, leaves and shoots. Singe the leaves in a flame. . . . Green grass can be boiled and the water drunk. The substance itself is useless as food, as the human digestive system cannot deal with the cellulose. . . . All land vertebrates are edible, even if they may not be palatable. A warning should, however, be given of the dangers of chewing the bones or eating any portion of the viscera of bronzewing pigeons which are suspected of having fed on box poison. . . . Game should be thoroughly cooked, as it may harbour intermediate stages of parasites that may be harmful to man. . . . Smaller lizards may be stewed. . . . Bardies, the larvae of longicorn beetles (Family *Cerambycidae*), are prevalent in blackboys and are edible raw or grilled. . . . The eggs and larvae of ants are edible raw but have a curious taste. . . . Some big wood moths can be eaten after the fur is singed off. Especially tasty are the gravid females.

"You can also eat the caterpillars of these moths," Mr. Butler said. "You roll them in the ashes—or eat them raw, if you need Vitamin C. Raw, they taste a bit like egg in plaster. Cooked, they taste like the crisp skin of a well-grilled chicken. Some grubs have an almondy flavor. They're very good. Most bush foods are good."

We asked him what blackboys are.

"Grass trees," he said, and handed us another *Naturalist* piece of his, "Growth of the Blackboy," published in 1947, when he was seventeen. "When I was young (ten years of age)," this started out, "one of the games of my mates and myself was to 'ride' certain of the blackboys (*Xanthorrhoea preissii*) outside the school. We broke all the 'rushes' off and made the heads smooth and round, using them as perches to sit on. We broke up for a fortnight's vacation, and during that time the 'rushes' grew rapidly, in the case of my own mount by about five inches."

This research took place in the neighborhood of Perth, the capital of Western Australia, where Mr. Butler was born, and where he now lives. "My mother died at my birth," he said. "My father was a railroad-construction ganger. He brought me up in railroad camps and took me trapping, riding, shooting, and fishing. I once hooked an underwater pied cormorant when I was fishing for kingfish and so was it. I started taking walkabouts—long trips on foot—with the aborigines when I was ten. First impressions of the natives are poor. They seem dirty and unintelligent, but they are not. Their 'dirt' is grease and red ochre, applied to protect the skin from dehydration caused by wind and sunburn. Their matted hair protects the head in club arguments, which are frequent. They don't speak when they have nothing to say. Their children's I.Q. tests match those of white children. Their culture is utterly rewarding in terms of individual satisfaction. They have no juvenile delinquency, no crime; each man is as good as the next; young men are respected for hunting prowess, old men for tribal lore. They are friendly and courteous. I'm very fond of them."

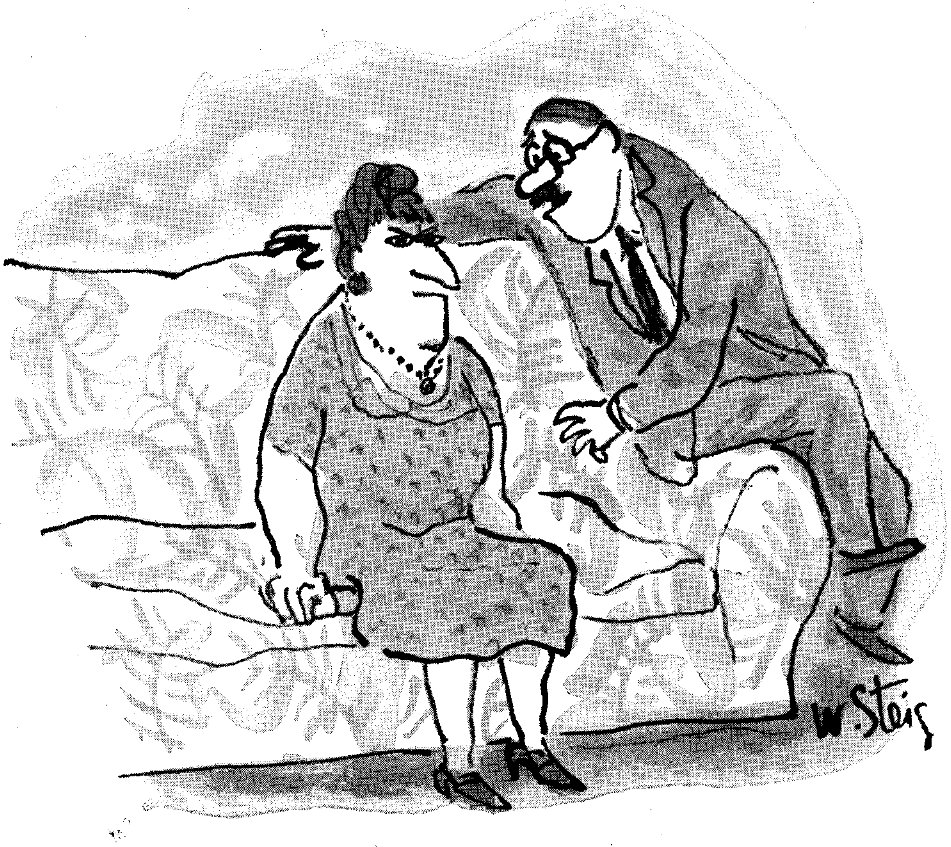
◆

SIGN observed by a far-flung vacationist in the window of a Dorset, Vermont, shop:

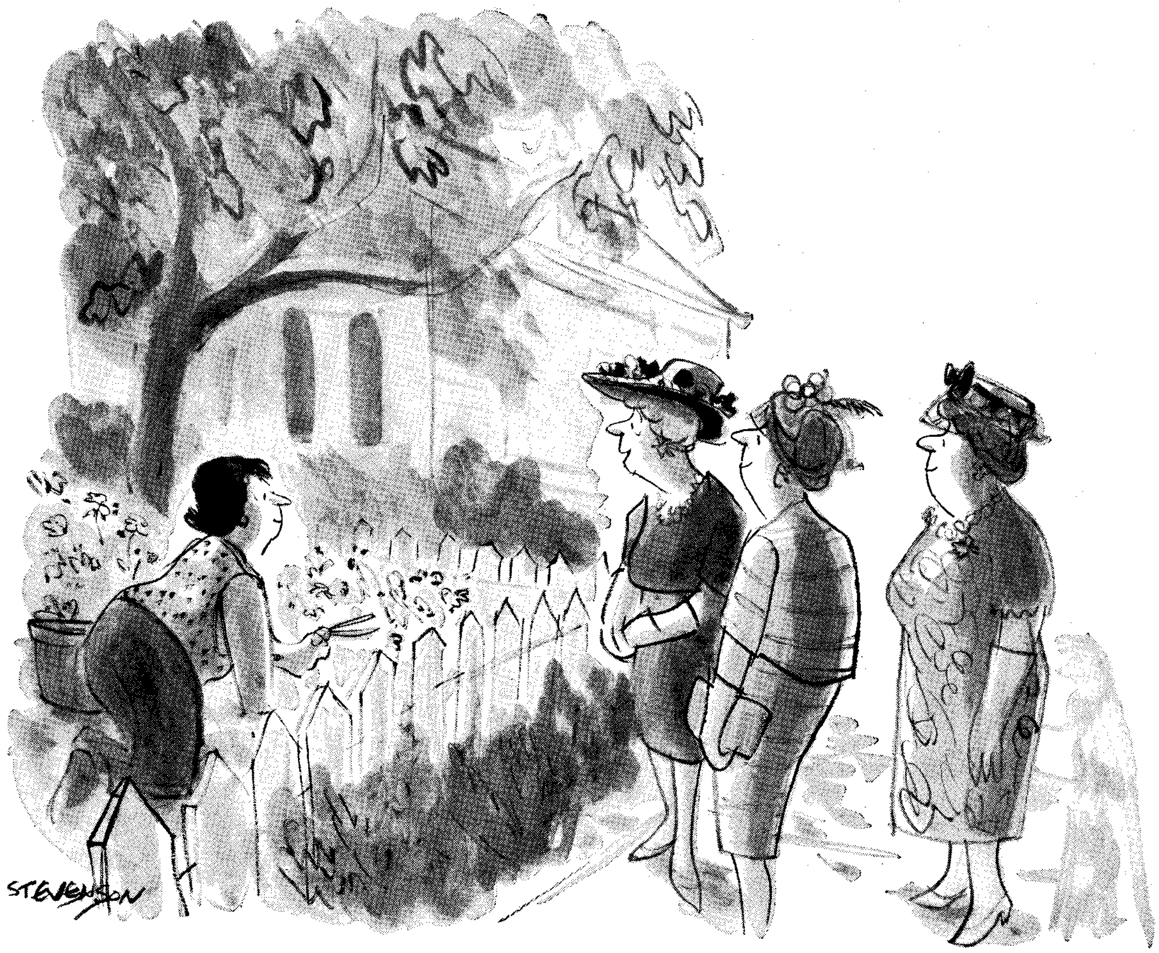
Antiques of Yesteryear

Long-Winded Lady

WE have received another message from our friend the long-winded lady. She writes: "During the recent heat wave, all air ceased to flow through the streets of New York City. There was no air moving between the buildings, and what air had been trapped here stood still and began to thicken. There was nothing to breathe except heavy displeasure. Every time I walked into an air-conditioned restaurant, I felt very humble and thankful and anxious to sit down and start being good. I wasn't the only one. On the afternoon of the dreadful third of July (it was a Sunday), I was in the Adano Restaurant, on West Forty-eighth Street. I was happy. It seemed a miracle that the one restaurant in New York where I really wanted to be should not only be open on a Sunday, when so many places are closed, but be open on the Sunday of the longest summer weekend, and on a weekend so uneasy with the heat that even Manhattan's towering skyline appeared to waver under the fixed abyss that shimmered up there where Heaven used to be. At the Adano, the air-conditioning machine was producing ocean breezes. In this chaotic Broadway neighborhood, the Adano has always been an oasis of order and good manners and beautiful food, but that Sunday it seemed to have drifted here from another, more silent region. The restaurant is a wide oblong, with a low ceiling, lighted by star-shaped lamps of dull-yellow glass. The walls are decorated with large, placid still-lifes and views of Italian scenery, except for the rear wall, which has mirrors that carry the room into the far distance. The tables are plain and plainly set, with well-worn silver and with white linen napkins folded to stand up in smart points. Empty as it was, and with everything polished and shining, the restaurant looked like a dining room on a small, tidy ship. I was sitting at the front, in one of three half-moon-shaped booths near the street door. I faced the bar, and in the mirror behind the shelves of bottles I saw the reflection of grapes and apples in the rich still-life on the wall behind me and above my head. And through the glass panels of the doorway I could see the street, where the rose-red Adano awning cast a curious shadow on the burning sidewalk. Very few people passed. Once in a while, a wilted figure in summer undress climbed the sweaty steps that lead to the ticket and information bureau of the Blue Line Sightseeing Bus Tours, which is on the first floor of a poor old brownstone across the street. The old house is one of three that still stand together there, but the two others have had their faces flattened out. The house where the Blue Line people are has aged as naturally and as recognizably as a human being might do. It is the same as it always was, except that too many years have passed and life has not improved for it. There is a bar in the basement, but it was closed that Sunday. A man walked into the Adano suddenly and then hesitated just inside the door, looking around him. He was a very nice-looking, pale, thin man of about fifty, with not much hair, and he was politely dressed in a dark-blue summer suit, a snowy-white shirt, and a neat dark tie with dots on it. When he spoke, he had a pleasant, squeaky voice. I am sure he was a stranger in the city. He had an out-of-town look about him. I think he had rashly left his nice air-conditioned hotel in the hope of finding a real New York



"Am I being a pest?"



"Come on! We're all going over to Ethel's to see Luci and Pat get married in color."

place, a place with atmosphere, where he would get something of the feeling of the city, and I think he must have wandered about for a while before he happened into the Adano. He must have been getting a bit frantic, not wanting to continue in the heat and loneliness, and not wanting to go back to the boredom of a long afternoon in the nice hotel that is almost certainly exactly like all nice hotels in big cities. Wandering around alone like that in New York City on a Sunday is no good at all. He stood there looking at me and looking at the bartender and looking beyond us at the calm room, and at last he called out to the bartender, 'Are you open?' 'Yes, we are open,' the bartender said benignly. He was polishing a glass. The stranger walked over to the bar and sat up on a stool and put his hands on the counter. 'Could I just sit here and have a beer, please?' he asked. He sounded just the way I felt—on his best behavior. It was a day to smile eagerly back at Good Fortune if she happened to look your way, a day to say please and thank you and to watch your 'p's and 'q's and to look out for ladders and to watch yourself crossing streets, and so on—the heat had roused superstitious dreams and made us careful. People began coming into the Adano. A family party, mother and father and three young children, walked in and went straight to a table at the back. The mother and father immediately began reading the menu aloud, and the children all sat forward and listened as intently as though they were at a story hour. Then two women walked in—tall, strong, opulently shaped girls of about thirty who looked as though they must be in show business. Their walk was sedate, as it well might be, because their dresses did all the work—slinky, skintight, slithering dresses that recalled the body of Circe, the gestures of Salome, and the intentions of Aphrodite. One dress was of white lamé sewn all over with tiny pearls and brilliants, and the other was of shiny baby-pink cotton striped up and down in thin lines with pink glass bugle beads. Each of the girls carried a cloudy gray mink stole and long gloves and a little fat handbag, and each of them, as she sat down, swept her right hand underneath herself to make sure her dress did not wrinkle, while her eyes went swiftly about the restaurant in a wary, commanding glance that took in everything there was to see. Then, without speaking to each other, the two girls examined the menu, and they ordered at once—food only, nothing to drink—and when the food began arriving they ate steadily. They emptied big plates of hot soup, plates piled with meat and vegetables, and plates with heaps of salad, and they ate a lot of crusty Adano bread with butter, and when all that was gone they had coffee—American coffee—and a slice each of glistening rum cake. While they were eating, they talked a bit—not much—but they never smiled, and as I watched them I began to be deeply fascinated by them, because their closed faces and their positive, concentrated gestures excluded every single thing in the world except themselves. Outside herself and what contributed to her, nothing existed for either of them. They were all flesh and color and movement, and yet they were like stone monuments whose eating time had come and who would, when they had finished eating, go back to being monuments. I watched them and I wondered at them, because I thought them untroubled by every emotion except anger, and free of all sensations except the sensations of satisfaction. They made no delay over their dinner, and when they had finished they paid their check and stood up and collected their belongings and walked out with the hypnotic sedateness with which they had come in. I turned my head to watch them go, and so did the stranger at the bar, and then he went back to admiring the restaurant he had discovered, and he seemed like the man at the ship's bar just after sailing time who still cannot believe that he has made it—that he is on board, at sea, and it is all as he imagined it. As much as anybody in New York that Sunday, the man at the bar of the Adano found himself where he had dreamed of being."

THE SURVEYOR

IT was with an air of suppressed excitement that the slight, middle-aged man with the unruly gray hair put down the box he was carrying, snapped open a tripod, and drew out of the box a small surveyor's transit. He swiftly mounted the transit on the tripod. He seemed to work as though he were doing something he was not thoroughly practiced at but something he had rehearsed, adjusting the legs of the tripod and the levelling screws with a certain nervous haste. A short few minutes ago, he and the woman who accompanied him had got out of a taxi with their equipment. He had paid the driver and had led the way at once to the spot they were now on. This, too, he had done with an assurance that indicated the location had been decided on beforehand. In a little while, he had the transit levelled to his own satisfaction and was steadying the plumb bob beneath. The woman, who was also middle-aged, but taller and more slender than the man, with a gentle face and a high forehead, was carrying a telescoped levelling rod, which she now extended part way.

They were on the west walk of the short, very wide Avenida del Cid, in Seville, and the man had set up his transit in the middle of the entrance to the Fábrica de Tabacos, a huge, gray edifice, rising only two stories high but sprawling out immensely in length and width. Cigarettes had once been manufactured there; now the building housed the University of Seville. On both sides of the surveyor and his assistant stretched a low stone wall that fronted a deep, wide, waterless moat, overgrown with grass, which ran parallel to the façade of the Fábrica de Tabacos behind them.

"The exact center of the gate. Right?" asked the man, straightening up and adjusting his spectacles. The woman nodded. She seemed more self-possessed than he, not so much because she was under less strain as by temperament. The man drew out of his jacket pocket a small notebook. "No, I don't need that now," he muttered, and thrust the notebook back into his pocket impatiently. "The tape. No, the rod. You've got the work to do."

"I'm ready," she said.

"O.K. You pace off about fifty steps along the wall," he said. "When you've gone that far, just turn around. Keep snug to the wall."

Obediently, the woman walked away from him with steady, measured stride, holding the levelling rod as she went. She stopped, turned, and planted the foot of the rod on the ground.

"O.K. Now hold it up so I can sight it." She held the levelling rod erect; he swung the transit around rapidly, sighted through the telescope, and began making adjustments. "Lean the stick toward me. Good. Hold it there. Right there. O.K. Now come back." Swiftly, he drew out his notebook, leaned over the protractor of the instrument, and jotted down some numbers. The woman, holding the levelling rod upright before her like a staff, came back to join him.

About them, a Sunday-morning quiet prevailed. Most of Seville had probably not arisen, and the Avenida del Cid was almost empty of people. Few automobiles or buses were in sight. At one end of the wide avenue was the *glorieta*, or traffic circle, of Don Juan de Austria, where the waters of a large fountain glinted intricately in the morning sunlight as they played from periphery to center and splashed from basin to basin. A short distance beyond the *glorieta* a large radial crane stood like a red, ungainly cross in the midst of new government buildings under construction. At the other end of the Avenida was the *glorieta* of San Diego, an open space encompassed by the Maria Luisa Park and buildings left over from the Spanish-American Exposition of the nineteen-twenties. Trees lined the Avenida, and a number of streets entered the *glorietas* from different directions. Dominating all this was the central figure of the area, the monumental equestrian statue of El Cid Campeador, semi-legendary hero out of eleventh-century Spain. Horse and rider were poised on a massive granite pedestal that stood in the middle of an oval traffic island on the Avenida. Around the base of the pedestal, there were flower beds surrounded by grass and filled with plants no longer in bloom. High above, El Cid stood in his stirrups and brandished his bannered spear. There was no mistaking what the bronze statue was meant to portray: Spain's martial valor and audacity, the prowess that had rewon the peninsula from the Moors and later subjugated a new world.

There were one or two people waiting for buses at various *paradas* along the Avenida. All of them by now were watching the activities of the surveyor and his assistant. A man walking by, the lone stroller on their side of the avenue, stopped to stare with unabashed curiosity.

"*Buenos días*," he said.

"*Buenos días*," said the surveyor shortly. "Now begins the tough job, Mary. You cross. I'll compute the angle."

A woman with a levelling rod crossing a thoroughfare would have been a strange sight anywhere, and Seville on Sunday morning was hardly an exception. A man left one of the *paradas* and sauntered over. A couple of strollers across the street changed course and directed their steps toward the surveying operations. A cyclist teetered on his wheel a moment without making any forward progress, then dismounted and brought his bicycle up over the curb. The tall, parti-colored staff seemed to be attracting people from a greater and greater distance.

Ignoring all this, the man at the transit worked intently at his computation, swung the instrument in the direction of the woman, who was now standing on the traffic island below the statue of El Cid, and began adjusting the vernier. "A little to the left, Mary," he called. "About two short steps."

"*Qué es esto, señor?*" inquired a young man in the white shirt and tie of Sunday.

"*Un momento*. Mary, a little more left!" he shouted to the woman across the street. "*Por favor, señor*, do me the favor of standing to one side." The surveyor immediately crouched before his instrument. His spectacles had apparently fogged. He snatched them off. "A little more," he directed. He looked up from the telescope. "Where are you? Good! Mark it right there." The woman crayoned a cross at the base of the levelling rod. "Come on back," he called. "I can't leave the transit."

"*Fotógrafo?*" a woman in black asked him.

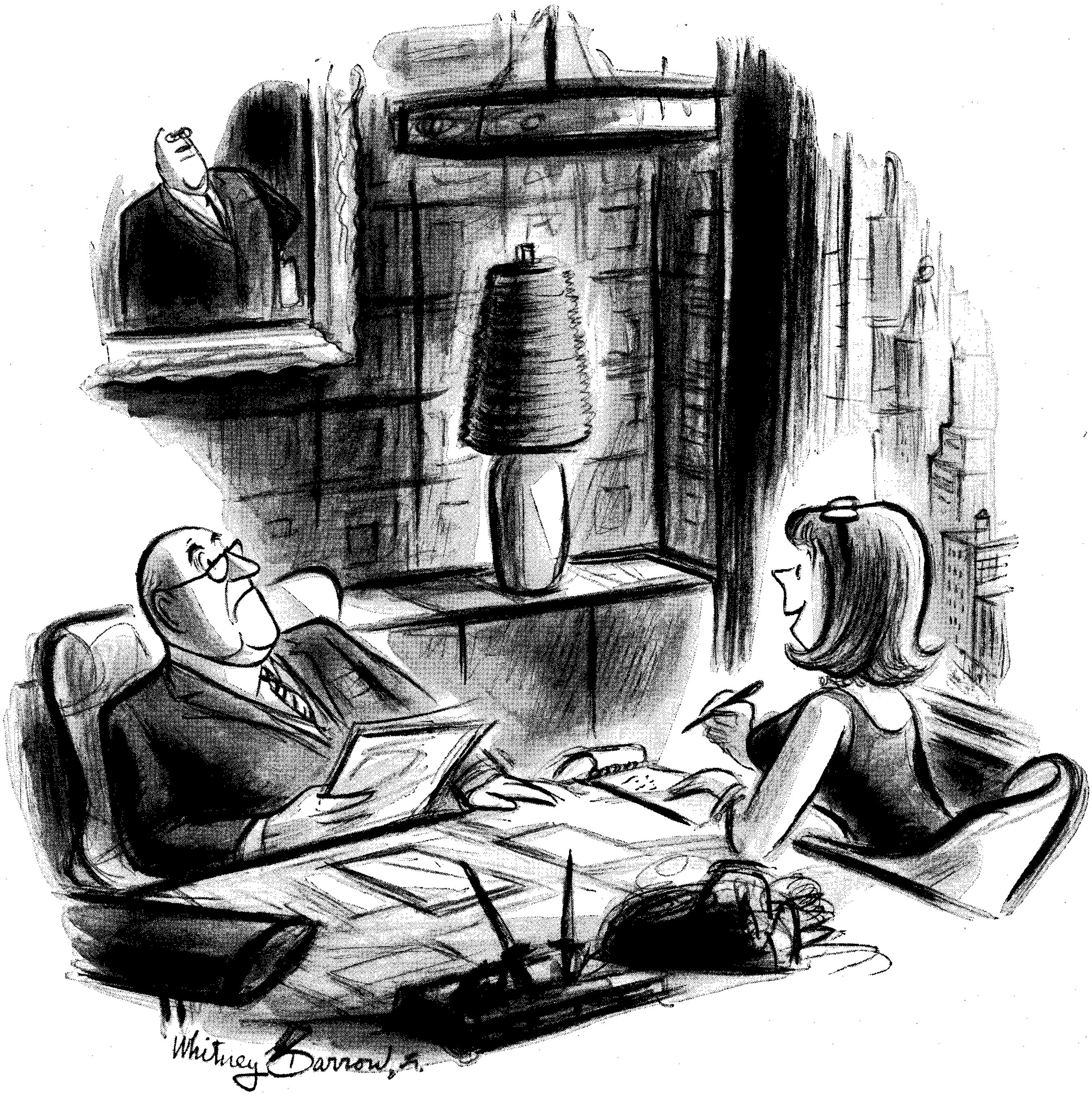
"*No, no*," he replied. "*Agrimensor*."

"*Por qué? Es extranjero*," she said. The man shrugged his shoulders.

"*Señor*." One of the bystanders, a man in a Basque beret, came forward. "*Qué está usted haciendo?*"

"Measurements," the surveyor replied in Spanish. His assistant was approaching. "O.K. I'll take it," he said to her, and stepped forward to relieve her of the levelling rod. "Now," he said grimly, handing her the tape. "Fifty-six and three-fourths metres."

"Yes, I know the number. Don't get rattled, Aaron." She was already backing away from him, unreeling the



"I just adore your prose style, Mr. Dorrance."

• •

tape, one end of which he continued to hold.

He laid the levelling rod down, hurried back with his end of the tape to the transit, and knelt at the plumb bob beneath it. "Are you there, Mary?" he called.

The tape was now across the highway, and the woman had reached the traffic island and was aligning the tape with the mark she had previously made. The bystanders' wonder increased, and so did their numbers. Newcomers began to ply those already there with questions. "*Ingleses? . . . Me parecen americanos. . . . Qué hacen?*"

"A car!" The woman's warning cry came from across the Avenida.

"Lower the tape!" the surveyor yelled from his stooped position. "Lower the tape, Mary. Wave him on!"

The woman, at her end of the tape, smiled pleadingly at the driver of a small Seat that had stopped before the narrow ribbon of metal. "*Por favor! Pase, por favor!*" The driver proceeded reluctantly.

"Where are you?" said the man at the plumb bob.

"Fifty-five and one-half!"

"It has to be fifty-six and three-quarters!"

"That's the flower bed!"

"Oh, hell! Note the number! Mark the edge!" The woman quickly made a cross where the pavement of the traffic oval met the grass border of the flower bed. With one accord, they arose, the woman reeling in the tape, the man walking toward her. "Did you have the tape tight?" he asked her. He was perspiring.

"Yes. I made two marks, one behind the other."

"Wonderful," he said, a little breathlessly. "There! Let's scoot out of here." He had already taken the reel from her, and was winding in the ribbon of tape with a rapidity that made it writhe and slither on the ground. He shoved the reel into his pocket. "Telescope the rod. I'll dismantle."

With the small crowd still watching them, as puzzled as ever, the pair

"Ask me something, Mildred."

packed their equipment, and in a few minutes they carried it to the curb. "Taxi!" the man called, and waved.

The driver of a cab going by on the other side of the traffic island waved back, circled about the oval, and came their way. The surveyor swung the transit box into the cab as soon as it came to a stop. The driver, who appeared to be accustomed to the strange ways of tourists, got out and helped him mount tripod and levelling rod on the carrier above the cab. "Hotel Inglaterra, *por favor*," said the surveyor, and then, settling in his seat, whistled with relief. "I wasn't any too soon, you know."

"Why?" the woman asked.

"Look back. I think you can still see him."

At one of the corners of the Glorieta de San Diego stood a gray-clad member of Spain's Policía Armada.

"WHAT rashness!" Aaron Stigman reflected aloud as he and his wife approached the Avenida del Cid once more, this time on foot. "Why didn't I pace it off and let it go at that? No, I had to find the very spot. As rash as anything I've ever done. Was it my passion for accuracy, do you think? Or am I turning into an absurd old man?"

"No, I just think it's Seville," she replied.

"Why?" He was carrying a raincoat over his arm, and reached under the coat to adjust something beneath it.

"Too many cathedrals, too many *retablos*, stained-glass windows, saints, crucifixes, Virgins—Virgins! Even a Protestant mind like mine rebels at it." She laughed. "It's just too much."

"Yes, too many martyrs of their faith. None for mine—or what used to be mine. Why shouldn't there be some acknowledgment?"

"Well, of course, Aaron. That's why I approved."

It was now about two hours later, and the Avenida del Cid presented a livelier appearance. Amorous couples, the young man's hand often resting in Spanish fashion on his sweetheart's shoulder, strolled along in and out of the shade of the acacias. Short, robust infantrymen in their coarse khaki uniforms mingled with sober Sevillians returning from Mass. On one corner, before the Fábrica de Tabacos, a street vender had opened his little stand and was arranging his candy and loose cigarettes. Tourists in a yellow-wheeled, horse-drawn cab gazed diffidently about while the coachman leaned sideways to comment on points of interest. Three tall, obviously Scandinavian youths, their bare heads shining like brass in the Sevillian sunlight, turned the dark heads of the Spanish *señoritas* who passed them. All the *paradas* on the Avenida now had their queues of people waiting for the bus. Traffic moved in all directions to and from the *glorietas;* jaunty little Seats droned along, interspersed with buzzing scooters and suddenly outdistanced by snarling motorcycles. From his traffic island in the midst of all this, the monumental El Cid still stood in his stirrups, brandishing his bronze spear.

"I'm sure no one will notice," said Stigman as they waited at the curb.

"I'm sure no one will."

"I could have triangulated it to be absolutely certain, but I guess one measurement was enough. All we had time for." He took his wife's arm. "We can cross now."

"I was only afraid the measurement would end at that catch basin over there."

"Oh, no! What a grisly thought! And yet you know they *have* found bones in the most unlikely places. Anybody watching?" They had reached the traffic island and were standing by the marks his wife had made on the pavement earlier.

"No, I don't see anyone," she said.

"I'll just lay it here. All right?" He had stepped over the grass as far as the flower bed. "O.K.?"

"O.K."

He took a small wreath of fern and boxwood from beneath the raincoat over his arm and placed it on the flower bed. "There! I've done it." He stepped back to the pavement. "A little tribute where it was due. It's scant enough, isn't it?"

"I'm surprised how much I feel about it, Aaron. I didn't think I would."

"Yes?" He stood looking at the flower bed. "What kind of flowers are those?"

"Canna lilies, I think. They've been cut."

"Canna lilies—I don't know them." There was an expression of contemplative sadness on his face. "The gardener or somebody will find a wreath here and wonder why. He'll probably move it to El Cid, but there's nothing I can do about it. There's little one can do against oblivion, anyway." He was silent. "And now?" He finally turned toward his wife. "Where shall we go now?"

"Anywhere. María Luisa Park?"

"All right. Let's find a bench there and sit down."

They skirted the base of the monument—and saw, walking toward them, a gray-clad policeman. He still had a few steps to go before he reached them. "*Buenos días, señores,*" he said, and saluted.

"*Buenos días,*" said Stigman.

"Are you by any chance the same English couple who were seen surveying here this morning?"

"We are Americans, not English," said Stigman, speaking in Spanish. "But we were surveying."

"In that case, I have a few questions to ask you."

"Yes?"

"I am sure you can answer them easily. Can you explain why you were surveying?"

"Yes. I was attempting to locate a spot of some sentimental value to myself," said Stigman. "A place no longer shown on the maps of Seville."

"What place is that, Señor?" The policeman was a stalwart figure. Gray hair showed under his scarlet-ribboned military cap. The skin of his large face was pink, as though freshly shaven. His competence and good judgment were manifest.

"It is a—well, I would rather not say. It is a private matter."

"Señor, surveying in public places among public establishments is no private matter. I could point out further that you laid a measuring tape across a highway, impeding traffic—"

"It was only for a minute."

"A minute is enough for an accident. You attracted a crowd."

"I could not very well help that."

"No, but these are not private matters. Do you have a permit from the proper authority to do this kind of work?"

"I did not know I needed one," said Stigman.

"It is customary to have a permit from the proper authority to avoid difficulties such as those I have just mentioned. However, you are a tourist, and sometimes we overlook what tourists do. But what is this surveying about?"

"Well . . ." Stigman took a deep breath. "I said I tried to locate a place of some sentimental value to myself. I had no other reason for doing so. In fact, I have just laid a wreath over there."

"A wreath?" The policeman turned and looked at the flower bed.

"Yes. Do you want me to remove it?"

"Naturally. I would like to see it." All three of them moved toward the flower bed. Stigman picked up the wreath and showed it to the policeman, whose face gave every indication of extreme perplexity. "Señor, you realize that you have not yet explained yourself."

"I have tried to."

"But what you have told me is no explanation. I have asked you what the surveying was about."

"I have already told you what the surveying was about. What explanation do you want me to make?"

"Aaron . . ." his wife cautioned.

"No, I haven't anything more to say to him." Stigman reverted to English. "I told him all I could. What does he want?"

The policeman showed signs of impatience. "Señor, once more, will you explain what you were doing?"

"I have already told you what I was doing."

"You have told me nothing. Nothing I can understand."

"That is not my fault!"

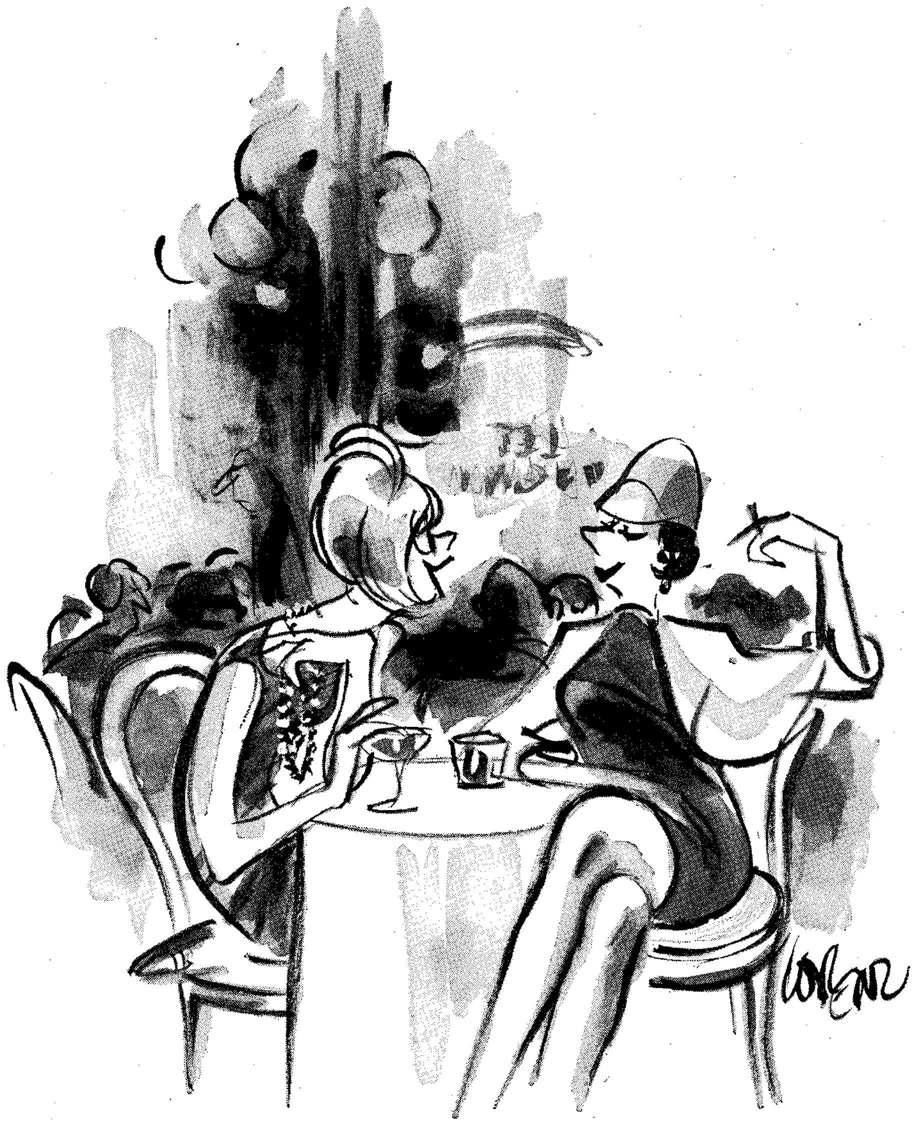
"Señor!" The policeman raised the hand that held his gloves. "Please accompany me."

"What for?" Stigman braced his legs against the ground.

"There are too many private matters involved here. Too many things that need explanation. This way, *por favor.* The Señora, too."

"Well, for God's sake," Stigman said, looking bleakly at his wife.

They crossed the Avenida to the low wall before the Fábrica de Tabacos, and there the policeman turned to lead the way toward Menendez Pelayo, the main thoroughfare. Two monks who were at that moment striding toward them, vigorous, bearded young men with bare feet in sandals and white cord about brown robes, noted the wreath in Stigman's hand and looked at the trio alertly. It was evident they thought the policeman was escorting two tourists bent on a commemorative act. And so others appeared to think—those they



"I'm learning so much from Phil. He sneers at people I've never even heard of."

STILL POND, NO MORE MOVING

I

They have taken the maps and spread them out
And parted from each other,
Have slipped the rivers into their veins
And pocketed the sandy beaches,
Have gone walking through slow trains
Across where the Mississippi bends,
Have gone in even slower freighters
Down the irregular coastlines—
The inlet's curve, the island's nest
Lure them along a dotted line
Back or forward, forward or back,
And some have settled at an address.

Above them all the same sky
Shapes the mountain or meets the shore,
And some—now undecided why
They chose one or the other—stare
Out of a crooked window from
A ramshackle cabin on a dune
At the slow rollers coming in,
The sheets hung out on a clothesline,
While the children's disparate cries
Rise up from the hard shore,
And someone is looking up
Wishing that he were where
The pines soar to the mountaintop
Or stop at the snowline.

II

Is it water they want, water,
The sea changingly in,
Or, cool to the tilted diver
Ringed round by quarry walls,
The stills of deep water
That make him weightless, blind,
As he soars back to the beginning,
That spring without a mind?
Or the highest mountain places
Where the sudden shaded lake
Refreshes the eye because
No two lakes are alike?

And sometimes by its absence—
Or by its opposite—
Water is strangely felt:
In New Mexico, appearance
Conceived as existence springs
Forward into the distance
In vanishing parallels
Of skylines of lighted cliffs
That race up to the hills;
The desert, its own mirage,
Breaks in wave on wave
Between the bloodied mountains
At the running out of day,
And when the sun says it is
Life and death at once,
There, in the few trees,
Water stands up to dance.

III

And some are far out at sea.
The horizon is growing dark.
Someone is taking a walk
On the deck of a dipping hull
Or the deck awash in a storm—
Barely holding on—
While some at the ship's bar
Sit while an arm extends
Their gin and their caviar,
And find with the first sip
The seepage of doubt begin—
Oh, what did I come for?
What am I doing here?
Supposing the lights went off
And we stopped right where we are?

IV

Who is painting the barn door?
Who is painting the painter there,
Summer after summer,
The summer plucked from the year?
But there is that one summer
When old age, like a stick
Thrown for a retriever
Who does not bring it back,
Keeps drifting farther out
Till it's no longer seen—
One mountainside slides down,
One city street slams shut,
A piece of the sea is gone.

V

Is it Hythe or Rockaway?
Or the Puerto Rican waves
That roll in in the same way?
Or Rosarita Beach
Where the sulphur of the sand
Is marked by the horse's hoof,
And the Moorish hotel stands,
A white elephant, aloof,
Where once the gamblers jammed
The tables, and now one goes
Into almost empty rooms
And the four guitarists come
To the table to serenade?

VI

I know some landscapes where
Intensity comes late,
And, deepening in light,
Brings such an inner peace
That floating by in the gold
The world is half dissolved
And the last birds cry farewell
To the day and the shadows seem
To lean on the trees in the wood.

And others where morning comes
Spun out on a crystal web,
And innocence is abroad
And drinks in the new-made world,
And nothing appears to be
Violent or amiss,
And silence would be a tree,
Except that the wind is.

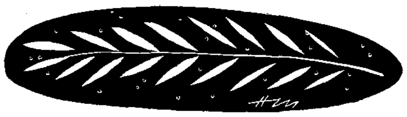
VII

Someone is bitterly thinking
The innermost's not said:
Where is the great theme?
Whoever saw the world
At once and saw it whole?
In New England now,
Here where the water is,
Here where the red barn
Is an advocate of hills,
Time rigs up famous shapes,
The white whales, the white ships,
Yet in summer's lapse
The drunken sea bards come
To lounge on all its Capes.

—Howard Moss

• •

met strolling along the Paseo, and those sitting among the colored tables and chairs of the outdoor cafés. Street photographers arranging their miniature horses and black bulls nodded in deference, and a chestnut vender halted his stirring of the chestnuts to peer at the wreath through the white smoke. Between the traffic and the wall—between the rumbling of vehicles on Menendez Pelayo, reverberating against stucco buildings and store fronts across the street, and the ancient wall of the Alcázar deploying its series of pyramidal caps—the three passed the double pillars of the monument to Columbus and drew near the orange trees of the Jardines de Murillo. In the distance, above the Cathedral, the weathervane Giralda, frail and diaphanous against the blue sky, seemed to accompany them as they walked. Stigman glanced at his wife as if seeking reassurance. With parted lips, she seemed to be drinking in the scene. She seemed to be enjoying it.



THERE were two men behind the railing in the drab *comisaría*, one man at the desk and one standing. The man at the desk wore a blue sweater and large tinted glasses. His head tapered, and this, together with the large glasses and his heavy torso in its dark sweater, gave him a froglike appearance. There was a touch of the forbidding about him. The man standing

"You know, they're finding out a lot of new things about sex these days."

wore a business suit and a white shirt. He was uncommonly tall for a Spaniard, and the way he stood, in a stooped, hollow fashion, was even more uncommon. Under thick, iron-gray hair, his features seemed to wince, as if his face were too close to a hot fire. Behind the two men hung a fading portrait of Francisco Franco, in which the Caudillo looked out at the newcomers with benign eyes. Below the portrait, a large map of the district was tacked up. A ring of heavy ancient keys on one wall had scored an arc in the plaster; on the opposite wall, the hands of a new electric clock neared noon. The two men on the other side of the barrier stopped talking.

"*Buenos días*," said Stigman mechanically. His wife repeated the salutation.

"*Buenos días*," the two men before them replied.

The policeman saluted the man at the desk. "Señor Inspector," he began. "On two occasions today, I was at the Glorieta de San Diego when I saw this gentleman and his wife doing what seemed to me very strange things. On the first occasion, they left in a taxi before I had an opportunity to question them."

The two men behind the railing regarded Stigman and his wife noncommittally. The policeman went into a detailed description of what he had observed and the information he had gathered: that the couple had used surveying instruments on the Avenida del Cid for purposes they refused to disclose; that they had carried out this activity in a hurried and surreptitious manner; and that later in the day they had allegedly placed a wreath on one of the flower beds near El Cid, a wreath that he had not even seen them bring. "The Señor is carrying the wreath," he concluded.

Stigman held it up.

"May I see it?" the Inspector asked. Stigman handed over the wreath; the Inspector examined it briefly and then set it down on the desk.

"And the surveying instruments—where are they?"

"They are at our hotel, the Inglaterra."

"You travel with surveying instruments?"

"They are not mine. I rented them. If you wish . . ." Stigman brought out his wallet, produced a slip of paper, and passed it across the railing. "This is the voucher for my deposit for the use of the instruments."

The Inspector examined the voucher and laid it on the desk. "And your passports?" The documents were produced and surrendered. After a glance at each booklet, the Inspector placed them on his desk.

"You have been conducting surveying operations on a public thoroughfare in Seville, Señor. What is their purpose?"

"Their purpose was to find the place for that wreath."

"And that place was the flower bed beside El Cid. What lies in the flower bed?"

"Nothing that I am sure of, Señor Inspector."

"What did you think was there?"

"That is something I do not care to discuss."

"Come, Señor."

"No, I do not care to discuss it," Stigman said. "If there is a fine attached to what I have done, I am prepared to pay it. If the case is more serious, I demand my right to speak to the American consul."

"We are not at that pass, Señor. I am merely asking for clarification of certain mysterious activities that you have been conducting in public. The police have a right to inquire into their meaning."

Stigman moved his head abruptly to one side and looked up. "Señor Inspector, what would you think of a person who was a guest in your house and insulted you—a guest who insults his host?"

The Inspector made a deprecating gesture. "Obviously, I would feel contempt. What has this to do with you?"

"I am attempting to refrain from insulting the country I am visiting."

"Let us not worry about insults, Señor. All I ask for is a little clarification. Why were you surveying? What lies in the flower bed? What are the facts?"

"I have already told you all the facts that are pertinent," Stigman said. He gripped the railing. "The rest I refuse to tell you. I have done no one any harm."

The Inspector sat back. "What is your occupation?" he asked quietly.

"I am a general-science teacher, retired," said Stigman. "My wife gives music lessons in private."

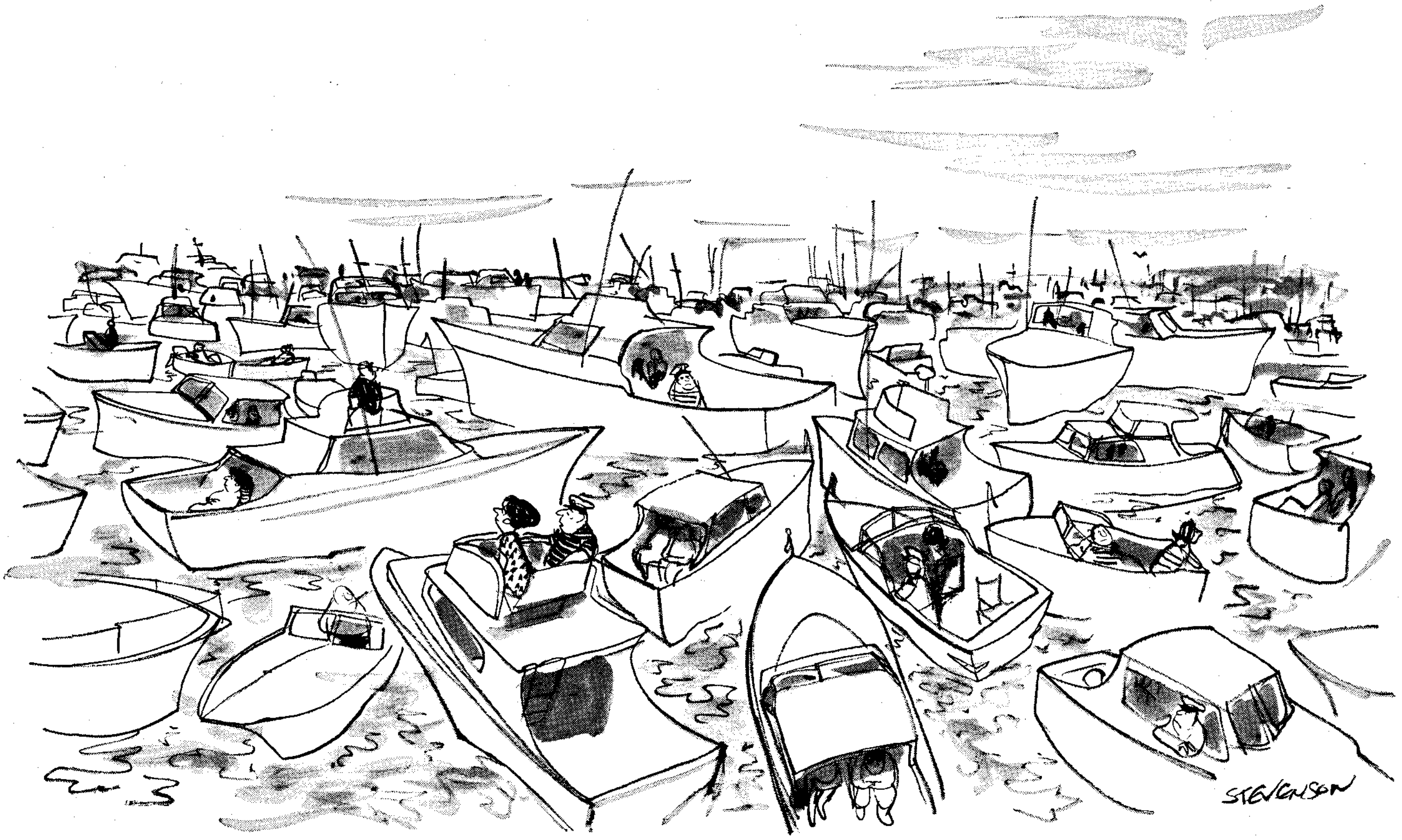
"I note that you speak Spanish very well."

"We have spent many summers in Mexico."

"And what possible reasons can you have, Señor, for refusing to tell me what was the object of your surveying?"

"I did tell you. It was to place a wreath. Nothing more."

The Inspector looked up at the man



"This is one of the worst Sundays so far."

• •

beside him as if at one with greater authority. Wincing and unwincing, the tall man's difficult face seemed to belong at times to two different individuals. He had studied Stigman for a while and then Stigman's wife. Most of the time, his eyes rested on her, and when they did his features became lighter. He now addressed a question to the policeman. "Where, once again, was this wreath laid?"

"There, Señor Abogado, at this end of the oval." The policeman leaned over the railing and pointed at the wall map. "The end toward the Glorieta de Don Juan."

"Ah."

The Inspector swivelled about. "There is nothing there of importance," he said, pointing to the wall map. "The Capitanía, the Portuguese Consulate—nothing more. The Palace of Justice is only in its foundation."

"Right here?" The tall man put his finger on the small end of the oval and looked at the policeman.

"*Sí, señor.*"

The lines in the tall man's face cleared. "You need not detain them any longer," he said to the Inspector.

Not the slightest shade of expression came over the seated man's face. He picked up the passports and the voucher and handed them over the railing to Stigman. "I would caution you against continuing to use surveying instruments in public without a permit," he said.

"Then we may go?"

"*Sí, señor. Adiós. Adiós, señora.*" They were free to leave.

The tall man had brought the wreath through the gate of the wooden barrier. He handed it to Stigman. "You know your way back?" he said.

"Oh, yes," said Stigman. "The way we came."

"It would be a privilege if I could accompany you for a while."

"By all means, if you wish," Stigman said.

The three paused for a moment outside, under the red and yellow flag of Spain over the doorway. "I am Miguel Ortega," the tall man said. "I am a state attorney."

"I understood as much," said Stigman.

"We can go to the Inglaterra this way"—he indicated Menendez Pelayo—"or this way, through the Barrio de Santa Cruz. It is more picturesque." His face unkinked as he spoke to Mary Stigman. "Every Sevillano fancies himself a guide."

"We shall need a guide, Señor Ortega, if we go through the Barrio de Santa Cruz," she said.

"And I shall be delighted to conduct you."

"I am sure that no one will mind if I throw this raincoat over my wreath," said Stigman.

THE little café to which the lawyer had invited them was, as he said, something more like old Seville than new. The *expreso* machines were there, as they were in all Seville cafés, and the barrels of wine and sherry as well as the ranks of colorful bottles on the shelves in the rear. The usual paper wrappers of sugar cubes littered the floor. But the atmosphere in the place was more neighborly than in any of the cafés Stigman and his wife had been to. To the right of the bar, in the rear of the establishment, was a small provision shop. Aging hams covered with gray mold hung from a pipe near the ceiling, and next to them was an assortment of smoked sausages equally aged. There were basins of chick-peas visible on the small counter, lentils, rice, a large slab of brown quince jelly, and a crock of olives. A youngster with a fresh roll in his hand stood before the counter while the proprietress cut russet slices of *chorizo* for a filler. Three or four men were leaning on the bar in the café, one of them quietly shaking a dice cup. There were only three tables in the place; at one of them a bespectacled old man was busy filling in some sort of form. He had a large glass of white wine and a bundle of lottery tickets in front of him. On the wall behind the bartender hung a slate with the appetizers for the day chalked on it.

“Yes, I do like it,” Stigman’s wife replied to the lawyer’s question. “It has all the appeal of something long lived in.”

The lawyer nodded. “Ever since my youth and long before,” he said.

The waiter brought the three cognacs they had ordered. “*Salud*,” Ortega said, and lifted his glass. Stigman and his wife lifted theirs, and they drank.

Ortega put his glass down. “You know, Señor Stigman, I quite appreciate your feelings,” he said. He tilted his head slightly toward the wreath, which Stigman had put on a chair under the table. “In fact, if you wish, I will escort you back to the Avenida del Cid. Would you like to leave it there?”

“Oh, no,” replied Stigman shortly. “I have made my gesture, for whatever it was worth.”

“You found this place to your satisfaction? I mean, you are reasonably satisfied with the accuracy of your location?” Ortega’s face knit and darkened.

“Oh, yes. Shall I say, within a half metre?”

The lawyer shook his head. “You intrigue me enormously.”

“Why?”

“That any man would be so—I hesitate to use the word—so naïve. I do not know what word to use.”

“I was determined that I was going to make my gesture. I made it.”

“Of course.” The man’s face, wrinkling and unwrinkling, must have been a formidable thing to confront from a witness stand. “Señor Stigman,” he went on, “I have old maps on the wall of my study. They are not maps, no. They are old views of Seville. Have you seen such views?”

“I have seen reproductions.”

“I have three. In two of mine there is shown a certain landmark of the city, outside the walls. Where El Cid now stands. Approximately.”

Stigman sat back listening.

“It is no longer there.”

“No, it is no longer there,” Stigman conceded.

“And this is the *quemadero*, where criminals were burned to death.”

“That is where I laid the wreath.”

“So I concluded.”

In the pause that followed, only the dry rattle of the dice in the dice cup could be heard, and the scratching of the pen of the man doing his accounts at the table nearby. The café door opened, and three well-dressed patrons walked in—Spaniards with placid faces. They ordered *café con leche* and looked about. A hum of conversation began. A hissing sound came from the *expreso* machine.

“That is where I laid the wreath,” Stigman repeated. “Your conclusion is correct. But do you know why I laid the wreath?”

“Yes. Because this was the same *quemadero* where heretics found guilty by the Holy Inquisition were burned—among others, relapsed *conversos*, those Catholics who secretly clung to their old Judaic faith.”

“They were men and women who were put to death because they would not renounce their faith,” Stigman said. “They were martyrs. I honored them because they deserved to be honored, because of their heroic constancy in the hour of trial. I honored them because no one in Spain honors them.”

“I understand,” said Ortega. “I am not offended, if that is what you were concerned about. All this is part of the Spanish heritage, along with her age-old greatness.”

“I am happy to hear it,” said Stigman. “I am happy you were not offended. It was a small enough tribute I paid—but, even so, it seems to have had some consequences.”

“Who’s behind this venture?”

Ortega’s squint might have been a smile. “Among them, I have had the pleasure of meeting you and your charming wife.”

“Thank you. It has been a pleasure for us, too.”

Again there was a pause, this time an awkward one.

“Señor Ortega,” Stigman said finally, “it seems to me a strange thing that a gentleman in your position, even with such views of Seville as you have on your walls, should have fixed so immediately on the *quemadero*—should have focussed on that spot at once. No one else realized what it was. Not the crowd around us this morning, not the policeman, not the Inspector.” He hesitated. “You say this is part of the Spanish heritage. Why is everyone ignorant of it but you?”

“There may have been personal reasons. An idiosyncrasy.”

“What, for example? I am eager to know how you could locate a thing like that so quickly. I had a good deal of research to do before I could be sure.”

Ortega grimaced. He seemed to be deliberating. He brushed a small flake of cigarette ash from the table. “You have a point,” he said.

“But how?”

The Spaniard clouded his eyes briefly with his hand. “Señor Stigman,” he said, “what if I informed you that my grandfather told me that his father, when he became very old, would light a candle on Friday nights—would do it as a matter of compulsion? Would light a candle and put it in a pitcher?”

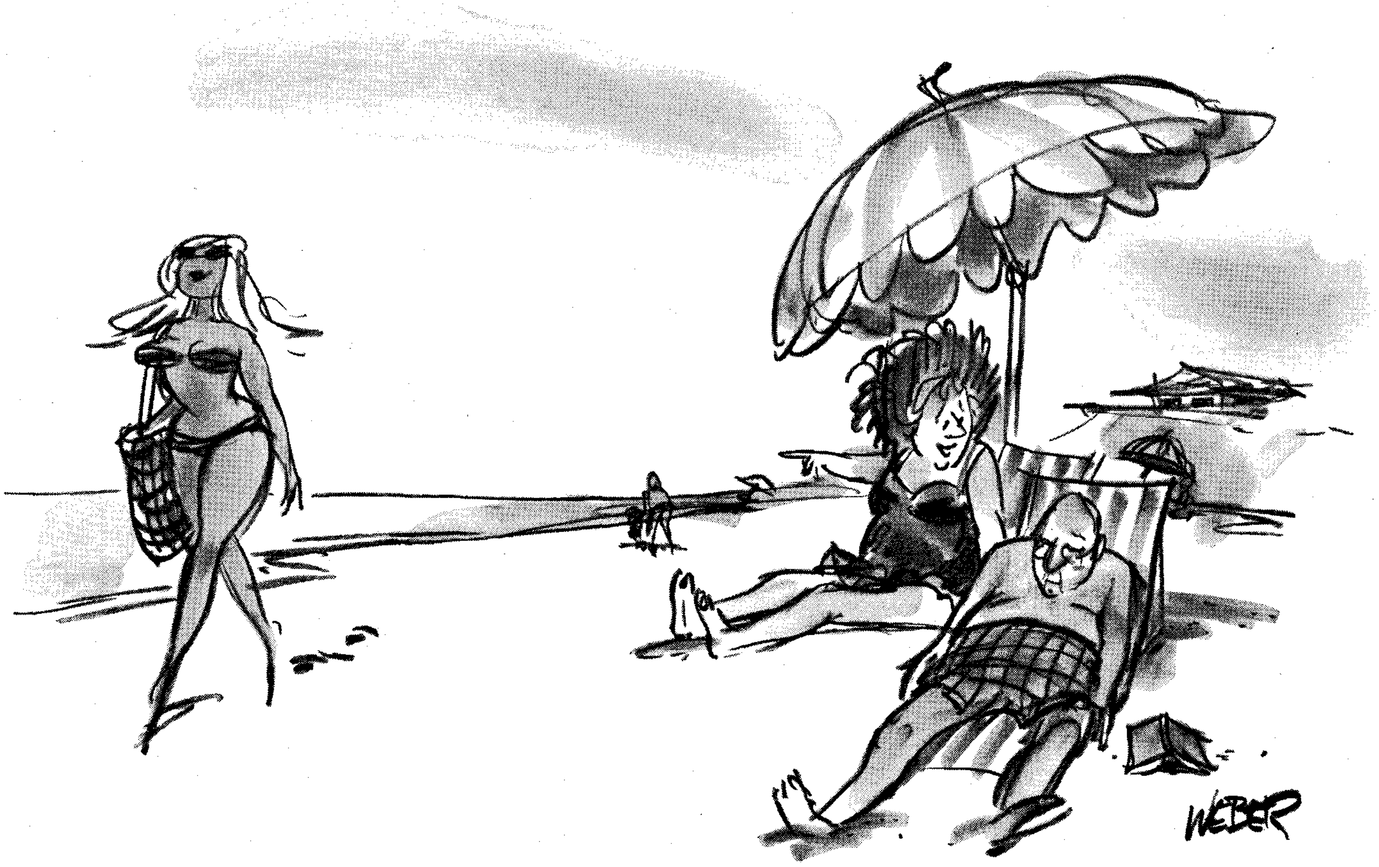
“Ah, so that is why,” Stigman said. “That is why you knew where the *quemadero* was.”

“In part. I knew where the *quemadero* was because I feel the same way about the people who died there that you do. Because I cannot forget their heroic constancy, as you call it. It was the heroic constancy of Spaniards who were also Jews.”

“Spaniards!” Stigman looked at the other man with a startled expression. “It was the heroic constancy of Jews who were also Spaniards!”

Ortega sat motionless. For once, his uncertain face seemed at rest.

“And do you light a



"Look, dear. A pretty girl."

• •

candle on Friday nights?" asked Stigman.

The lawyer shook his head, almost as if disdaining the thought. "A candle in consciousness is enough, is it not? And you?"

"Oh, no," Stigman said. "I left the faith of my ancestors many years ago."

Their glasses were empty. Ortega signalled the waiter, who brought three full ones and removed the others.

"I think the word now should be '*l'chaim*,' " said Mary Stigman.

"Do you know it?" asked Stigman, lifting his glass.

Ortega lifted his. "Of course. It is the equivalent of our Spanish '*salud*.' "

FROM some open window or café door, a male voice hovering in a flamenco quaver reached the Stigmans as they walked through a cramped street of the Barrio. A thin reek of urine emanated from the unsunned cobblestones. Huge doors supporting other doors within them and studded with brass nipples in showy array opened on the flagstones of tranquil patios. Inside, copper salvers gleamed amid the potted plants; there was a courtyard well in one patio, vases and conch shells in another. Above their heads hung the shallow balconies of the houses, glassed in or laden with greenery, and above these the very roofs grew moss and weeds among their curved tiles.

"This is charming," said Mary Stigman. She was walking close to her husband's side along the narrow pavement.

"Are we going all right?"

"Yes, I think so. The next should be Mateos Gago, and then we should see the Cathedral."

"Quite a remarkable man, Señor Ortega, isn't he?" Stigman observed. " 'Spaniards always pay,' he said when I tried to pay the waiter. '*Los españoles siempre pagan*'—as if it were a tradition." He looked at his wife. "I'll think you're remarkable, too, if you can find a way out of this maze," he said, smiling. "I wish you hadn't been so insistent with him about our ability to find our way without his help."

"I've got the city guide to Seville in my purse."

"So you have. I don't know whether there's something wrong with my sense of reality or my sense of direction," Stigman said. He took his wife's arm. "It must be those two cognacs," he added lamely.

They reached the corner and turned into Mateos Gago. The orange trees that lined the street were in the way for a moment, and then they saw it—the Giralda, *la Fe*, the weathervane. Faith stood on her high pinnacle above the Cathedral, pointing at every wind with her palm branch of triumph. A few more steps and the lofty Moorish minaret that supported her came wholly into view, rearing high its small balconies and sinuous arches, its marble pillars from whose capitals delicate brickwork tracery rose like spreading smoke from a brazier.

"Yes, there it is. You found it," said Stigman. "Now I know where the hotel is." They walked confidently ahead. "Wait a minute!" he said, and arrested his stride.

"What is it?" Involuntarily, his wife looked back.

"Oh, no, no one is following us. Do you know what I did?" Stigman held up his raincoat. "I forgot the wreath."

—HENRY ROTH

•

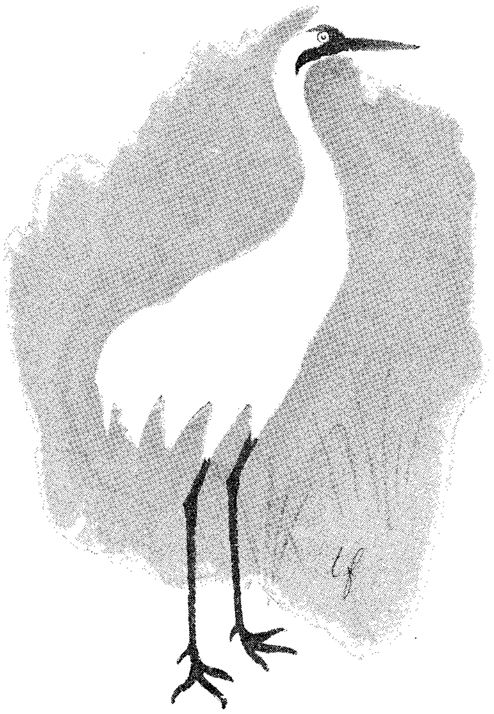
AMERICAN HERITAGE PUBLISHING CO., in cooperation with Dell Publishing Co., will publish a series of hard-cover books on the 50 states, to be sold in supermarkets, according to a recent "Gallagher Report." The books will sell for 99 cents each, except for the one on Alabama, which will be priced at 49 cents.—*Publishers' Weekly*.

Plus poll tax.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE THREAD REMAINS VERY THIN

THE whooping crane is a very large and very grand white bird, with long black legs, an extraordinarily sinuous neck carried in a proud arch, and a thrilling, trumpetlike voice. At the moment, there are approximately fifty whooping cranes on earth. Fifty is a tiny number when it is applied to a species. A year hence, if fortune has favored the whooping cranes, there will be a few more of them, and perhaps even more the year after that. But if luck turns against them it is conceivable that there will be no whooping cranes at all. The species is as close as that to extinction.



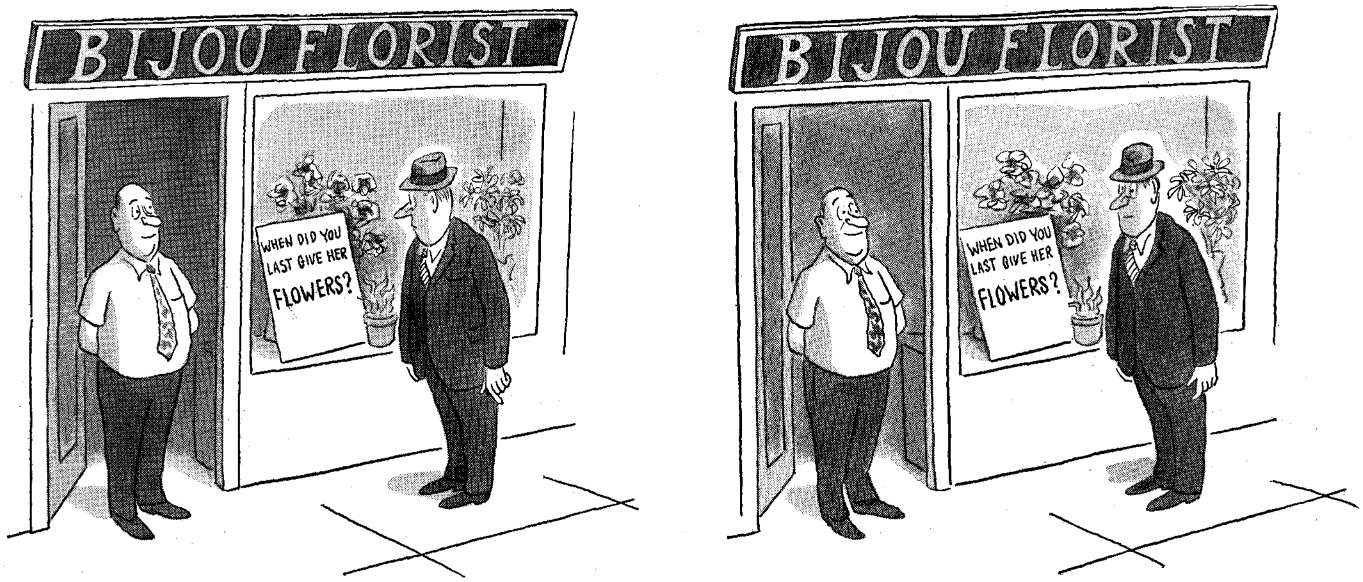
The extinction of a species is an awesome thing. When it occurs, we experience a sort of shiver—perhaps an instinctive (or is it premonitory?) awareness that this is a death quite different from the death of an individual creature. The extinction of a form of life that will never, in all eternity, be duplicated provides an even more devastating glimpse of finality. It is an event that seems to break a strand of time itself. Theodore Roosevelt wrote, "The destruction of the Wild Pigeon and the Carolina Paroquet has meant a loss as severe as if the Catskills or the Palisades were taken away. When I hear of the destruction of a species, I feel just as if all the works of some great writer had perished; as if we had lost all, instead of only part, of Polybius or Livy." In the light of these words, it seems worthwhile to document the crucial, and possibly final, years on earth of a small band of white birds.

Until quite recently, the whooping crane might well have slipped out of existence almost unnoticed. During the years since 1900, while the cranes have hovered on the brink, a good many other species of birds and mammals—among them the passenger pigeon, the heath hen, and the plains wolf—have quietly taken their leave, and there are now among us a number, including the ivory-billed woodpecker and the Eskimo curlew, that will almost certainly not be here much longer. It is unlikely that many people will mourn their passing, or even be aware of it. The fate of the whooping crane will not go similarly unnoticed. The species has, for a variety of reasons, including the stubborn tenacity with which it has held on to life, enlisted the interest of an ever-widening circle of people. A mystique has grown up around the drama of the whooping crane's struggle for survival. The birds have come to represent the hopes and fears of a great many people who feel strongly that man has no right to take over the earth at the expense of whatever other creatures happen to be in his way.

People have been drawn to the whooping crane by its beauty and by its commanding presence. It is the tallest North American bird, yet it is something that can best be described as its total personality, rather than its mere size, that makes it so impressive a creature. An adult whooper stands nearly five feet tall and weighs twenty or twenty-five pounds. The bird's height is in its delicate, stiltlike legs, in its agile neck, which is longer and more serpentine than that of a swan, and in its spear-shaped bill. Its tapered body is poised almost upright, so that the crane's silhouette is something like that of a man in a swallowtail coat. At rest, the bird appears pure white except for a ruby crown and ruby cheek patches—which are actually red skin bare of feathers—and a mask of glistening black featherlets that ends in points on its cheeks, suggesting a Victorian mustache of the fiercer sort. When the crane's wings are spread to their astonishing breadth of seven and a half feet, it can be seen that the tips are a satiny black. Except when the whooping crane is feeding, it holds its narrow, patrician head high. The color of its eyes is a cold, frosty yellow. The bird has an alert, farsighted gaze, which seems to scan distant horizons with a fierce recognition of some primeval challenge invisible to human beings. The mighty voice that gives the crane its name is produced from a trachea five feet long, coiled like a French horn behind the breastbone. Both sexes whoop when they are disturbed or angry, and they apparently sometimes whoop just for the joy of it. At other times, the birds communicate with a surprising repertoire of low murmurs and talking notes.

This spring, the precise number of whooping cranes in existence stood at forty-four in their natural wild state and seven in captivity. When this total is compared to the counts of many previous years, it looks splendidly large, but when it is compared to the total needed to provide a safe margin for survival, it becomes perilously small. The wild birds spend the winter stalking regally about the sand flats and shallow waters of the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge, which occupies a small peninsula on the Gulf Coast of Texas, seventy-five miles north of Corpus Christi. In midwinter, pairs of cranes, with their young still at their side, perform elaborate prenuptial dances. Then, in April, they begin an extraordinary and hazardous flight north. For years, their destination was a tantalizing mystery. Now, for better or worse, their secret nesting place has been found, in a corner of Canada's Northwest Territories, more than two thousand miles north of Texas and only five hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle. Summer here is brief and capricious. The cranes must nest and rear their young on a tight schedule, for any laggards will perish in the sudden cold of autumn. Then comes the long migration south, which is even more perilous than the spring journey, for in the hunting season lakes and marshes, the natural resting places of whooping cranes, are ringed with guns.

All but one of the captive whooping cranes are currently housed in the Audubon Park Zoo, in New Orleans. The exception is a young male that was found, crippled by an accident, on the whoopers' nesting grounds in September, 1964, and has since been a ward of the United States government. It is also through accident that the six other

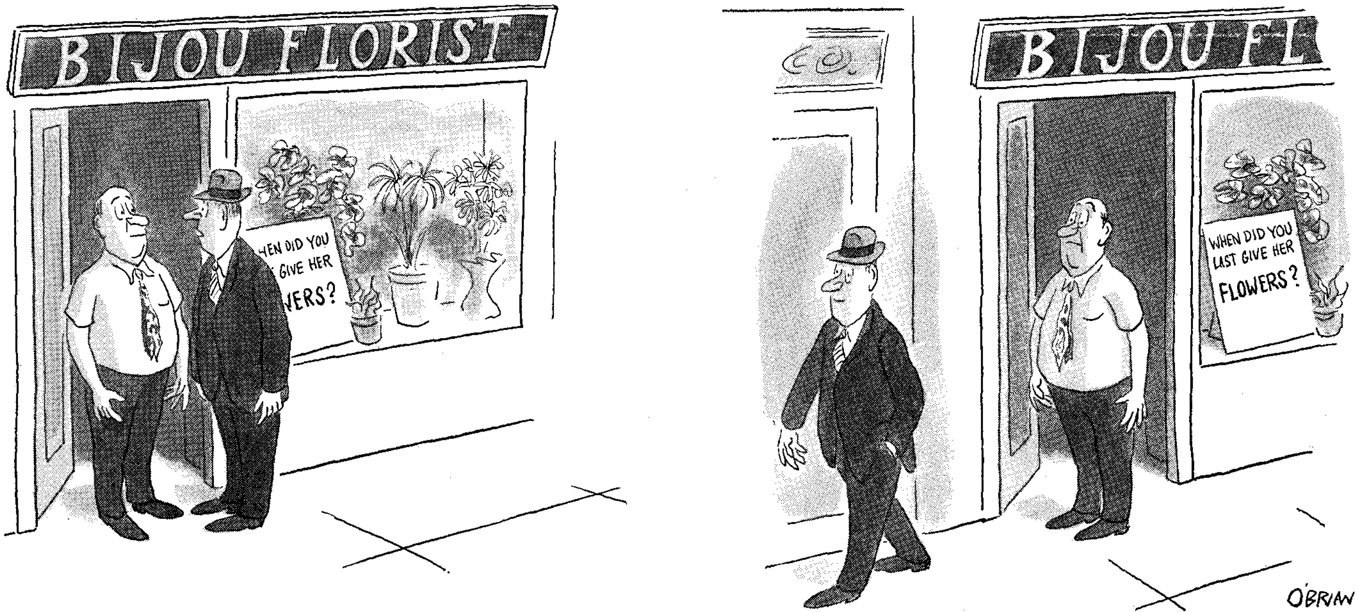

BIJOU FLORIST
WHEN DID YOU LAST GIVE HER FLOWERS?
BIJOU FLORIST
WHEN DID YOU LAST GIVE HER FLOWERS?

whoopers—possibly the most valuable birds in the world—are in the New Orleans zoo. The zoo is a modest one. Tropical verdancy, an air of shabby ease, and old buildings of beige brick provide the local citizens with pleasant surroundings for a Sunday stroll, but the zoo has consistently lacked the trained staff and the special facilities that would normally be considered essential to a delicate experiment in aviculture, to say nothing of one involving the fate of a species. It was here that, in late 1941, chance deposited a crippled whooping crane called Josephine, and here, despite numerous handicaps, Josephine became the only breeding female whooping crane in captivity. In the sixteen years before her death last September, Josephine laid more than fifty eggs. From these, however, came only four young whooping cranes that were raised to maturity. In addition to her mate, a splendid old bird named Crip, who survives, and their progeny, there is a female named Rosie who for nine sterile years lived in another zoo without a mate but who will now have an opportunity to reproduce. These are all the captive whoopers there are. During the years in which Josephine labored to preserve her species, she was in the custody of a man named George Douglass, who was then the superintendent of the New Orleans zoo, and whose monopoly on captive whooping cranes embittered a number of people who were interested in the birds' survival.

Among the individuals and organizations that have become concerned with, and sometimes embroiled in, the fate of the whooping crane over the past twenty years, the earliest on the scene was the National Audubon Society. The New Orleans zoo and the Society are both named for the famous naturalist, but this is their only connection. The Society is a conservation organization, financed by the contributions of its members and devoted to protecting and preserving birds and animals as they exist in the wild. In 1945, the Society took up the cause of the tiny flock of surviving whooping cranes. Ironically, it had to devote a great deal of its efforts to staving off other friends of the whooping crane, who were convinced that the only way to save the species was to capture some, or all, of the wild birds for breeding purposes. This proposal was made with increasing insistence, by people loosely organized under the banner of aviculture—the art of breeding birds in captivity. The officers of the Society pointed out repeatedly that no one possessed the skill necessary to capture wild whooping cranes without accidentally killing some of the precious few, or perhaps even dispersing the meagre flock forever. Furthermore, as the aviculturists' plan was first formulated, any birds that were bred in captivity would remain permanently in zoos, and in the Society's view a supply of caged whooping cranes would be a poor substitute for the wild birds. If the wild flock perished, they said, the species would in effect be extinct no matter how many captive birds were being kept in zoos. To this the aviculturists retorted simply that the wild birds were doomed in any case, and the species would be better off in zoos than in oblivion.

Officials of the Department of the Interior's wildlife section, the governmental guardian of the cranes, were uncomfortably caught between these conflicting views. They were unhappily aware that if they authorized a capture project that inadvertently destroyed the species, they would be the target of recrimination from bird lovers everywhere. If, on the other hand, the few remaining wild whooping cranes quietly expired, and no specimens were left in zoos, there would be equally fierce criticism of the wildlife people for their lack of foresight.

THE scientific name of the whooping crane is *Grus americana.* Cranes, as members of the order Gruiformes—which also includes such cranelike birds as rails, coots, gallinules, sun grebes, and sun bitterns—are quite high on the evolutionary scale by which birds are classified, ranking above herons (with which laymen often confuse them) and just below the plovers and their relatives. Asia has the greatest number of crane species; North America has only two—the whooping crane and the smaller gray sandhill crane (*Grus canadensis*). Sandhills, being more social than whoopers and not so particular about where they live, survive in fairly large numbers under conditions that their cousins cannot tolerate. As a species, *Grus americana* is believed to have evolved during the early Pleistocene epoch, a million or more years ago, from birds that made their homes amid the vast marshes and wet savannas that then covered much of this continent. During the long period when grass was probably the predominant vegetation, whooping cranes attained their maximum numbers; the distribution of fossil bones shows that in this, their golden age, they ranged from coast to coast. In time, however, the water table subsided and forests encroached on the grasslands, and as a result a relentless shrinkage of the whooper habitat began. By the time the


BIJOU FLORIST
EN DID YOU GIVE HER ERS?
BIJOU FL
WHEN DID YOU LAST GIVE HER FLOWERS?
O'BRIAN

"September 6, 1964."

• •

first white settlers arrived, the whooping-crane population was already quite small. There were then perhaps fifteen hundred whooping cranes in all North America, and their range had contracted to a fairly narrow swath in the center of the continent, reaching south into Mexico and north into the unexplored reaches of Canada. By far the largest wintering ground for whooping cranes was in what is now southwestern Louisiana, which then offered them millions of acres of well-watered tall-grass prairie, and the heart of the cranes' nesting area was the vast marshes that at the time covered what became Iowa and the neighboring states. Until perhaps 1850, the whooping cranes were not significantly disturbed by encroaching civilization, but from that time on its effect was devastating. Destruction of the birds' habitat was the major cause of the whoopers' disappearance; the Iowa marshes were drained, and the Louisiana prairies were turned over to rice. Hunting was, of course, also a factor. The whooping crane is tasty eating. As a target, it has the double curse of size and beauty. It is probable that between 1870 and 1900 ninety per cent of the whooping-crane population disappeared, leaving on earth fewer than two hundred birds. Since whooping cranes are notably ungregarious, these survivors were not a single flock but scattered among the few places where their habitat remained undisturbed.

Even scarcer than the whooping cranes themselves were scientific facts about them. Because of the birds' rarity, extreme wariness, and liking for isolation, information on them was hard to come by, and in any case few ornithologists seemed much interested. An exception was Professor Myron H. Swenk, a Nebraska ornithologist who took up the cause of the cranes in the early nineteen-hundreds and worked for many years to rally help for them. By that time, many ornithologists were classing *Grus americana* as already extinct, or nearly so. Ironically, Dr. Swenk, as a result of an annual census he took of migrant whoopers passing through Nebraska, became convinced in his later years that the species was recovering. His misleading figures helped delay a serious rescue effort—a situation that, had he become aware of it, would have grieved no one more than Dr. Swenk. Between 1900 and 1930, the number of whooping cranes steadily declined from the two hundred that had existed when the century began. The last recorded find of a nest in that period was made in 1922 at a place named Muddy Lake, Saskatchewan, by a game warden who caught one chick and served science by wringing its neck so that it could be put in a museum.

In 1938, when help for the cranes finally came, it was almost too late. At the time, no one had any idea how many of the birds still existed, but the number can now be accurately estimated. Hidden in a vast marsh near White Lake, Louisiana, were eleven whooping cranes, remnants of a peculiar group that, for unknown reasons, did not migrate. In addition, the Blackjack Peninsula, on the coast of Texas, which is now the site of the Aransas Refuge, was the winter home of eighteen migratory whooping cranes, which nested in summer in northern Canada. And that was all. There were just twenty-nine wild whooping cranes left on earth.

During the nineteen-thirties, nature and economics—Dust Bowl and Depression—suddenly combined to favor conservation. Washington at last became aware of the dangers of allowing the depletion of our natural resources, including wildlife, to continue. As head of the Bureau of Biological Survey, in the Department of Agriculture, the celebrated cartoonist and conservationist J. N. (Ding) Darling fought for federal funds to establish wildlife refuges on a nationwide scale. The Bureau dispatched scouts to select the most promising sites from scores of possible ones, and in early 1936 the Blackjack Peninsula was explored. It was found to be a haven for a fine assortment of water birds, and—what was more remarkable—the Bureau's scout spotted four of the rare and dazzling whoopers. Later, a Bureau ornithologist named George B. Saunders spent several weeks searching the coastline in both directions for additional whoopers and concluded that Blackjack was their main wintering ground. With the whoopers in mind, he recommended that the Bureau buy the peninsula and, in addition, two long, narrow sandbar islands just off its shores, called Matagorda and St. Joseph, which were also frequented by the cranes. The Bureau, however, felt it shouldn't buy so much territory in one place, so the islands were stricken from the list. This turned out to be an unfortunate decision indeed, for the islands, which could have been protective barriers, ultimately became a launching ground for hostile invasions of the cranes' territory. Nevertheless, December 31, 1937, the day on which President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed an executive order making the peninsula the site of the Aransas Migratory Waterfowl Refuge (it is now known as the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge), was without doubt a highly auspicious one for *Grus americana*. Thenceforth the cranes could call their winter home their own. The Refuge, which covers 47,261 acres, or roughly seventy-four square miles, occupies a thumb of land that points south and is narrowly separated from the mainland to the west by a long sliver of water called St. Charles Bay. To the east of the peninsula lies a great shallow lagoon, beyond which St. Joseph and Matagorda face the Gulf of Mexico. This eastern shore is fringed by a salt marsh—a network of ponds, inlets, and mud flats—twelve miles long and a mile or two wide, which is the home of myriad small sea animals, including the blue crab, a staple of the whooping crane's diet. Together with some similar stretches on the shores of Matagorda and St. Joseph, this is the true kingdom of the cranes. Behind it rises an expanse of low, rolling land, its sandy soil densely covered with live-oak and sweet-bay brush and with groves of blackjack oaks, which provide acorns, another dietary staple, and also afford shelter from storms for the whoopers and the dozens of species of birds and mammals—among the most numerous being the great blue heron, the Canada goose, the white-tailed deer, and various kinds of duck—with which they share the Refuge. In the early eighteen-hundreds, homesteaders cleared the peninsula's high ground, but farming was economically marginal, and after a century or so the population drifted away. In 1923, a San Antonio millionaire named Leroy Denman acquired the entire peninsula for use as grazing land for cattle and as a shooting preserve. Quite possibly, the resulting privacy was what enabled the cranes to remain there, but in another way Denman's ownership proved less beneficial to them. When he sold Blackjack to the government, for $463,500, he retained the mineral rights to the property. These had been leased to private interests, which were allowed to drill for oil anywhere on the Refuge. The leases produced a royalty for the government that enabled it to recover the entire purchase price of the land—a bargain for the taxpayers but an arrangement that rendered the Refuge far from inviolable right from the outset.

THE MAN IN BLACK

I was walking downtown
when I noticed a man in black,
black cape and black boots, coming toward me.

His arms out in front of him,
his fingers twinkling with little rings,
he looked like a summer night full of stars.

It was summer. The night was full of stars.
The tall buildings formed a hallway down which I walked.
The man in black came toward me.

The waxed tips of his mustache shone
like tiny spears and his teeth glistened.
I offered him my hand which he did not take.

I felt like a fool and stood in his black wake,
shaken and small, and my tears
swung back and forth in the sultry air like chandeliers.

—Mark Strand

• •

In 1938, the Aransas Refuge began to function, with the arrival of its first resident manager, James O. Stevenson. That autumn, Stevenson tramped over the salt flats in an attempt to count the whoopers—a job that is now accomplished both more easily and more accurately from a low-flying plane—and he concluded that there were at least fourteen, and possibly as many as eighteen. At the end of the next year's summer-migration period, he reported that the number had risen to twenty-two.

Unfortunately, the truce between man and crane at Aransas was about to be shattered. In the spring of 1940, the United States Army Engineers lumbered onto the scene with dredging equipment and inexorably worked their way through the marshes in order to extend the Gulf Intracoastal Waterway south along the shoreline to Corpus Christi. As they pressed on, they casually—and needlessly, since other routes were equally practical—destroyed acres of whooping-crane territory. But this loss was minor compared to the threat posed by the broad highway of water, open to all comers, that now pierced the sanctuary.

At the same time, the Continental Oil Company was drilling in the Refuge, but, luckily, its operations were conducted where they did not disturb the cranes. In the autumn of 1940, there was again an increase in the number of whoopers. Stevenson counted twenty-six, five of them young, and it seemed as though the birds were responding healthily to the increased protection of the Refuge. Then, for no ascertainable reason, they suffered a frightful blow. In the autumn of 1941, only thirteen adult cranes and two young returned from Canada. Thus, thirteen had somehow perished—whether victims of hunters or of unknown perils on the flyway or the nesting ground no one would ever know. "We can only wonder about the rest," Stevenson wrote in his regular report of his stewardship. In one season, all the gains of the past three years had been wiped out. It is not likely, however, that many people gave the matter much thought, for that was the winter of Pearl Harbor.

The war had its first impact on Aransas when Army and Navy planes began flying low over the Refuge. Stevenson called on the commanders of nearby bases and informed them that low-flying airplanes might drive the whooping cranes away. The military men promised coöperation, and for a while fewer planes did come in over Aransas. But then, in July of 1943, the Army Air Forces began to use a practice bombing range it had constructed on Matagorda Island. The range, which is still in use, occupies a site selected because "it would affect few people"—a strip twenty-two miles long and three miles wide ten miles southeast of the Refuge headquarters but at one point only five miles from crane territory. Both during and after the war, the range has been repeatedly used for bombing practice, sometimes for dry runs and sometimes with live ammunition. In the echelons of government, wildlife people have traditionally occupied an extremely lowly position. It is customary for the lordly Engineers and the mighty military to ride roughshod over their interests. Wildlife officials are conditioned to an attitude of humble hopelessness, with conciliation their only recourse. They met the Air Forces' invasion of Aransas by begging the local commanders to keep damage at a minimum. This has been done ever since, in varying degrees, and communications between the two services are cordial. The only trouble, as friends of the whoopers see it, is that the bombing range is there at all.

"Stand clear! In exactly three minutes he reaches retirement age."

As the war drew to a close, the National Audubon Society, alarmed by the bleak figures issuing from Aransas, took up the cranes' crisis with the Department of the Interior's Fish and Wildlife Service, which had assumed control of the Refuge in 1940. The Service's top officials were indeed interested in the cranes but, as the Audubon Society well knew, they were severely limited in what they could do. Despite its title, the agency's primary raison d'être has been to serve two groups of citizens—sportsmen, by fostering the populations of their quarry, and agriculturists, by exterminating animal "pests"—and until recently Congress has allowed the Service to spend money on little else. Thus, the most it could offer the Society in the forties was a sympathetic attitude and the coöperation of its personnel. The offer was naturally accepted, and in 1945 the Service and the Society jointly formed the Coöperative Whooping Crane Project, dedicated to helping the cranes in their eleventh hour.

AT the end of the Second World War, the president of the National Audubon Society was a tall, serious-minded former Boston businessman named John Hopkinson Baker. As he surveyed the predicament of the cranes, he became aware of the scarcity of information on which a program of help could be based. Hardly anything was known even about the most elementary factors in the birds' life cycle. Their food, their nesting habits, the rearing of their young, and their behavior on the long flights to and from their nesting grounds—all presented unanswered questions. During the thirties, under similar circumstances, the Society had tried to rescue from extinction the ivory-billed woodpecker, the California condor, and the roseate spoonbill by sponsoring biological studies of those species to ascertain just why they were in trouble. It now decided to do the same for the cranes. (At present, the spoonbills are out of danger, the condors have joined the cranes on the brink of extinction, and the woodpeckers are believed to have slipped over it.)

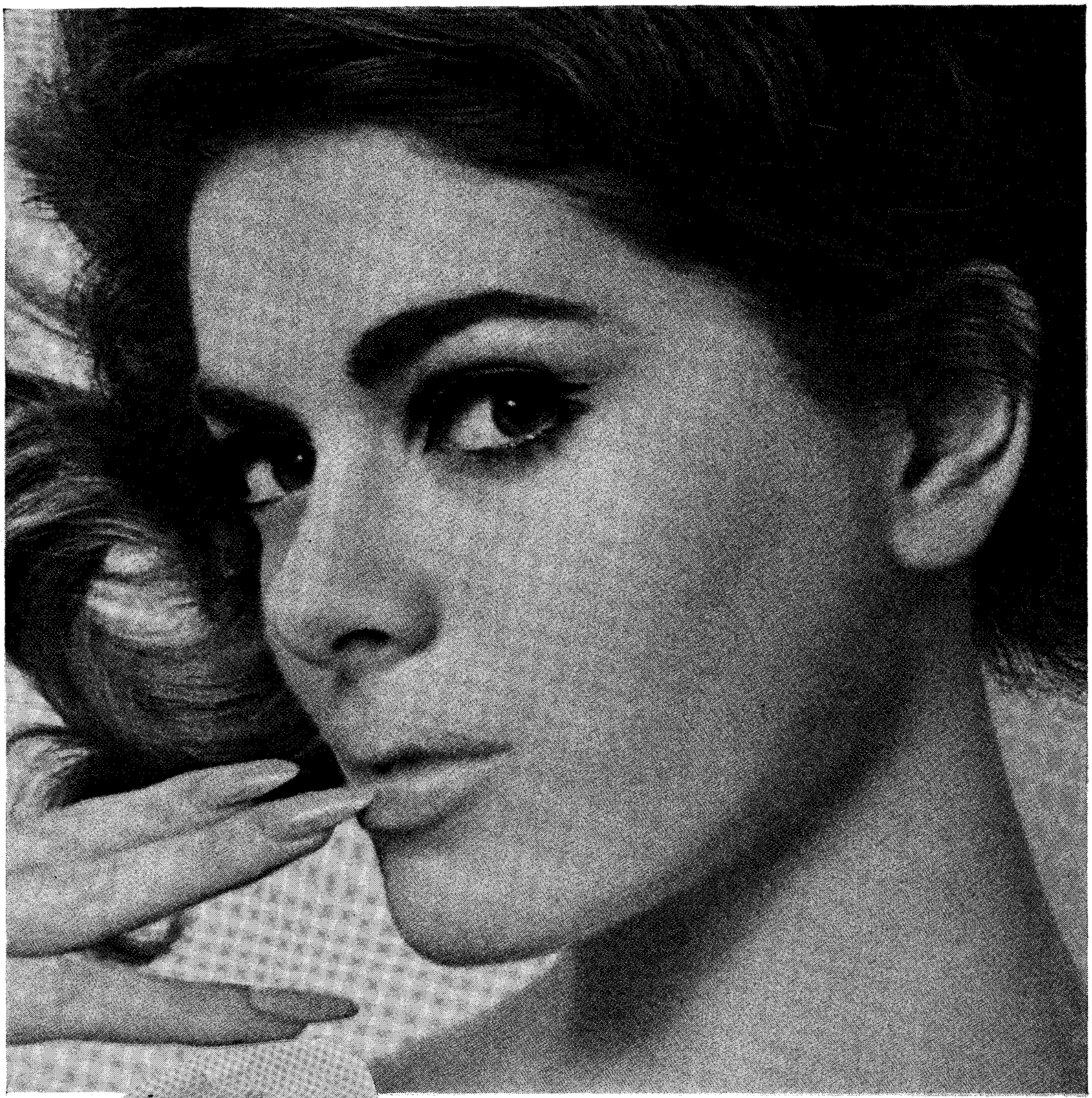
The first step on behalf of the cranes was to find a biologist willing to take on what promised to be a long, strenuous, and financially unrewarding task. The job would involve not only a study of the whooping cranes at Aransas but a search for the nests in Canada. At the time, the Society's Research Director, Robert Porter Allen, who had conducted its spoonbill study, was in the Army, and so were most of the other men who were known to be qualified. That first summer, the gap was temporarily filled by a Canadian admirer of the whooping crane—Fred Bard, curator of the Provincial Museum in Regina, Saskatchewan, who spent two months flying over Saskatchewan in a futile search for the cranes' nests. The next year, Dr. Olin Sewall Pettingill, Jr., an American ornithologist, took over on a part-time basis, and, after preliminary studies at Aransas, he spent a summer making equally fruitless flights, over both Saskatchewan and Alberta. That fall, Pettingill quit the project to resume a teaching job, but by then, luckily, Allen was due for his discharge. In October, he came back to his post at the Audubon Society and found the whooping-crane assignment waiting for him.

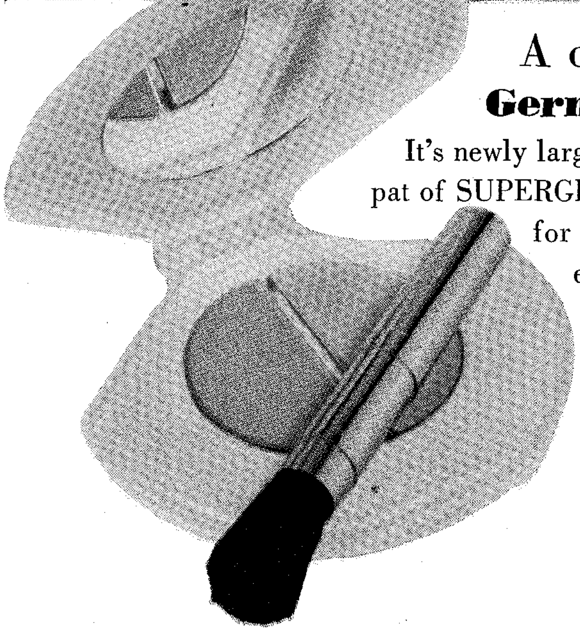
Allen was then forty-one years old, a stocky, dark-haired man with strong features and a look of humor and friendliness that concealed a fierce dedication to his cause—the protection of threatened species. A romantic, something of a mystic, a man of violent convictions and dogged determination, he combined a capacity for intense feeling with a rare sensitivity and gentleness. Allen wrote a great deal about whooping cranes—a number of articles; a popular book, "On the Trail of Vanishing Birds;" and a monograph, "The Whooping Crane," which was published by the Audubon Society in 1952, and which, along with a supplement on the birds' nesting grounds, is considered a classic of wildlife research. In all these—even when he is most objectively scientific—he conveys the impression that he has fallen in love with the cranes and is irrevocably committed to their cause. He presents the case for their survival as a matter of the continuance not simply of one species but of all simple, beautiful, and defenseless living things endangered by the relentless pressures of man's spreading civilization.

Allen was born in South Williamsport, Pennsylvania, on April 24, 1905. His early surroundings were a combination of the literate and the rural. His mother had been a schoolteacher and his father was a lawyer. Their home was in mountain country where deer, bear, bobcat, and other game were abundant. Allen's own account of his boyhood, given in "On the Trail of Vanishing Birds," makes it clear that he felt himself called to work with wildlife as surely as some men feel summoned to the clergy. The first mystic whisper came to him when, at the age of ten, he read Ernest Thompson Seton's "Two Little Savages." For some time afterward, he spent every free moment in the role of an Indian stalking silently through ancestral hunting grounds. By the time Allen reached high school, he had joined an Audubon Junior Club and cast aside the role of deerslayer for that of bird watcher. Upon graduation, he reluctantly left the woods to enter Lafayette College, where he spent two years—quite uselessly, in his opinion. Of this period, he has written, "In my outmoded Norfolk jacket, I was a trifle rural among my new friends . . . although I knew that I could outrun the whole lot of them on a mountain trail, outpaddle them in a canoe, and make jackasses out of them in a river-bottom swamp. . . . I did learn a few things about the rest of the world that lay beyond the shadow of Bald Eagle Mountain. But I remained an undisciplined nonconformist, incapable of learning many of the graces and determined to find a way of life wherein the kind of shoes you wore and the sort of knot in your tie were of no importance whatever." At first, however, Allen's devotion to birds seemed unlikely to support any way of life whatever. He avoided the issue by signing on with the crew of a freighter bound for Singapore, and in three years he sailed twice around the world and experienced a shipwreck in the Sulu Sea. Then, in 1929, he abandoned the nautical life, richer by forty-eight cents. Ashore in New York, he went to a party and there met and fell in love with a girl named Evelyn Sedgwick, who had just graduated from the Juilliard School of Music. Love having produced a sudden urge for solvency, he set out to look for work. He called on Dr. Frank Michler Chapman, Curator of Ornithology at the American Museum of Natural History, with whom he had once corresponded on the subject of birds, and Chapman sent him to see Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, president of what was then called the National Association of Audubon Societies. Pearson gave the young man a trial job sorting books in the basement of the Association's headquarters in New York. Allen was jubilant; he had found a milieu in which the knot in his tie was of no importance, he was working with books and birds, and he would soon be able to marry Miss Sedgwick.

The Association had just started enlarging its field-study program, and Allen soon became a part of it. He was released from the basement and sent, as a full-time ornithologist, to study gulls on the Maine coast. In 1934, having grown a mustache in order to look old enough to impress

"Knock it off, Mac!"





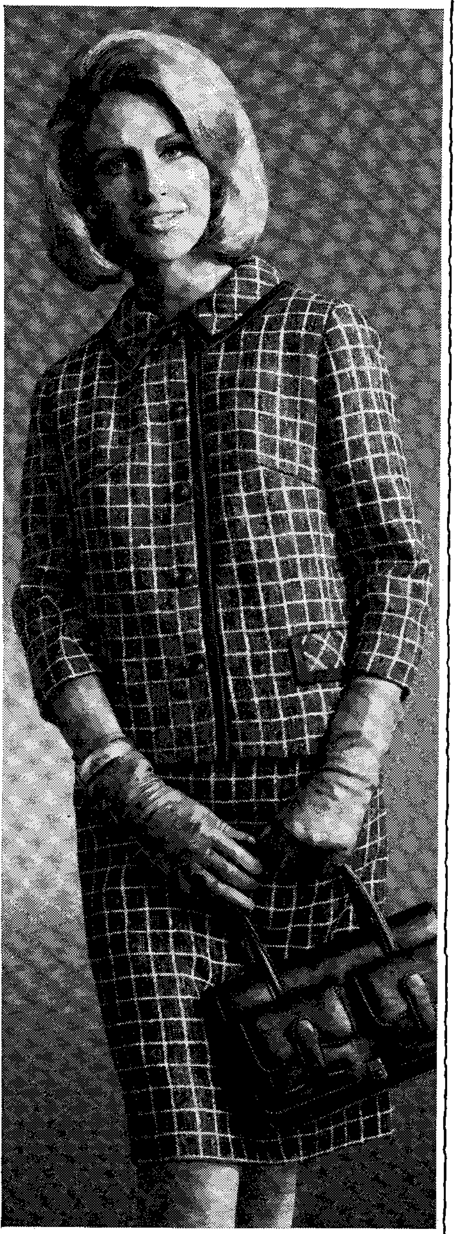
A compact is a compact is a compact...

Germaine Monteil's is a Shell Compact!

It's newly large, it's sculpted, it's elegantly pearl finished. Inside, a pressed pat of SUPERGLOW FACE POWDER in one of twelve glowing shades. And for summer, the new "sun shades," two pats of SUPERGLOW in each shell. One shade tones down sun sizzle, the other turns up tan dazzle. A brush is a brush is a brush . . . Germaine Monteil's is compact and contoured to pick up just the right amount of powder and feather it softly over your face. Use the new POWDER BRUSH for summer sheer coverage.

Germaine Monteil

"I saw what they had for Fall last week. Thought I must be in the wrong store."



Still a few head-in-the-sanders, Mrs. Boynton. A shrinking band who don't realize the wondrousments wrought on our ladies' floors (2 and 3). Witness this crisp transition maker, a late summer, early fall traveler. Lined jacket bound in grosgrain. Short-sleeved shift with jewel neckline. Flecked silk/rayon tweed by Tussah Fabrics Inc. White overcheck on brown or black. 10 to 18. $85. Great happening. *In San Francisco store, $90*

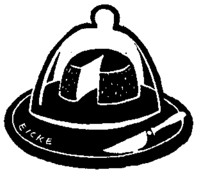
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Madison Ave. at 45th St., N. Y. 10017—MU 2-3600
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

the Association's board of directors, he was put in charge of its bird sanctuaries. Five years later, the plight of the roseate spoonbill, a large, gaudily beautiful shore-dwelling bird indigenous to Florida and Texas, became urgent, and Allen was assigned to make a full-scale study of the species. He and his family, which by then included a son and a daughter, moved to Tavernier, a little town on Key Largo, at the tip of Florida, where they first set up housekeeping in a trailer close to a community of spoonbills and later bought a permanent home. Allen's spoonbill monograph, published in 1942, is regarded as the definitive work on the subject. By the time it appeared in print, though, its author was in the Army, serving as a mate on an Army minelayer.

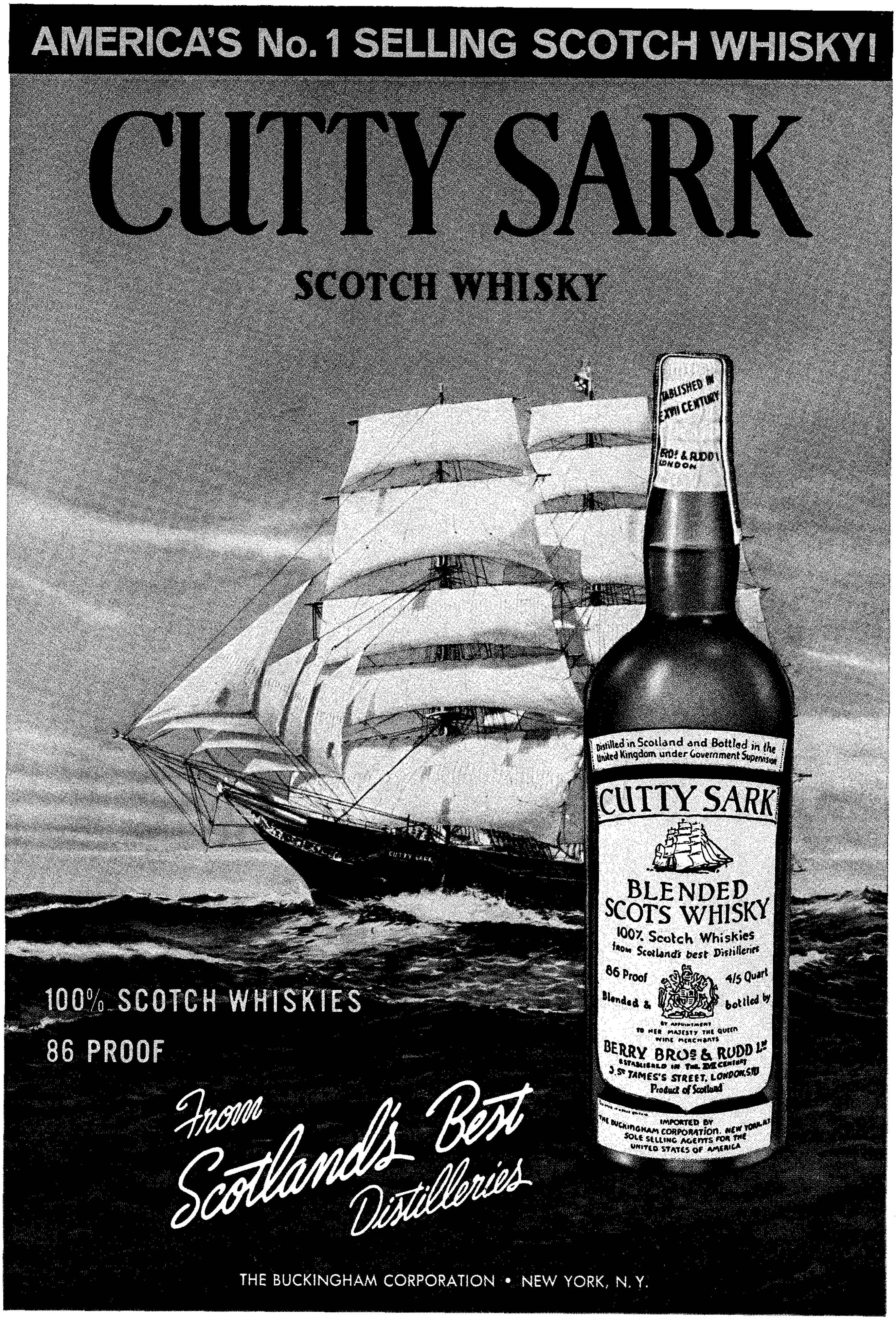
THE Aransas Refuge, where Allen arrived in November, 1946, accompanied by his family, is approached by a state road that cuts through vast, flat tilled fields. In winter, the furrows look like ribs of black corduroy stretching away to the horizon, where far-off houses and windmills stand up against the sky. Often the sky is busy with fast-moving clouds that darken and lighten the landscape in quick succession. There may be sudden showers followed by dramatically golden sunbursts. Gradually, as one approaches the shore, clumps of oak and mesquite break up the geometric pattern of the fields. Near the gates of the Refuge is a pebbly beach, white with shells, and beyond this lie the shallow waters of the bay, dotted with offshore oil rigs and the lumpy craft that tend them. Inside the gates, the landscape changes, because here there has been little cutting for many years. The handsome groves of blackjack oaks give pleasant shade, and everywhere there are lush tangles of shrub and vine. On his arrival, Allen learned from Refuge reports that despite such new hazards as Air Force planes, poachers along the Waterway, and oil drilling, with its accompanying threat of pollution in the bay, the whooping cranes that had survived the mysterious disaster of five years before had more than held their own. That autumn, the world's population of migratory whoopers stood at twenty-five.

It was on a dismally gray, cold November day that Allen began his field study of whooping cranes. He and Bud Keefer, the Refuge manager, tramped along the higher ground overlooking the flats until they caught sight of two white forms, distinct against the golden-tan sand. Allen made his first field notes on the subject of whoopers: "Two adult wh. cranes on wet mud flat in Redfish Slough. Fed a little and rested, preening. ½ to ¾ mi. distant from our position on dyke." Later, he wrote, "I remember that those first two birds seemed very far away—not only in a physical sense. Their arrogant bearing, the trim of their sails, as it were, would intimidate the most brash investigator. I reached our cabin that first night feeling very humble and not too happy."

As it turned out, getting close to the whooping cranes in a physical sense was far from simple. The cranes proved to be very easily alarmed by anyone moving on foot. Allen later found that they were less upset by the approach of an automobile, and that a boat could come within fifty yards of them as long as it kept moving at a steady pace. At the outset, though, Allen had no boat, and there was then no road overlooking the marsh, so for a time it seemed to him as though he would never get closer to the birds than half a mile away. Then, one day, he surprised a pair not fifty yards distant. "At the moment we saw them, they were already moving, sounding off with their bugle-clear trumpet blast of warning and running with amazingly lengthy strides before getting airborne," he wrote in his book. "They seemed like great, satin-white bombers, with their immense wings flicking upward in short arcs and their heavy bodies fighting for altitude. Still calling, they glided over the tops of the scrub, slowly gaining elevation. . . . I found that I had forgotten how cold I was and my hand was shaking when I started to write in my notebook."



Eventually, Allen was able to spy on the private lives of the whoopers by scattering corn in front of a blind. Sometimes he sat in his cramped hiding place for ten hours at a time, hardly daring to sneeze, lest he give himself away. In these hours, Allen filled notebook after notebook with the tiny details that make up the winter life of the whooping crane. Male and female whooping cranes are identical in shape and plumage, but when they are *en famille* in the wild, Allen discovered, it is possible to tell the sexes apart. The male is the acknowledged head of the family. His chief occupation is to guard it—a role he takes very seriously. "His head is always snapping up to attention, his cold, yellow eyes scanning the horizon," Allen wrote. The female, meanwhile,



AMERICA'S No. 1 SELLING SCOTCH WHISKY!

CUTTY SARK

SCOTCH WHISKY

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

86 PROOF

From Scotland's Best Distilleries

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED IN XVIII CENTURY
BROS & RUDD LONDON
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WINE MERCHANTS
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
3 ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

STIKINE MTS
ROCKY MTS
SKEENA MTS
Hazelton
Queen Charlotte Is.
Hecate Str.
BRITISH COLUMBIA
Prince George
Queen Charlotte Str.
Kamloops
Vancouver I.
Vancouver
Victoria
Mt. Shasta
COAST MTS
Sacramento
San Francisco
CALIFORNIA
Fresno
Santa Monica
Los Angeles
Long Beach
Tallahassee
St. Augustine
FLORIDA
St. Petersburg
Tampa
Palm Beach
Miami
Key West
Straits of Florida

Three fastest-growing areas in North America. How is GT&E wired into them?

Solidly. Along with thousands of other fast-growing communities in 33 states, these three areas are served by General Telephone Operating Companies.

The General System is strongest where the growth is greatest.

And wherever it operates, it provides the latest in modern phone service. On General's list of future innovations for its customers: the TOUCH-CALLING™ push-button phone that's faster than dialing—and several new service features which the E-A-X electronic automatic exchange will make possible.

New and better ideas like these keep coming from GT&E. Expect them anytime from any member of the GT&E family: General Telephone Operating Companies • General Telephone Directory Company • Automatic Electric • Lenkurt Electric • Sylvania Electric Products • General Telephone & Electronics Laboratories • General Telephone & Electronics International.

We're 120,000 strong and dedicated to Total Communications.

GT&E

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

devotes herself to feeding and instructing her young. Whooping cranes are monogamous, and family ties are strong. If one bird is wounded during migration, its family will stay at its side and thus may be shot also. When whooping-crane families arrive at Aransas in November, the young are about five months old, and although they have learned to fly only six weeks earlier, they have been able to follow their parents across more than two thousand miles of alien territory. All winter, the adult cranes feed and guard the young with the utmost solicitude. In the spring, there is a painful moment of weaning, but the family is united again for the long flight north. When the final parting comes, no one knows. On the wintering ground, each family or pair of whoopers chooses a stretch of territory, from which it jealously ejects any other member of its species. Allen charted fourteen territories strung like house lots along the shore of the Refuge, each containing the necessities of whooping-crane winter life: salt flat with waterfront for catching crabs and other marine creatures, brackish ponds for drinking and sleeping, and inland oak brush in which to shelter from high winds or feed on acorns. Whooping-crane estates are baronial in size. Each family's territory, Allen estimated, covers approximately four hundred acres.

With fascination, Allen watched the dance of the cranes. He was perhaps the first person ever to do so at close quarters. On a warm, clear day in late January, he recorded this scene:

> Suddenly one bird (the male?) began bowing his head and flapping his wings. At the same time he leaped stiffly into the air, an amazing bounce on stiffened legs that carried him nearly three feet off the ground. In the air he threw his head back so that the bill pointed skyward, neck arched over his back . . . [his] great wings were constantly flapping; their long black flight feathers in striking contrast to the dazzling white of the rest of the plumage. The second bird (the female?) . . . ran forward a few steps, pumping her head up and down and flapping her wings. Then both birds leaped into the air, wings flapping, necks doubled up over their backs, legs thrust downward stiffly. Again they leaped, bouncing as if on pogo sticks. On the ground, they ran towards each other, bowing and spreading their huge wings. Then another leap! The climax was almost frantic, both birds leaping two and three times in succession. Quickly it was all over, after about four minutes, and an extended period of preening followed.

As the day of migration drew near, the birds' emotions were increasingly hair-trigger and dances more frequent. Allen felt an air of excitement, of im-

The quiet realm of the President Special passenger.

Somehow, the impression is one of more room, more privacy than the average first-class accommodations.

Blame it on your Stewardesses, your Purser and the world's most experienced airline.

We have a long-standing pride in pleasing, a traditional way with comfort.

When you've been serving meals between here and Europe as long as we have (and longer than anyone else), you just naturally acquire such things.

Besides, a lot of thought and care go into the preparing of our ever-changing menus. (*Maxim's of Paris* sees to that.)

And, on board, we like to take the trouble to do everything just as impeccably right.

If that sounds behind the times, we'll plead guilty.

Ever so quietly.

PAN AM

President Special

Pan Am's first-class service throughout the world

A Charming Idea

A Delta Cruise

... is indeed a charming idea. Your Delta Line cruise covers the Caribbean and South America . . . and we've fashioned a charm bracelet to symbolize our ports-of-call.

The trumpet heralds your departure from historic old New Orleans, birthplace of jazz. A Spanish guitar imparts the flavor of San Juan, thence to Barbados where steel drums penetrate the air. Then . . . on to Rio, to the click of castanets, then Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires—with its exciting gauchos. From La Guaira, we sail on to Curaçao . . . delightfully Dutch as the wooden shoes suggest.

Tie the journey together with a charm patterned from the Delta bos'n's pipe, which will pipe you ashore after an adventure you can never forget.

Delta Line

DELTA STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.
P.O. Box 50250, New Orleans, La. 70150
New York • Washington • Chicago
Houston

See your travel agent for further details.

pending change: "The cranes seemed almost as if poised, ready, waiting for the sound of a starting gun."

DURING Allen's early research on the cranes, he had learned that two were being held in captivity, one in New Orleans and the other in Nebraska. Their sexes were unknown, but he thought it worth trying to bring them together and see if they would breed. The New Orleans bird was, of course, Josephine. In August, 1940, a cloudburst and windstorm had hit White Lake, Louisiana, dispersing the tiny flock of non-migratory whooping cranes that had survived there. They were blown inland, and it may be sadly presumed that a number of them were shot and eaten. (Of thirteen birds, only six returned that year to the marsh. These nested no more, and by 1950 they had all perished.) In the autumn of 1940, a whooping crane with a wing crippled by gunshot was found by a farmer in Evangeline Parish, who gave it to a man named A. O. LaHaye, in nearby Eunice, Louisiana. LaHaye kept the bird as a pet until a federal game-management agent chanced to recognize it as a rarity. LaHaye agreed to turn it over to the zoo in New Orleans. The crane arrived there on November 21, 1941, and was received by the recently appointed superintendent, George Douglass. Josephine's arrival is noted on a tattered file card in the zoo's office, which records its species, size, and color. Scrawled in large handwriting across the card are the words "Because so rare priceless." Priceless or not, the crane was put into a small cage and placed on exhibit without any special care or special precautions—and there it remained, causing little remark of any kind, for the next ten years. The prospective mate for Josephine had been captured four years earlier, in 1936, after being shot near Gothenburg, Nebraska, as it flew north; it had been turned over to a local gun club, which had kept it in a large pen with an assortment of poultry. This bird was named Pete.

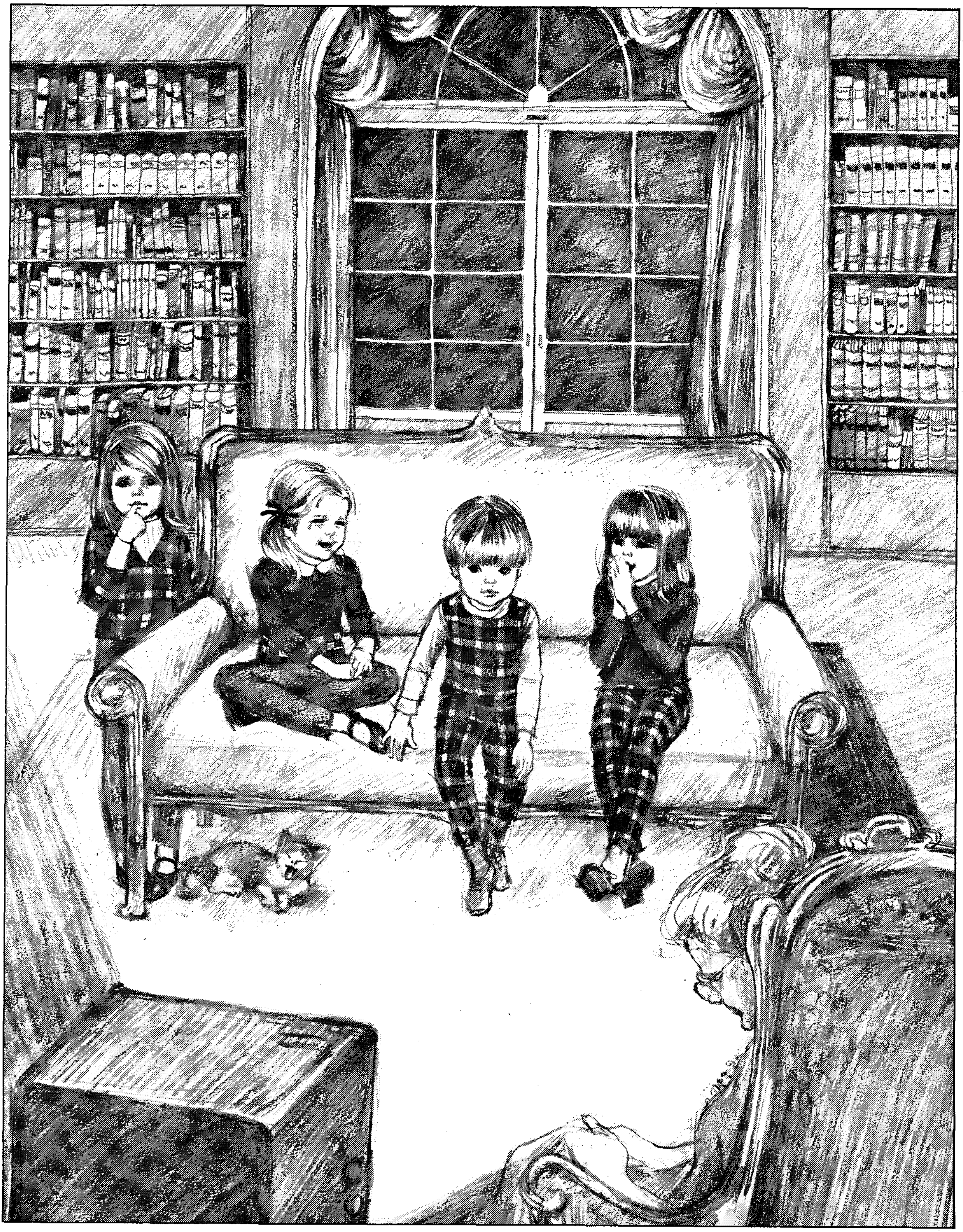
In December of 1946, having got settled at Aransas, Allen visited New Orleans for a look at Josephine. He recorded his impressions in these notes:

> I found the second known whooping crane in captivity in an ordinary exhibition pen, between similar pens containing a lone sarus crane on one side and a group of peafowl on the other.... Most people visiting this section of the zoo were more attracted by the Nile Hippos. Whether this bird is a male or a female is impossible to decide. It is evidently in good or even excellent health, alert and with a good appetite. According to the employees of the zoo it will eat almost anything offered to it; peanuts, popcorn, potato chips, bits of bread and uneaten portions of hamburger, frankfurters.... We tried salted peanuts and it came up close to the wire, catching them in the air as they were thrown through the netting.... The tameness of the bird is remarkable in view of its shyness in nature. It seems perfectly adapted to life behind wire, and seems on good terms with its environment: with the crowds of staring people, the noisy children, the traffic along an adjoining road, the shrill blast of a nearby train whistle, and even the endless barking of a seal in an adjacent aquarium.
>
> This captive whooper is an appealing individual, and even though its confinement has taken from it some of its majesty, its very tameness lends it a charm that is undeniable. And yet much of the majesty remains, even in the act of catching peanuts in midair.

As it happened, Douglass was not in his office that day, so he and Allen did not meet. Allen wrote to the custodians of both cranes to ask their coöperation in an attempt to mate the birds, explaining how much it would mean to the future of the species if the attempt should prove fruitful. Both Douglass and a spokesman for the Gothenburg gun club replied that they would be glad to do all they could. Allen would have liked to try breeding the pair in a large outdoor enclosure at Aransas, but he was well aware that the Fish and Wildlife Service would balk at the expense. He also considered the possibility of using the facilities of the small but excellent zoo in San Antonio, a hundred and fifty miles northwest of Aransas, whose director, Fred W. Stark, was known for his success in breeding birds. The Audubon Park Zoo naturally had the advantage that Josephine was already accustomed to life there, but the place had made a decidedly poor impression on Allen. Baker and Allen discussed the problem by mail, and in November, 1947, Baker went to New Orleans to have a look for himself. Finding Douglass a cordial host, eager to coöperate in breeding the birds, he concluded that it would be tactless to ask Douglass to send Josephine to another zoo. "You'll like [Douglass]," Baker wrote Allen. "Don't tell him his zoo isn't good enough!"

Reluctantly, Allen agreed to carry out the breeding experiment in New Orleans, and arranged to have the Gothenburg whooper brought there. He wrote to Baker apologizing for "being difficult" and conceding that Josephine did seem to be in fine condition; even so, he insisted, more seclusion,

© 1966 FLORENCE EISEMAN



Please do not mention Bela Lugosi at breakfast, you'll give away Nanny.

IF YOU WANT TO ENJOY NANNY'S SPECIAL PRIVILEGES, PLEASE OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING TV VIEWING RULES:

1. As soon as Nanny dozes, quietly switch the channel to Horror House.
2. Pass out the good candy, no more than six pieces per person.
3. During the commercial get out the orange pop, distribute evenly. If baby brother is already sick on the good candy, do not give him orange pop.
4. Since the "Circus of Horror" was your idea, it would seem bad taste to wake up screaming.

Naturally our Neilsen raters are wearing Florence Eiseman curl-up-at-the-set knits. These cozy, comfortable, late, late show outfits come in spine chilling patterns; in Haunted House green, Vampire blue and Spooky red. Toddlers to size 14; brothers to size 6. At Cerutti, New York; Bib 'n Tucker, Cedarhurst; Flah's, Syracuse. Cheers to Flah's for being 50. **FLORENCE EISEMAN**

Some people can afford to live anywhere.

What makes them choose Del Monte?

Here you find values that cannot be obtained elsewhere. Del Monte Forest is a **private** park—4,000 acres of carefully preserved scenery. Every homesite is naturally landscaped with oak, pine, and Monterey Cypress. Deer roam unafraid. And your choice of views includes Carmel Bay, the Santa Lucia Mountains, the beaches of the Monterey Peninsula, and the blue Pacific.

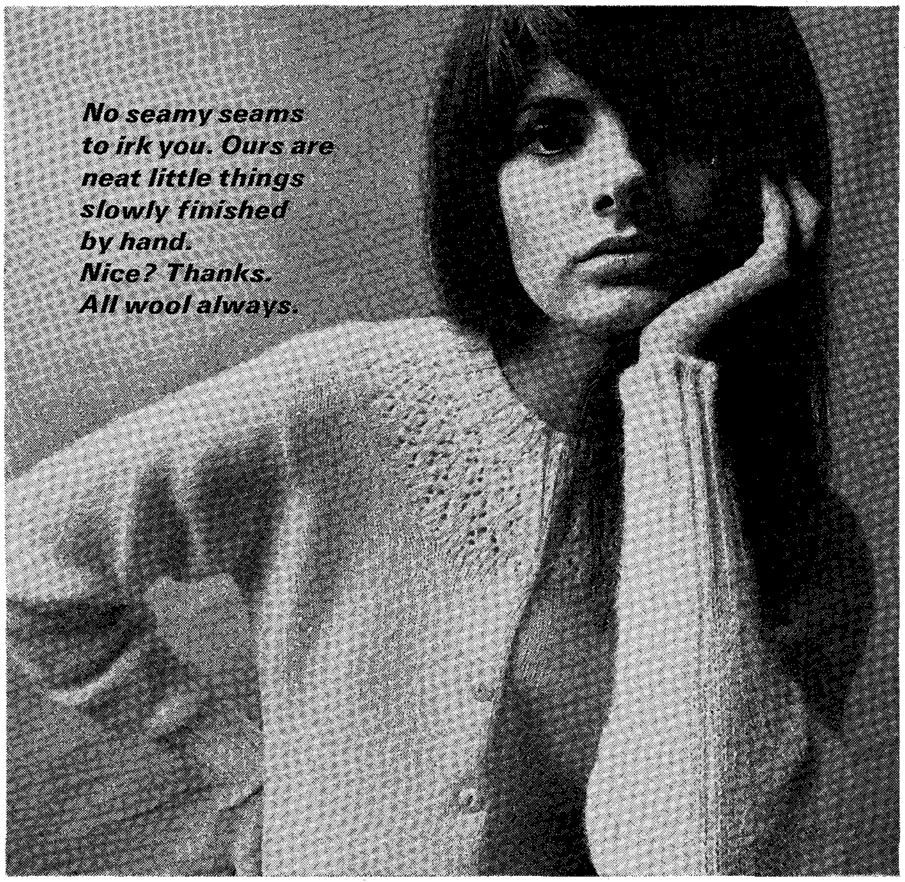
Your investment in the Del Monte Forest is enhanced by the strict zoning and architectural controls. Utilities are provided on every site, yet are often hard to find—most are buried underground. And uniformed gatekeepers at The Seventeen Mile Drive entrances guard your privacy night and day.

To the residents of the Forest, Del Monte Lodge is the counterpart of a fine country club. Six championship golf courses, including world famous Pebble Beach Links, are open for play 365 days a year. Other recreational activities include tennis, swimming in the Beach Club's heated pools, riding, fishing, sailing and hunting. Why not spend a few days at the Lodge inspecting the property available for sale or ground lease at your leisure? Or for complete information write: President, Del Monte Properties Company, Seventeen Mile Drive, Pebble Beach, California.

4293
DEL MONTE
FOREST
1966

DEL MONTE PROPERTIES

PEBBLE BEACH, CALIFORNIA



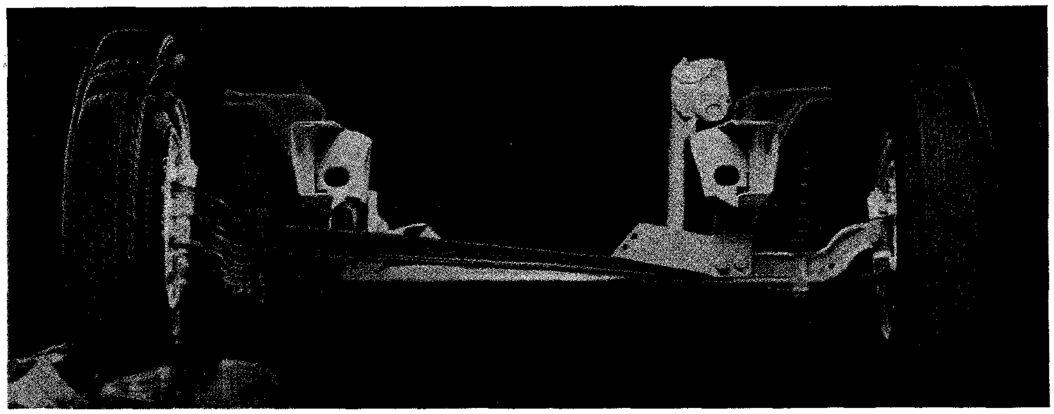
FOR KNITPICKERS
JACQUES deLOUX

more space, and a more natural diet were essential if the venture was to succeed. Baker replied that Douglass had promised not only to build two new, isolated pens but, if the cranes failed to breed, to send both of them on to Aransas.

Pete arrived at the Audubon Park Zoo in late December of 1947. The two captives were put in a single pen and, Douglass reported in a letter to Baker, seemed to get along together very well. Allen, being deeply involved in his biological studies at Aransas, put off a trip to New Orleans until March, when the birds, if they were indeed of opposite sexes, should be showing prenuptial evidences of mutual interest. It was in a mood of excited expectancy that he then visited the New Orleans zoo. His shock at what he found is expressed in a memorandum to the Fish and Wildlife Service:

> On March 17th . . . I visited George Douglass at Audubon Park, New Orleans, and observed the two captive whooping cranes in their special enclosure on the grounds of Audubon Park Zoo. I would be a dissembling coward if I did not admit that I was shocked and distressed by what I saw. The two birds are merely existing, shut up in a ridiculously small pen scarcely large enough for a pair of tame ducks. The pen is located in the "backyard" of the zoo, close to rubbish and without anything even remotely resembling isolation from noise. . . . There is no natural water, but the original pans of water have been replaced by metal wash tubs filled with dirty water. The bottom of the wire does not meet the ground all around and we saw rat tracks running through the mud around the tubs, indicating that rats come and go at will. . . . The head room and ground space are both entirely inadequate. . . . Even worse, their diet is almost certainly a guarantee that they never will breed again! . . .
>
> Some time ago I wrote Mr. Douglass suggesting *live* crayfish and blue crabs. . . . He wanted to know if soft-shelled crabs were "anything like" blue crabs! While I was present, he called a nearby cafe and ordered soft-shelled crabs from their deep-freeze with the idea of "testing" my claim that the birds would take blue crabs and improve their general tone and condition on such a diet. Wow!! I . . . attempted to describe the outward signs that demonstrate good physical condition in the species and especially the soft-part color changes that indicate increasing gonadal development . . . and I assured Mr. Douglass that until their *environment* and *diet* were greatly changed he would see no soft-part color changes in these captive birds and could expect no breeding. I have a feeling that all this was mere mumbo-jumbo so far as he was concerned.
>
> Douglass seems to mean well, but he should not have charge of those precious birds! . . . To expect them—*if* male and female—to pair and breed and deposit a set of fertile eggs under the conditions de-

We've come up with a smoother idea: a pick-up with two front axles



We don't mind being first with a good idea.

When we found it would take two front axles to make a pick-up truck ride almost as smoothly as a passenger car, we didn't hesitate.

Result: Ford Twin-I-Beam Suspension. When one wheel goes over a bump the other wheel stays down on the road. With you riding in smooth comfort in between. And that was the whole idea.

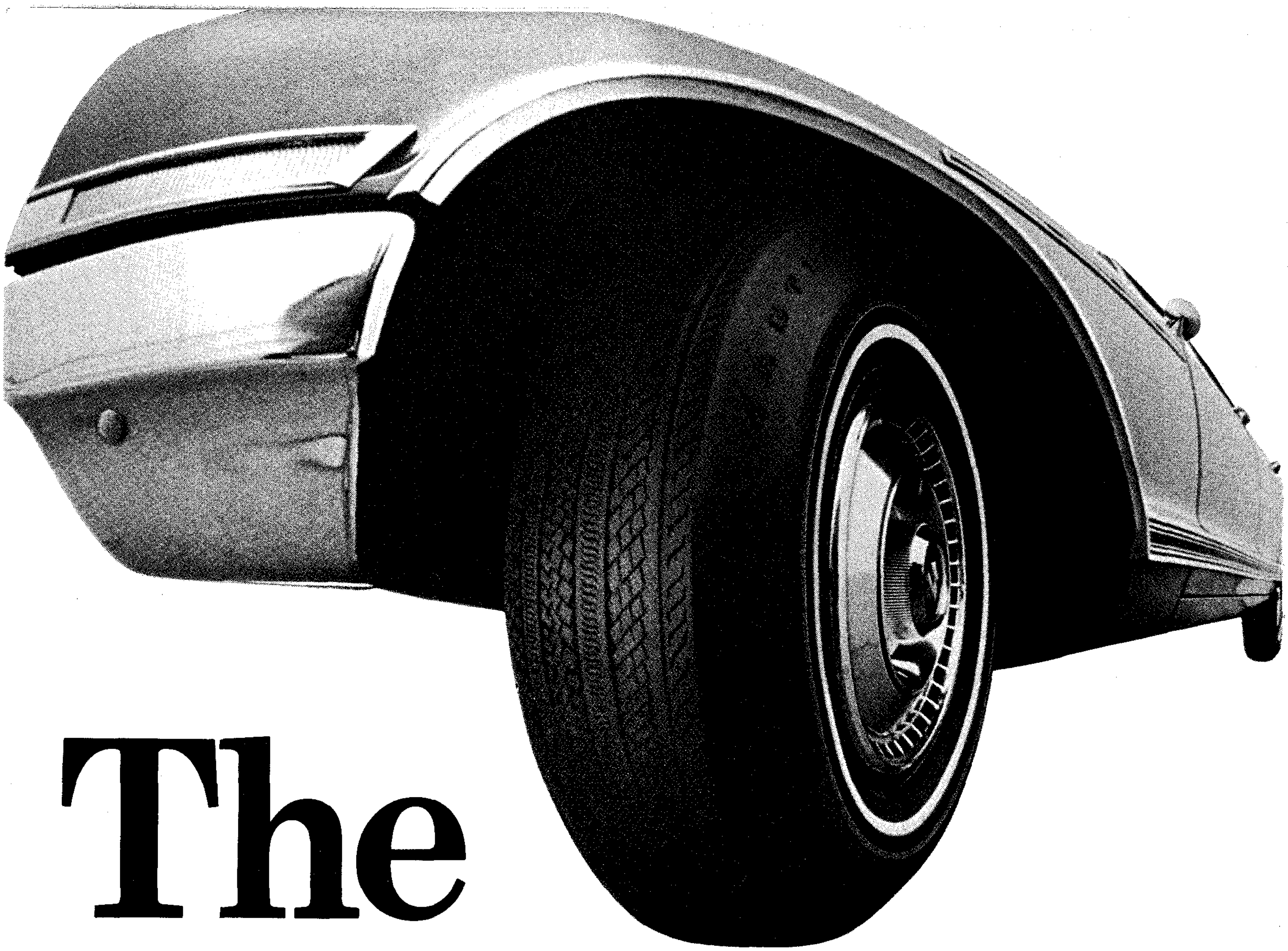
Some of our new ideas are far removed from trucks and cars.

Engineers of our Philco subsidiary built the antenna for the satellite that sent back the first pictures of Mars. Another team created an electronic Zip Code Reader that's helping the Post Office sort letters at the rate of 36,000 an hour.

We even invented a bullet-resistant steel to help protect military helicopters.

When a new idea makes a better product, we don't mind being first.

We're sort of used to it.



The $75 Tire

If it only saves your life once, it's a bargain.

It would cost you $300 to buy 4 of our Royal Master size 8.25-14 tires.

And that's with your old tires, no less.

You'd have to be insane to spend that kind of money.

Be insane. It could pay off some day.

The day you hit a pothole at 70 miles an hour.

The day you sweep around a tricky, rain-slicked curve.

The day it's 90 degrees in the shade and you have to go 600 miles in a hurry.

The day you pick up a nail and it's three in the morning.

Still and all, $75 *is* a lot of money for a tire.

And we'd be pricing ourselves right off the market if it wasn't worth it.

But for that $75, you're getting more hand labor than you would ever think anybody puts into a tire.

Hand labor performed by men who've been building tires for an average of 19 years.

You're getting a brute of a carcass that's so strong, you can practically forget about blowouts.

You're getting a special red liner that grips any sharp object you pick up and helps block off the air leakage.

And you're getting two special traction bars that we mold into the tread to wipe slippery, slithery roads dry.

Of course, after 30-40-50,000 miles you may look at your old $75 tires and wonder if you really needed them.

The only way you can know for sure is to need them. And not have them.

Sizes other than 8.25-14 priced accordingly.

UNIROYAL
U.S. RUBBER

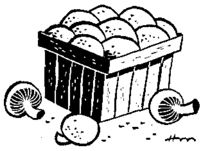
THE NEW U.S. ROYAL MASTER

> scribed is nothing short of idiotic. I must be absolutely honest and outspoken on this subject because it is too important to misrepresent or waste time being polite about or soft-pedalling in any way.... Those birds must be moved and moved soon. Their present condition is a disgraceful thing! The species has suffered much, but those two birds represent the lowest rung. I could have wept when I saw them, if I hadn't been so numb with anger and shame.

Allen went on to make a strong plea for fencing off a breeding enclosure at Aransas and to describe the fine natural qualities of the site he proposed to use, and he concluded:

> I have invited Douglass to come over here and he may do so soon. He will, I think, be eager to get rid of the two birds. He realizes, I believe, that they are more of a responsibility than he can handle with the facilities and experience at his command. . . . He may wish to retain "title" to his crane, so be it. We can keep it here more or less indefinitely, and eventually, if no breeding occurs after several seasons and he wants it returned, it will not be difficult to catch.

The memorandum brought action. Within a few days, the Fish and Wildlife Service informed Allen that it would order a wire fence for the Refuge. Douglass readily consented to send the two cranes to Aransas. Baker, in a polite letter thanking Douglass for "the indefinite loan of your bird," wrote, "Certainly it should be understood . . . that if the experiment be a definite failure, your bird would be returned to you." By fall, the fence had been completed—at a cost to the Service of two thousand dollars, which it doubtless found hard to spare. The fence enclosed a tract of a hundred and fifty acres of choice whooping-crane habitat bordering the shore and including a bit of freshwater cattail marsh, ideal for nesting. It was the nearest thing possible to freedom for Josephine and Pete. In October, 1948, they were trucked to Aransas and released in the enclosure. They quickly resumed the business of leading normal whooping-crane lives—stalking blue crabs, fishing for shrimp, and searching the grass for frogs and insects.



Although the breeding experiment fascinated Allen, his primary interest was, of course, the salvation of the wild flock, still struggling on bravely, season after season, but never able to increase its number above the danger point. In the autumn of 1948, the flock brought three young back from Canada, but three adults had fallen by the wayside, cancelling the gain. The flock totalled thirty whooping cranes—a number far below that required to assure the future of the species. During his two years at Aransas, Allen had become more and more distressed by what struck him as official indifference to the whoopers' survival. Now, having completed his field studies, he went home to Florida to prepare his monograph on the birds and to compose a strong plea to the government for their increased protection. In this, he pointed out how the cranes' security had been breached by the Waterway, "bisecting the very edge of salt flats where whooping cranes had found safety for perhaps two million years," and continued, "This once isolated tip of land is no longer secure, no longer isolated. The cranes are disturbed every day by lines of great barges that bear down on these ancestral shores, pushed by throbbing, purposeful tug boats; or by fleets of fast-moving shrimp boats, sending up a swirl and wash of churned water that engulfs the *alterniflora* on the banks and scatters the schools of small fry in whirling eddies." He told of seeing whoopers repeatedly forced to fly as oil barges and shrimp boats bore down on them. (On one occasion, he reported, some cranes that had been obliged to take flight had then been harried by a light airplane "that dove and circled the poor birds until they flew . . . to the outside edge of their territory.") There was ample evidence, he said, that gunners shot at the birds from passing boats, and even from inside the Refuge itself. His memorandum also stressed the danger that the waters might become polluted. A single serious accident at an offshore rig, he said, could bring a sudden, oily black death to the entire shore—probably ending the whooping cranes' story then and there. "Direct protection is a first essential," Allen wrote. "There is no point in providing a habitat if no wild life remains to live in it. In the case of the whooping crane, every loss is a calamity and every calamity is a long step toward the extinction that we are making it our business to prevent."

At Aransas, in December, 1948, Josephine and Pete performed a prenuptial dance. Rarely has the announcement of a betrothal been better received. During March and April, they danced with increasing fervor. Then, on April 29th, at an hour when both birds usually came to the fence for a ration of corn, only Josephine approached; Pete stayed behind, crouching in a clump of cattails. The next day, Keefer, the manager, let himself into

What's Jack Winter® really like?
(No two women agree)

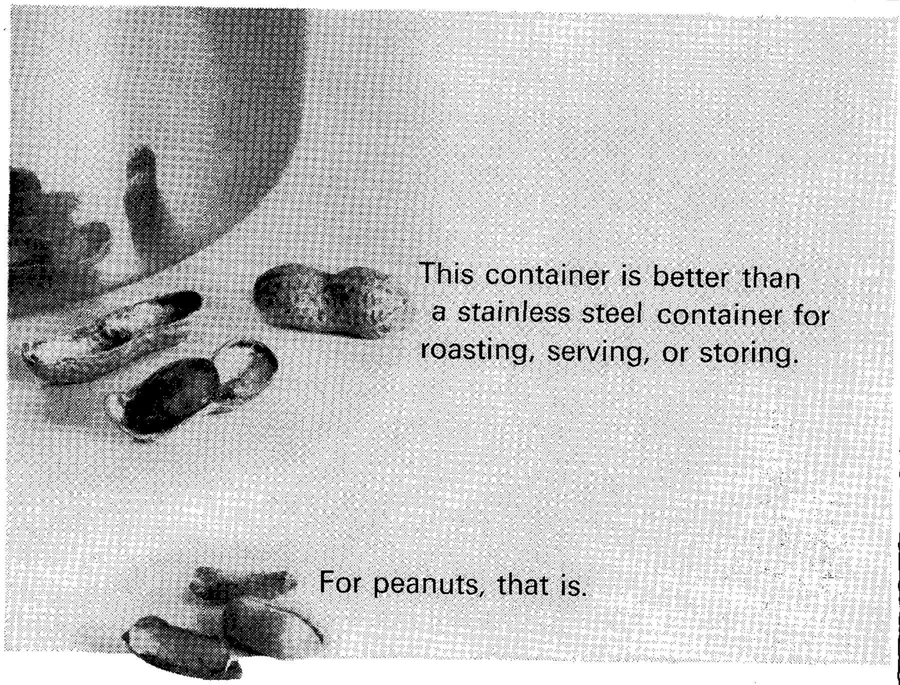
Some say he sees women simply tailored. Others say he's a poet at heart, catering to the utterly feminine. This black/white check wool blend pant suit. Pants with no waistband. Fly front. Everything lined. Sizes 8-16. About $45.
Jack Winter, 1407 Broadway, N.Y.
Lord & Taylor
N.Y., also at our 9 suburban stores

People who care about the martini have given it a first name.

BEEFEATER®

First name for the martini

FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, NY • 94 PROOF • TRIPLE DISTILLED • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS



This container is better than a stainless steel container for roasting, serving, or storing.
For peanuts, that is.

And how many meals can you make in peanut shells?
For most everything, you need metal. And stainless steel is
the *only* metal that won't chip, flake, or peel.
It's the most cleanable metal known to Man. Bacteria despise it.
Little wonder that people who cook for a living stake
their steaks (and *everything* else they cook) on
stainless steel. Little wonder you should too.
Stainless steel has been aptly nicknamed "the forever metal."
Stainless cookware lasts a great deal longer.
Long enough to really cost very, very little.
Peanuts?

Stainless Steel

BY REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION

Sales Offices
and Representatives
in Principal Cities

the enclosure and crept toward the clump. Pete whooped a warning and rose to drive him back, pecking him on the arm and hand. Keefer retreated, but not before he had spotted a nest and, in it, a single egg.

Four days later, Keefer again approached the nest, hoping to photograph it. Both birds, he reported, "raised an awful fuss, whooping and scolding." Josephine pecked at Keefer's right thumb, drawing blood, then grabbed his sleeve and tried to pull him away, and finally pecked him hard on the top of the head. Keefer got his picture, then gladly withdrew. During the commotion, Pete stood on the nest, hovering excitedly. There were now two eggs.

Allen hurried back to the Refuge and posted himself in an observation tower that had been built just outside the enclosure, overlooking its nesting area. There he perched from dawn to dusk, keeping a minute-by-minute record of what went on. In a letter to a friend, he described the scene in these words:

> Both birds have a touching air of confidence and are very proud. They appear to be in fine condition, with . . . a sleek glow to their white plumage. He is restless on the eggs; gets up and then down. She is steady as an old brood hen. Both are zealous, proud, and devoted. He guards the marsh for a great distance around; chases off deer and all wading birds that intrude; can't stand roseate spoonbills. I'll be perched here, letting my beard grow, for the next sixteen to eighteen days.

The precious nest was merely a flat mound built of marsh grass, with strands of cattail and sea oxeye added. Ten inches high and almost six feet across, it was surrounded by water a foot or so deep. As the days wore on, Allen noted, the incubating birds seemed at times to grow extremely weary. At noon, when the sun was hot, the birds changed places on the eggs two or three times an hour; otherwise, each stayed on the nest for several hours at a stretch.

> The bird that was relieved at the nest often showed real pleasure at its release [Allen wrote]. . . . Once [Josephine] stepped off the mound and Pete took over. . . . Josephine stood for a moment and then went running and skipping off toward the open marsh, her wings flapping gaily. Another time, she walked as far as the nearest salt pond and, standing on the bank, did a wonderful little dance—apparently through sheer exuberance—twirling and leaping around and around, dipping her body low, wings extended, and then leaping sideways. . . . In addition to feeding, the guard bird spent a lot of time coping with . . . dangers. . . . One day when Pete was probing around on the higher ground . . . he attacked a large cot-

tonmouth moccasin, beat it to death by stabbing furiously at its head, and then proceeded to swallow it entire....

On May 22nd, the twenty-fourth day of incubation, the cranes' routine was suddenly broken. Allen, watching in the tower, noted the birds' behavior with misgiving. Both kept leaving the nest, only to return to it and poke anxiously at the eggs. Then, all at once, they left the nest together and walked to a patch of open meadow, where they danced. Allen descended from the tower and stole toward the nest. Josephine and Pete made no effort to stop him. He found both eggs smashed—evidently by the parents. The remains were empty shells, with traces showing that their contents had been infertile.

Pete lived only two more months. At dawn on July 22, 1949, Josephine trumpeted in distress. The Refuge manager found her standing alone and whooping wildly. Pete was lying on his back in shallow water, dead. A post-mortem examination showed no apparent injury, and his death was ascribed to natural causes.

The first wild whooper that Allen had come to know well at Aransas was one that the Refuge staff had named Crip, because an injured left wing kept him grounded. A doughty bird, alert and independent, Crip was presumed to be a male, and he held his damaged wing at a jaunty angle that made him easy to recognize. During Allen's first winter at the Refuge, Crip was joined by another whooper who had lost the use of a wing, and the two birds became inseparable. Unable to accompany the others north, they spent the summer of 1947 together in the Refuge, and although they did not nest, they came to be looked upon as mates. The next March, a poacher killed Crip's companion—an act that filled Allen with helpless fury. Crip, however, did not remain long in mourning. That same spring, as the flock began migrating, Allen heard the call of a whooping crane one day as he was walking through the Refuge. "A single bird was in flight headed north," he wrote. "On the far bank was Crip, calling to it. The single answered, circled, and came to earth. She stopped within ten feet of Crip. He walked off with dignity and she followed." Crip's companion gave up her trip to Canada and spent the summer with him in the Refuge.

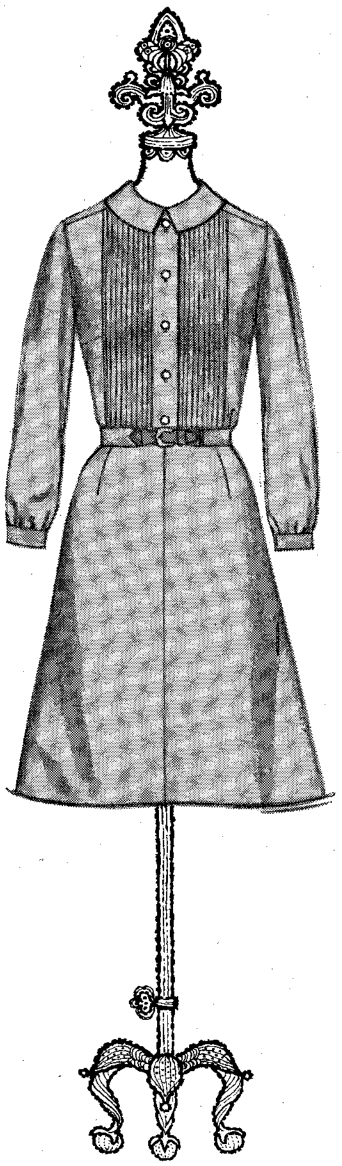
At the time of Pete's death, Crip and his new acquaintance were still constantly in each other's company, but although Allen had assumed the latter to be a female, they had shown no

©JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH, INC.

JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH ®

All prices are "about."

About the bees, the birds and these deftly tailored John Meyer niceties. Fit-and-proper plaid wool slacks $18. Pullover in downy lamb's wool $14. Button-down shirt $8. Shetland headband in blending colors $2. Shetland A-line skirt $15. Its shetland poor-boy pullover unclassically cable-braided $18. Mix them, blend them in rich September colorings. For store nearest you, write John Meyer of Norwich, Norwich, Connecticut.



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Pleats

The essence of VILLAGER®. . .
strong and simple and classic.
Pan collar. Pleats to the waist.
Shapely skirt. The Vycron
polyester and cotton has a dry
touch, as satisfying to the touch
as stone, or the grain of wood.
Persimmon, Cardinal,
Elderberry, Foggy Blue, Cactus
Green, Pea Soup, Copper Penny,
Indian Corn, Dirt Brown.
Sizes 6 to 16.

About twenty-three dollars at
good stores and college shops

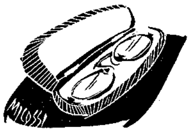
The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

© THE VILLAGER, INC., 1966, MANNEQUIN DES REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

disposition to nest, whereas Josephine had proved herself. Allen therefore sent Baker a memo saying, "I strongly urge that our experiment be continued and that the first move should be to place Crip in the enclosure with Josephine. Of course, the odds are considerable that nothing will come of such a move, but it seems to me that at this stage of the game we can't very well afford to overlook any chances whatever. Even with a successful breeding next spring the thread between survival and extinction remains very thin."

Both Baker and the Fish and Wildlife people in Washington agreed that Crip should take the late Pete's place in the enclosure, and a four-man posse set out to bring him in. During this critical maneuver, Crip's companion stayed by his side, though able to fly, until the men, pursuing Crip through the brush, had almost closed in. Then the other bird flew off. Crip struggled hard but was caught in a fish net and released in the enclosure, where he soon made friends with Josephine and made peace with his captors, coming to the fence at four each afternoon for dinner.

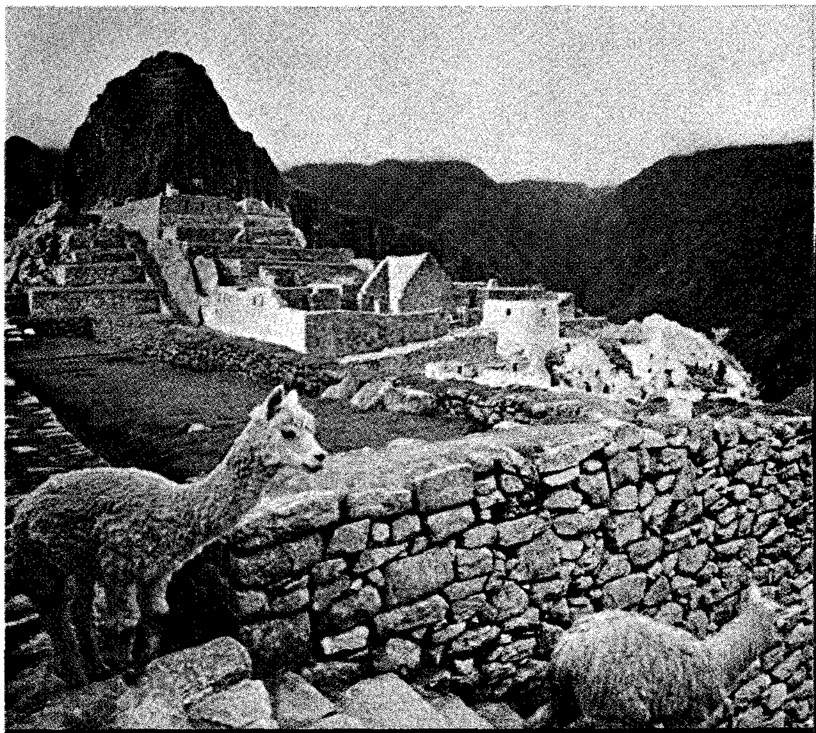


IN the winter of 1949-50, the situation of *Grus americana* looked better than it had for some time. Perhaps as a result of a vast publicity campaign by the National Audubon Society, urging hunters to spare migrating cranes, the entire Aransas flock had made a safe return from Canada, bringing four young birds along. The flock now totalled thirty-four, the highest number in the Aransas records. Allen and Baker also had a second reason to be happy: an oil well drilled on the cranes' precious salt flats the previous summer had been dry, and thus another threat had been averted. There was further satisfaction when, in April, as the wild cranes were leaving for Canada, Josephine and Crip built a nest. Newspaper stories announcing the event suddenly caught the public imagination, and brought a flood of letters, wires, and telephone calls to Aransas. As interest in the nesting cranes mounted, Douglass, in the shadows of the New Orleans zoo, grew restive. He expressed his discontent in a letter to Baker, who attempted to soothe him and begged him to allow the breeding experiment to continue. At the end of April, however, when Josephine laid an egg, Douglass confided his feelings to the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, which then ran a story headlined "WHOOPING CRANE LAYS EGG—PARK WANTS RARE BIRD BACK." The story read, in part, "Douglass said he hadn't been notified about the egg laying, but that the event was expected. He is anxious to get . . . Josephine . . . home. He plans to swap her, on a loan basis, to a northern zoo for a panda. 'The folks up there have never seen a whooping crane and our people haven't seen a panda. I expect our crane back after the egg is hatched so we can make the swap.' "

Josephine went through the same diligent routine with Crip that she had gone through with Pete the year before. Allen, who was at home in Florida finishing his monograph, returned to the Refuge on May 23rd, when the hatching was expected shortly. The very next day, the birds' behavior grew tense, as if a momentous event were at hand. Josephine took over the brooding at ten in the morning, and scarcely moved from then on. Allen and the Refuge manager—a new man, named Julian Howard—both spent the day in the tower, "watching every wink of her eye," as Allen put it, through a spyglass, but darkness fell and still no chick had emerged. Allen hardly slept that night, and he was back in the tower at dawn. He saw both birds standing by the nest, intent on something hidden in its center. All day Allen waited, in almost unbearable impatience, convinced that there was a live infant crane within the grassy walls of the nest, but again nothing had appeared by nightfall. Later, Allen wrote, "The following day, which was May 26, at a few minutes past six-thirty in the morning I saw him. He was so tiny I could scarcely believe my eyes, but there he was, a rusty-colored, downy little thing, moving about on the nest on wobbly legs."

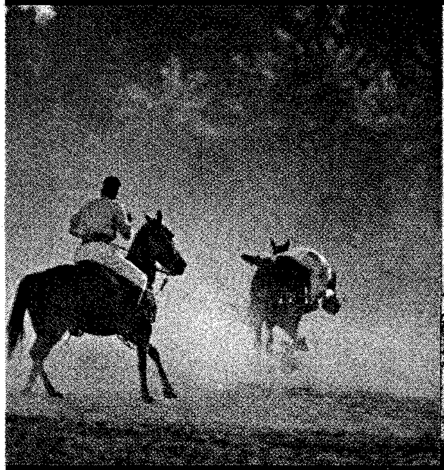
The news that for the first time in history a whooping crane had been hatched in captivity was carried on the air and on the front pages of newspapers here and abroad. At that moment, it seemed that millions of people were poised over the bassinet of the baby crane. On its third day, the chick, who had been named Rusty, left the nest. Allen recorded the scene: "I saw Rusty trot across his father's big feet, running with the tottering friskiness of all small precocial birds. Then he came trotting back again, between the towering columns of Crip's long legs, and stopping, he looked up. . . . Then Crip bent over with a soft and graceful tenderness, and, finding the tiny mouth with the tip of his great bill, fed him. In all my experience with birds, this was the most wonderful and the most

South America played hard to get for centuries...



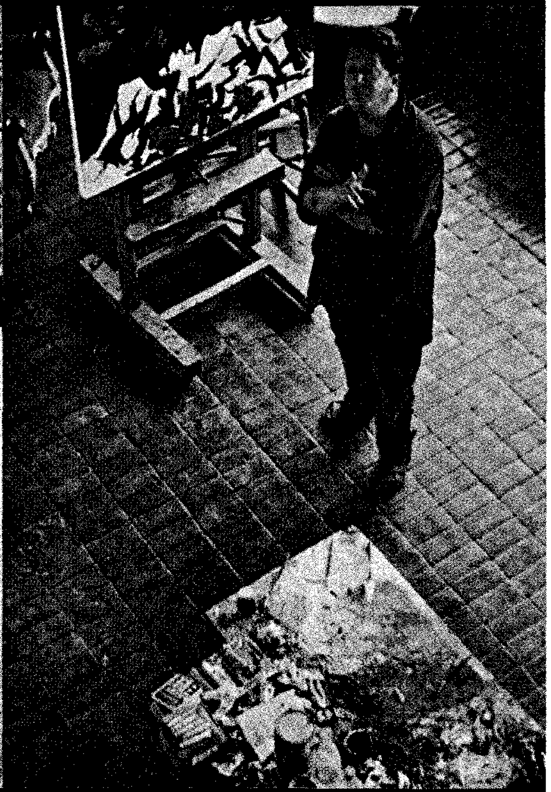
Machu Picchu's mystic ruins—Peru.

Quito's charming street musicians.



Argentina's Pato—exciting, explosive.

Conch shell duet in ancient Pisac.

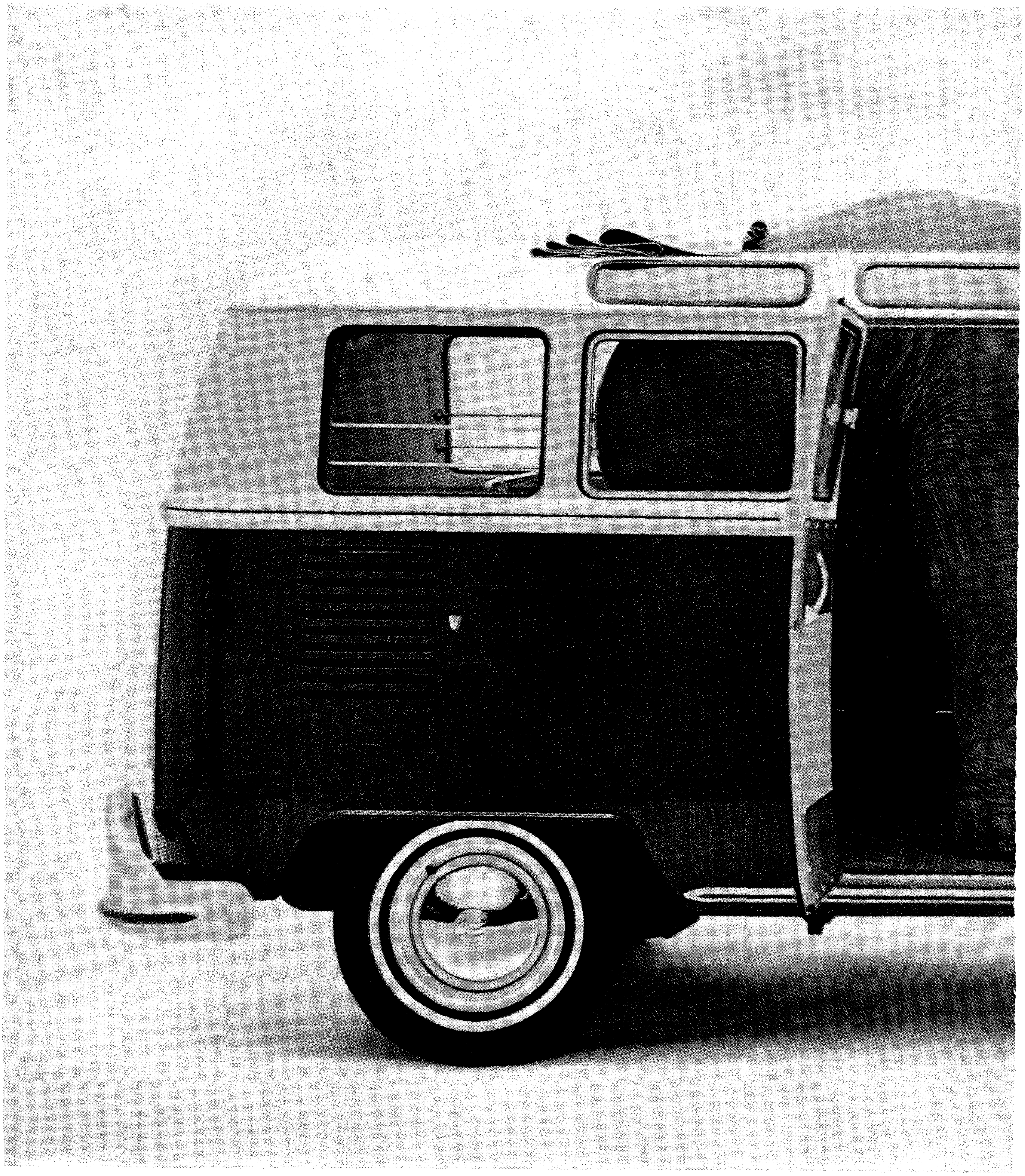


Guayasamin—Ecuador's great painter.

Panagra goes there every day

South America. Still a bit aloof. Off the beaten track. Uncrowded. But not hard to get to—not any more. Now you can be there tomorrow! On Panagra, the one U.S. airline specializing only in South American travel. Great airline! Flies *El InterAmericano* DC-8's from New York and Miami every single night of the week over the routes of National, Pan Am and Panagra. They're the most frequent jets to Quito and Guayaquil, Lima, La Paz, Santiago, and Buenos Aires. Exciting places! We know—we've been flying there for 37 years. New York to Buenos Aires, with all the fun places in between, is only $550, round trip, Jet economy excursion. Have your travel agent keep you a seat!

FLY PANAGRA
TO SOUTH AMERICA



You never know when you'll have

That's a Volkswagen Station Wagon with an elephant almost in it.

The part that doesn't quite fit in can stick out, because our VW wagon has a sunroof. And the part that does fit, fits because a VW has 170 cu. ft. of space.

(Most ordinary wagons offer only 90 or 100 cu. ft. of space. Also, they don't have a 4′ wide door in their side for 4′ wide things to get through.)

The fact is, a VW can carry almost twice as much as an ordinary wagon. But an ordinary wagon can't always

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

to take an elephant someplace.

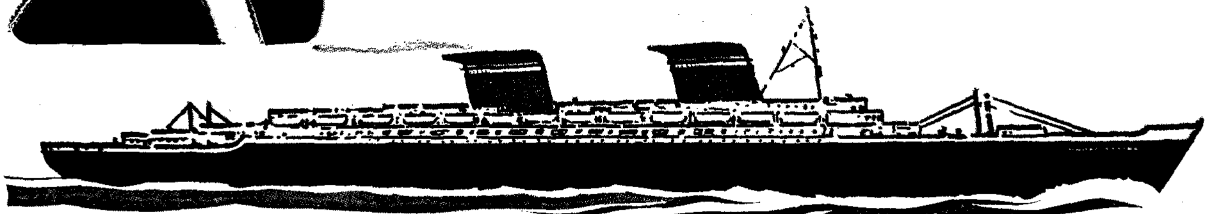
carry half as much as a VW. Because some things are hard to split up.

Like an elephant, for instance, or a breakfront, or a rolltop desk, or a combo practicing on the way to a job.

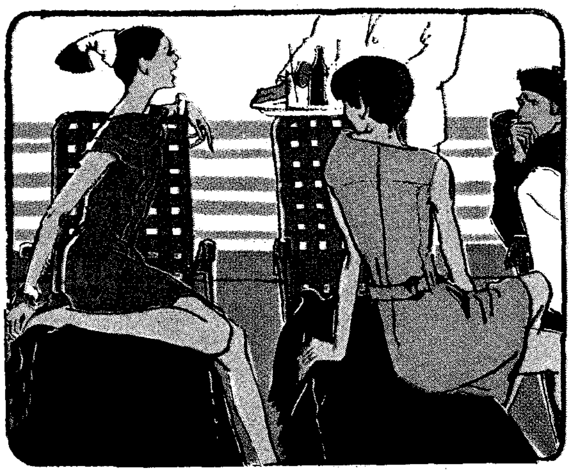
So just because you managed to get through today without one of our wagons, doesn't mean that something big won't come up tomorrow.

The truth is, nobody really needs a Volkswagen Station Wagon . . . until they really need one.

Take off on Seafari! A Seafari is the posh trip to Europe on s.s. United States. An open season on fun. Days of breakfasting in bed. Sunning. Swimming. Playing and unwinding. A Seafari is



memory-making nights. Time to wine and dine leisurely... and to dance up a storm. Time to let the best in life come to you. Make this your year to Seafari on the world's fastest ship.



s.s. UNITED STATES

For reservations and information on s.s. United States, America's superliner, call your Travel Agent or United States Lines, One Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10004. Fashions by B. H. Wragge. Pack all you like.

moving scene I have ever witnessed."

That afternoon, the parent cranes began to wander through a foot-high growth of grass in search of food, and Rusty ran along at their feet. Since the chick was no more than six inches high, Allen soon lost sight of it. With some anxiety, he noticed several raccoons running across the flats. The Refuge manager sent one of his men out with a rifle, but by the time the man got to the flats the raccoons had disappeared.

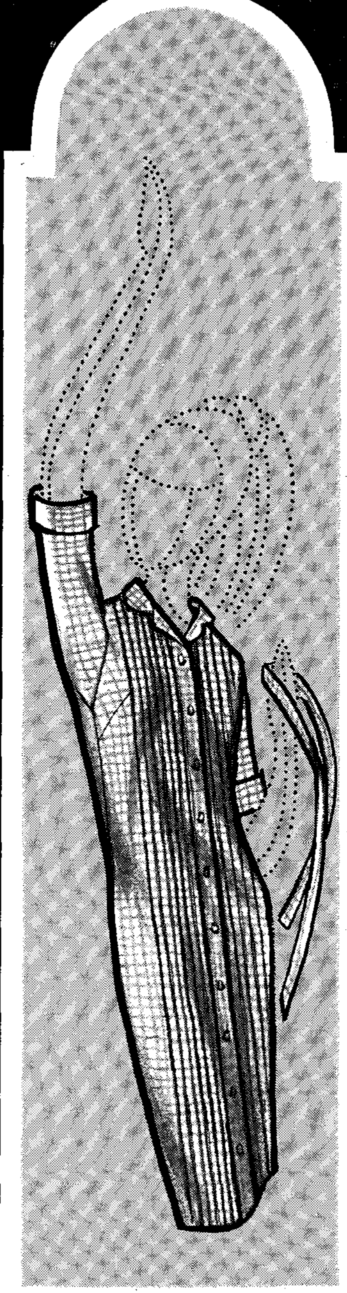
The next morning—the fourth day after Rusty's hatching—Allen again mounted the observation tower at dawn. There was a cold, biting rain. The parent birds were beside the nest, one crouching and the other standing. Suddenly, the crouching bird rose and both parents walked away from the nest—rapidly and with a strange heedlessness. Allen, filled with horrible foreboding, called the manager on a field telephone, and when he arrived, the two men entered the enclosure. Josephine and Crip, who had previously been so vigilant, were indifferent now. Allen and Howard searched the grass for hours but found no trace of the chick. Wherever the ground was bare, though, it was crossed and recrossed by raccoon tracks, which made the chick's fate quite apparent.

The loss of Rusty was not *Grus americana's* only misfortune that year. The thirty-four wild cranes were having a hard time. All winter, fierce winds had blown over the flats, and little rain had fallen. Water levels dropped, food became scarce, and the cranes dispersed widely. Somehow, one was lost. They migrated early, and when they returned in the autumn it was found that the summer had taken a shocking toll—eight birds had perished. Luckily, five young had appeared, but then one of these vanished from the Refuge—possibly into the galley of a passing tugboat. There were now thirty birds. Unhappily, the drought continued through the winter of 1950-51, and the cranes were forced to feed within slingshot range of the Waterway. At that time, too, the Refuge was plagued with a rash of poachers—who, although they fortunately killed no cranes, further disrupted the area's calm. Commercial activity was increasingly intense, with heavy traffic on the Waterway, airplanes overhead, and oil rigs in the bay. In a subsequent report, the Refuge manager forecast "an uphill struggle between the dollar and the duck."

To prepare for still another nesting by Josephine, Allen designed a small, predator-proof rearing pen within the enclosure, in the hope that the birds could be herded into it after the eggs had hatched. The enclosure itself was reduced to more easily supervised dimensions. On May 12, 1951, Howard discovered a nest built among reeds on a small peninsula extending into a tidal inlet, and in it he glimpsed one egg. The happy news was relayed to Washington, to New York, and to Allen in Florida. Two days later, a strong, steady east wind began to blow an incoming tide across the little peninsula, and water crept to the edges of the nest. As the tide rose, Josephine and Crip apparently realized the danger. They ceased incubating, and both worked anxiously, adding grass to build up the nest. Howard feared that it was a losing battle, and yet he dared not intervene. Finally, at nine-thirty that night, when it was clear that only drastic action could save the egg, he ordered his men to bring armloads of hay, and they waded out to the nest. The birds, dim white shapes against the black water, trumpeted furiously but did not attack. Howard found the nest almost submerged. Drops of water were splashing the egg. He and his men carefully lifted the nest—with the egg in it, untouched by their hands—and built a platform of hay that raised the nest above the level of the wind-whipped water. Their work finished, the men withdrew. Howard waited in the tower until, two hours later, one of the parents returned to the nest and began to brood.

The next morning, Howard saw that the nest was safely above high water but that, instead of incubating the egg, both birds were standing beside the nest and probing it with their beaks in a peculiar fashion. He waded out, and found that although the nest was sound and dry, the egg had disappeared. Looking about, he saw its smashed remains floating among the reeds. It seemed likely that during the night the cranes had tilted the nest while trying to rearrange it, and the egg had rolled out and broken as the birds attempted to push it back into place.

While these events were taking place, the wild cranes migrated from the flats, leaving behind one bird, which died on the Refuge. In November, when the migrants returned, it was found that there had been another terrible summer toll: eight birds were gone, and, compounding this loss, two had been so crippled by gunshot that they subsequently starved to death. This more than cancelled the addition of five young. The loss of a third of the



Quickstarting Tuckster
Of Dacron® With Lycra®

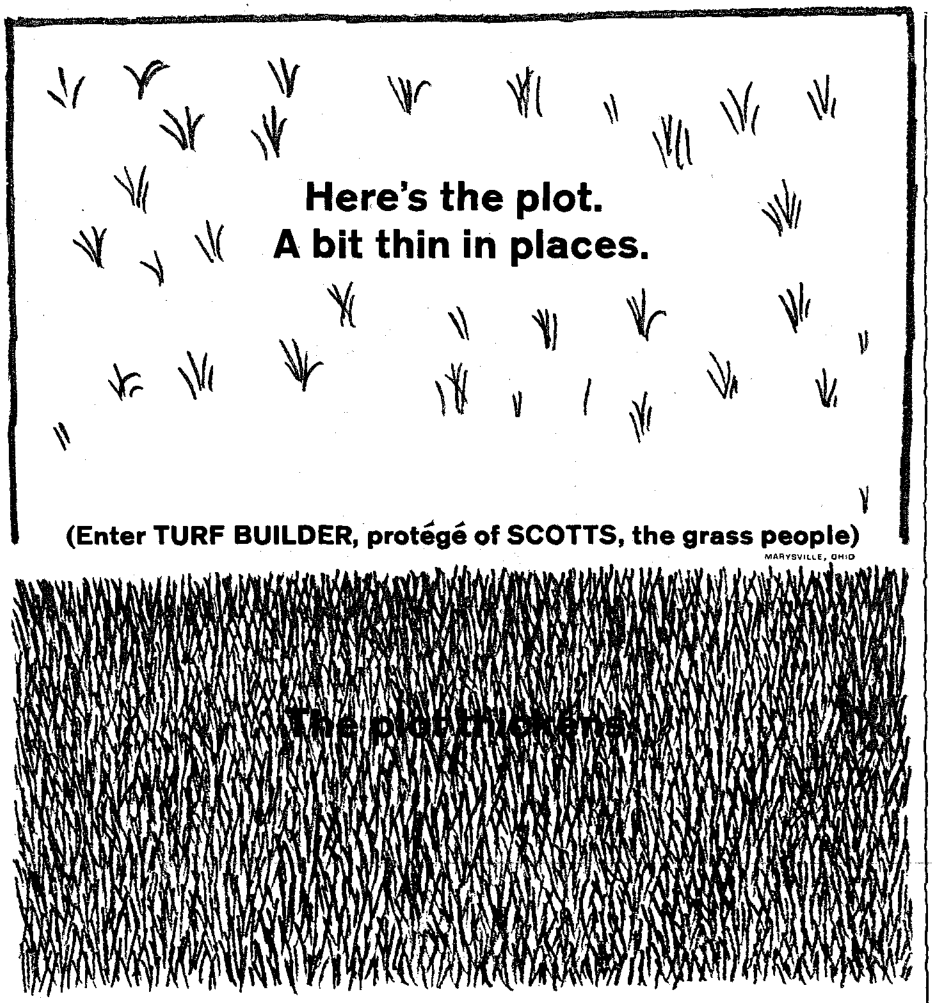
Fast getaway into fall fashion with front tucks and buttons. Great stretch appeal applied with 62% Dacron® polyester, 31% cotton and 7% Lycra® spandex. Checked in moss green, steel blue or wineberry on beige. 8 to 18 sizes. About $16.00.

Lady Lorna
100 PARKHOUSE • DALLAS, TEXAS

flock had wiped out all the gains of the past ten years. *Grus americana* again numbered a mere twenty-five.

AT this point, when the fortunes of both the wild and the captive cranes were at a low ebb, George Douglass in New Orleans chose to step to stage center and play a leading role in the future of the species. He demanded the return of Josephine. At his prompting, the New Orleans newspapers urged that Josephine return to her "home" in New Orleans. The Corpus Christi papers quickly argued that she should stay at Aransas. There evolved an editorial battle that amused everyone except the few people, like Allen, who viewed Josephine not as a tourist attraction but as the fragile possessor of genes that no power on earth could duplicate.

On December 13, 1951, Douglass made a sudden move that caught the Fish and Wildlife Service and everybody else off balance. He got into a panel truck belonging to his zoo, drove to Aransas, strode into Howard's office, and told him, "I've come to get my bird." Howard asked him to wait until a call could be made to Washington. The director of the Fish and Wildlife Service was not in his office that day, and in his absence the assistant director, Dr. Clarence Cottam, who had long been a champion of the whoopers, took the call. He has said that he was appalled by Douglass's demand. He felt strongly that since wild migratory birds are under federal protection and cannot be kept without a permit, it would be impossible for Josephine to be considered private property, but he was also well aware that the legal situation was a tricky one. In his dilemma, he called the Office of the Solicitor of the Department of the Interior, which advises the Fish and Wildlife Service in legal matters. Cottam has described what happened next as "just another one of those unfortunate things that dog the cranes." The lawyer who received the call quickly advised Cottam to return Josephine to Douglass. Cottam, as he put it, felt "awful about it." A second call from Aransas, informing him that Douglass was now threatening to take Josephine by force, did not make him feel better. Hurriedly, he took his case to a higher legal authority, but the original opinion was sustained. Dr. Cottam was convinced that the lawyers, failing to see the importance of a single bird, had made a snap judgment. Nevertheless, he had no further recourse. He called Howard and told him to surrender


Here's the plot.
A bit thin in places.
(Enter TURF BUILDER, protégé of SCOTTS, the grass people)
MARYSVILLE, OHIO
The plot thickens.

Matthews

A special place for the special woman. Whose usual way of dressing is delightfully unusual. Who loves original fabric, larky color, perennial easy-line fashion. Like the little-nothing "Mattie" sleeveless stems with enlightened accessories that Matthews makes each summer only for Matthews shops.

"Mattie" of imported cotton striping with embroidered pansy petals appliqued to flutter. Leafy-green, blossom-pink, sky-blue, cream, *$79.95*

Four unique shops:
22 W. 57th St., New York; also
Chicago, Beverly Hills, Palm Springs

"The joker who invented cash probably never left home"

—mutters American Express

Whoever invented cash committed one of the most colossal blunders of all time.

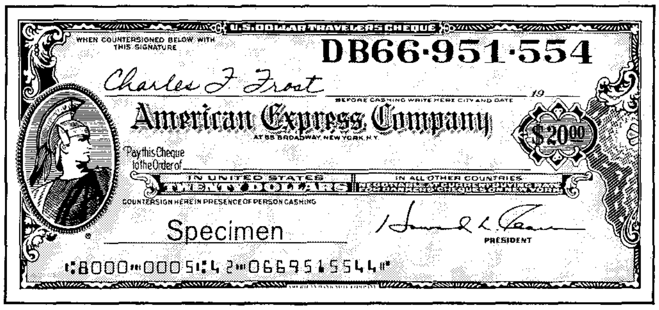
He forgot that people travel. And that cash is awfully losable stuff.

But cash needn't ruin your next trip. Not when we've got two ways for you to get around the whole problem.

1. American Express Travelers Cheques. Spendable everywhere. American Express invented Travelers Cheques to give travelers *safe* money. Lose them and you can get a refund at any travel office of the American Express Company (or its subsidiaries).

2. The American Express Credit Card. Use this Card instead of cash at over 140,000 establishments worldwide. At 87 airlines. 20,000 hotels and motels. And more restaurants and specialty shops than you'll ever need.

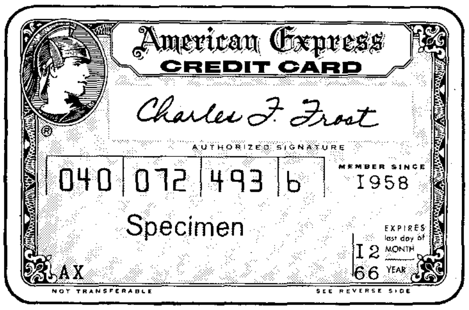
Start your next trip at American Express. The travel company. The company that talks back to cash.



U.S. DOLLAR TRAVELERS CHEQUE
WHEN COUNTERSIGNED BELOW WITH THIS SIGNATURE
DB66·951·554
Charles F. Frost
BEFORE CASHING WRITE HERE CITY AND DATE 19
American Express Company
AT 65 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
$20.00
Pay this Cheque to the Order of
IN UNITED STATES TWENTY DOLLARS
IN ALL OTHER COUNTRIES NEGOTIABLE AT CURRENT BUYING RATE FOR BANKERS CHEQUES ON NEW YORK
COUNTERSIGN HERE IN PRESENCE OF PERSON CASHING
Specimen
PRESIDENT
⑆8000⑈0005⑆42⑈0669515544⑈

Safer than cash

Tell the man (where you bank) you want the Travelers Cheque 4 out of 5 *bankers* carry. American Express.



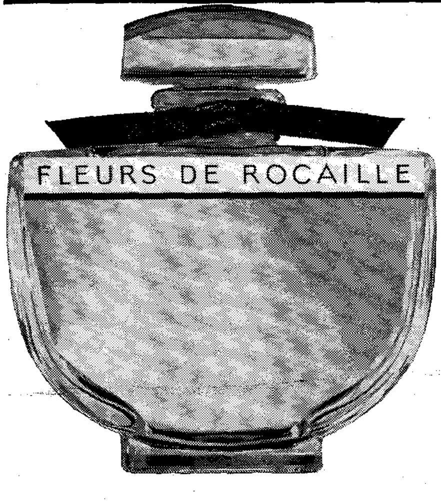
American Express
CREDIT CARD
Charles F. Frost
AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE
040 072 493 6
MEMBER SINCE 1958
Specimen
EXPIRES last day of
12 MONTH
66 YEAR
AX
NOT TRANSFERABLE
SEE REVERSE SIDE

More convenient than cash

Replaces wads of cash and other cards. *The* Card for travel and entertainment.

CARON
Paris/New York

Caron is
the kind of French
every woman
understands.



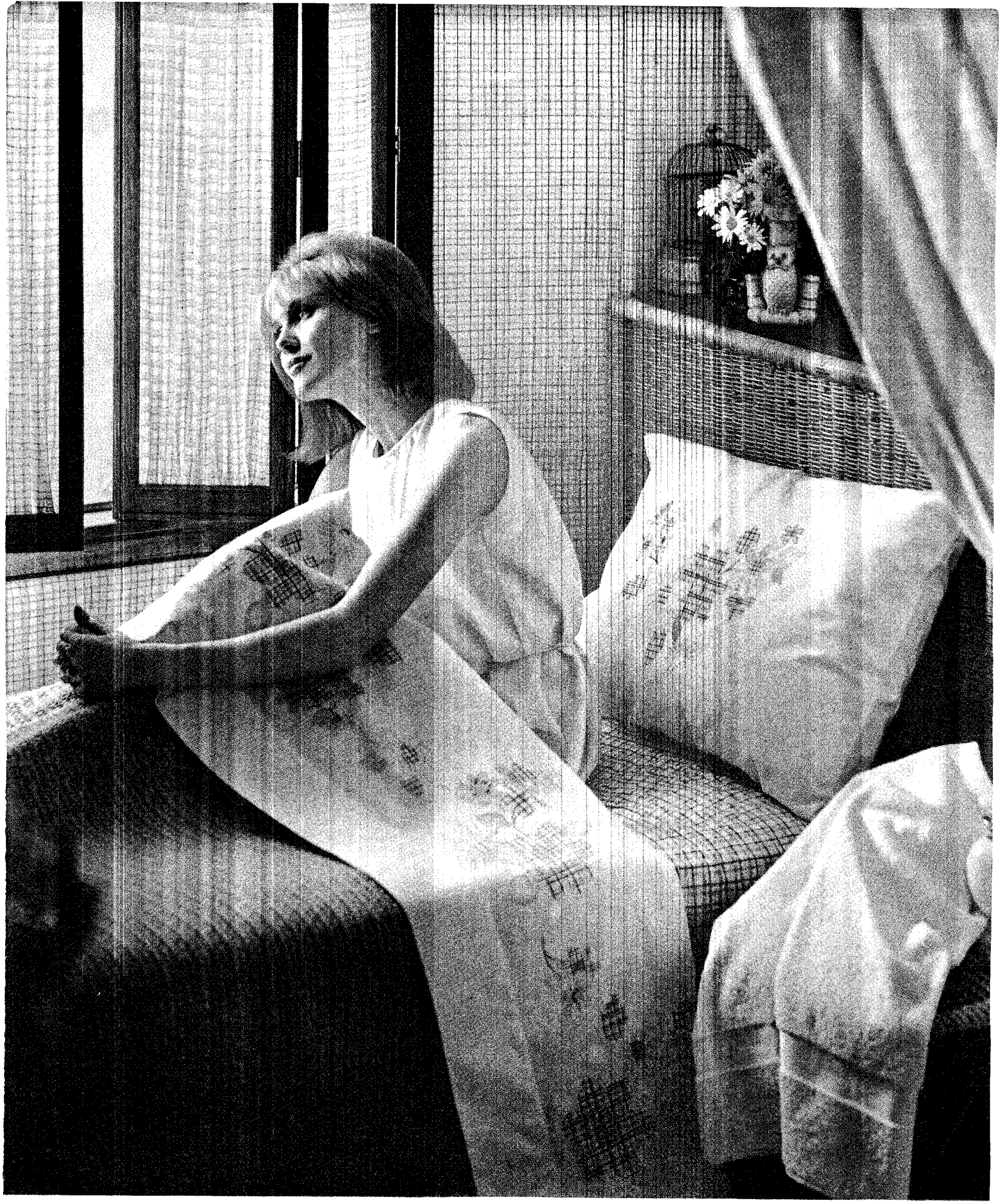
Josephine. Then, because he felt that it would be wrong to separate the pair, he ordered Howard to give up Crip as well. Over the phone, Cottam hastily dictated a legal release in which Douglass acknowledged federal ownership of Crip. Once again, luck was with Douglass. “I was so damn mad and rattled that I never even thought to put in a clause about the ownership of their offspring,” Cottam has said since. “Don’t think I don’t kick myself for that.” Once the transfer of Josephine and Crip was a *fait accompli*, the losers decided to accept their defeat gracefully. A news release was issued from the Refuge, blandly explaining that Josephine, after a three-year “visit” to Aransas, was returning to her “home state,” and that the Service had agreed to let Crip go along, too, on loan “for one breeding season or until another mate for him is secured.”

Fate could not have selected a more incongruous custodian for what had undoubtedly become the most valuable birds in the world. Douglass was a politician by profession and a zoo keeper by chance. He was born in New Orleans in 1905, the son of a member of the municipal Sewerage and Water Board. Douglass studied both accounting and law at Loyola University but left without taking a degree in order to join his father on the Sewerage and Water Board, and he worked there for seventeen years in the personnel and collection sections. In 1941, the superintendent of Audubon Park Zoo died, and it was up to the Park’s Board of Commissioners, consisting of twenty-four civic leaders named by the mayor, to appoint a successor. Douglass, who was personable, friendly, and popular, applied for the position and got it. In the view of the commissioners, his lack of zoological background had little bearing on his fitness for the job, for they considered it primarily an administrative assignment.

In the spring of 1952, when it was time for Josephine and Crip to be starting another nest, Dr. Cottam visited them at Audubon Park and found them on public exhibit in a coop ten feet square. As tactfully as possible, he explained to Douglass that whooping cranes require solitude and a generous amount of space if they are to nest. Some time later, Baker also went to see them, and was somewhat relieved to discover that they had been transferred to a chicken-wire enclosure three hundred feet square, out behind the elephant house. Josephine and Crip, however, did not nest—either that spring or the next.

Meanwhile, the flock of wild cranes was still shrinking. In the autumn of 1952, only nineteen adult whoopers and two young reached Aransas. Six adults had been lost. A wounded one had been found by schoolchildren near Olathe, Kansas, and a game warden had driven all night in an attempt to get it to the San Antonio zoo, but it had died on the way. An immature whooping crane with one wing tip shot off had been found near Regina, Saskatchewan. Dr. Cottam had dispatched a plane to get it, but this bird, too, had died in transit. In *Audubon Magazine*, John Baker commented, “It now seems increasingly clear that the principal cause of recent depletion of wild whooping cranes has been illegal shooting, primarily while the birds are on migration.”

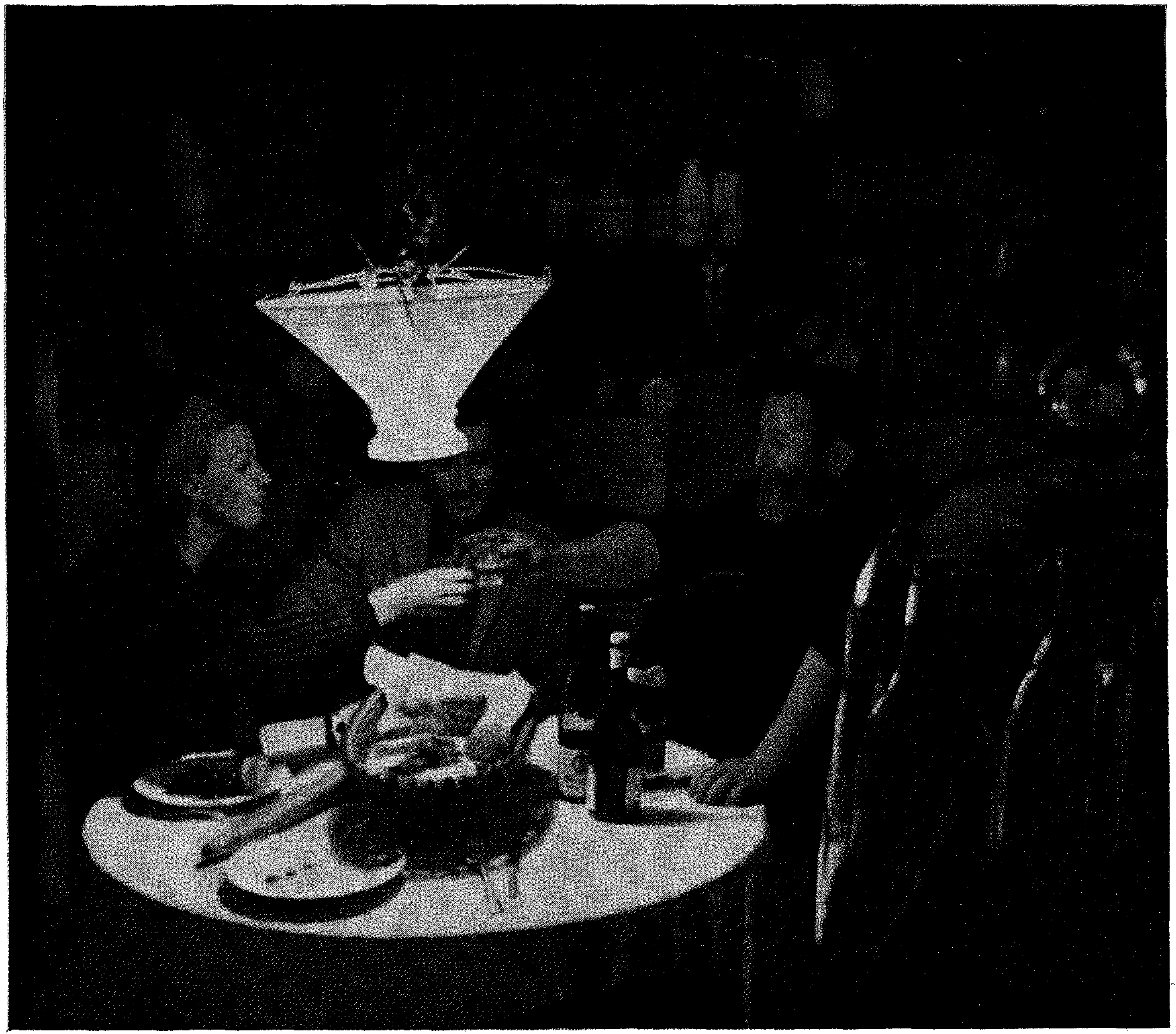
In 1953, when Josephine and Crip had passed a second season at New Orleans without nesting, John Baker cast about for a means of rescuing the birds. Finally, he wrote Douglass asking him to “lend” the birds for a breeding experiment at the National Audubon Society’s Paul J. Rainey Wildlife Refuge, a large and secluded tract in southwest Louisiana. Douglass replied that his greatest concern was for the safety of the two cranes, who, he realized, might hold the key to the future of the species, but that in a matter of such magnitude as this the decision rested not with him but with the Park’s Board of Commissioners. On January 4, 1954, Baker wrote to Douglass again, expressing some surprise that he had heard nothing further from him about the Rainey proposal, especially since the spring nesting season was drawing near. Douglass answered that the proposal had been discussed at a recent meeting of the Park Board but that a decision had been postponed until a meeting scheduled for later in the month. He wished Baker and his family a very happy New Year. The day before the next board meeting, Baker wrote to Douglass again: “Dear George: I had hoped you would have visited the Rainey Sanctuary by now to determine to your satisfaction that the transfer would be practical. . . .” The day after the meeting, Douglass forwarded to Baker a piece of bad news. No one, it seemed, had bothered to inspect the Rainey Sanctuary, because, Douglass wrote, several board members knew the area, and, after a general discussion, it developed that none of them liked the idea of sending the cranes



It's 1/3 of your life...spend it in Wamsutta luxury!

Whimsy from the wonderful new Wamsutta collection. "Petals 'n Plaid", young and different, in soft shades of yellow, blue, or pink. On Lustercale®, Wamsutta's exclusive soft, lustrous blend of cotton and Avril® rayon, now at white sale prices. Color co-ordinated Back Bay Towels from the Heritage Towel Collection, also sale priced. WAMSUTTA MILLS (Division of M. Lowenstein & Sons, Inc.), 1430 Broadway, New York, New York 10018. Makers of luxurious Wamsutta Supercale® sheets, Wamsutta Babycale® products and famous fashion fabrics for women, children and men.

Wamsutta®
LUSTERCALE
COTTON AND AVRIL® RAYON SHEETS



Paris is a place for memories

and Air France helps make them wonderful.

Paris is a magic place where lovely moments seem to abound. Put enough of these pleasant experiences together and chances are you'll have something fine, worth remembering.

Our contribution to your next trip to Paris is to take you there properly prepared for the host of rich experiences that lie in store. Authentic French cuisine, gracious service, and our new "Festival in the Sky" inflight entertainment help make your trip pleasant. But it's the warmth of Air France hospitality that will make it memorable.

So come home with us to Paris. We fly more miles...to more destinations...than any other airline. See your Travel Agent or call.

Votre Service

AIR FRANCE FLIES FROM NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, BOSTON, MEXICO CITY, MONTREAL, ANCHORAGE AND SAN JUAN.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

there. He went on to say that the Rainey Sanctuary lacked blue crabs, which, he gravely reminded Baker, Allen had called "a principal item of whooping-crane diet," and he closed by expressing concern over the possibility of there being predators at Rainey, which could hardly have been an unintentional reminder of Rusty's fate. Baker nevertheless made yet another effort. "Dear George: I am rather surprised that several members of your board do not think well . . ." he began, and went on to observe that the food supply in the area of the sanctuary had once supported many wild whoopers and to remind Douglass that the Audubon Society intended to build a predator-proof enclosure at Rainey to protect the cranes. There, for the moment, the correspondence rested.

The zoological world is bigger than the average sewing circle, but news gets around it almost as fast. By this time, a good many ornithologists, other zoologists, and bird lovers had become aware of the situation at the New Orleans zoo. One man who was strongly dissatisfied with it was Dr. S. Dillon Ripley, who at that time was Curator of Vertebrate Zoology at Yale's Peabody Museum of Natural History. (He is now Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.) By mid-1954, when it had become clear that the captives at New Orleans would not be breeding that season, either, Ripley wrote long and vehement letters to a number of people influential in the field of conservation, urging action to save *Grus americana*. Of Josephine and Crip he wrote, "There are not more than two or three men in the U.S.A. who could be entrusted with such precious charges. . . . I for one consider it a criminally irresponsible thing to *waste* the present proven breeding pair, to eke out their meager and barren lives in the Audubon Zoo in New Orleans. The chance of their breeding further is simply being thrown away. . . ." This letter turned out to be something like a large rock thrown into a small pond; the ensuing waves hit the shore in all directions and surged back and forth for a long time. One of the first ripples evidently reached Douglass himself, for he suddenly became noticeably touchy on the subject of whooping cranes. What was more important, though, was that the letter initiated a movement in favor of breeding whoopers in captivity as a solution to the problem of saving *Grus americana*.

Once more, the breeding season rolled around, and on May 26, 1955, Baker wrote to Douglass again: "Dear

YOUNG CONE CORDUROY '66
YOUNG U.S.A. '66

For little things that toddle—it's soft, fine wale Cone corduroy. Corduroy that can take as many falls as he can. Very young in maize and light blue. Who made the best of it? THE GRACE COMPANY. Sizes M-L-XL. $12. Toddle over to: B. Altman & Co.; N.Y., Stix, Baer & Fuller Co., St. Louis, Missouri; G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Connecticut; J. B. Ivey & Co., Charlotte, N. C.

Cone Mills Inc.,
1440 Broadway, New York,
New York 10018

Cone makes fabric for apparel, home and industry.

GO CASUAL WITH CONE

JUNIOR HOUSE®
does the freshest things

MARKET
CIDER

**Giving everything a
sharp and snappy outlook,
with a crackling glen plaid,
a solid sweater for accent value.
It's all from our
Country Store wool collection
in black olive, blazer navy
or claret wine, all with white.
Ribbed sweater, 34-40, $13.
Shortie skirt, 5-15, $12.
Knee socks, $3. Sneakers, $6.
Cap, $7. Bag, $10.**

Available at
PECK & PECK, Fifth Avenue
and all branches or for the
fine store or college shop
in your city, write to
JUNIOR HOUSE, INC.
1407 Broadway, New York 10018.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

George: Not having heard from you about any nesting by the captive whoopers this spring, I rather assume they again failed to lay. . . . Time is marching on, and I hope you will feel as I do that some new effort should be made to obtain young from the captive birds. . . . You have had the birds for three years; the Aransas Refuge had them for three years before that, and I think you know I feel that there would be a better attitude on the part of some of our ornithological friends if an arrangement could be worked out whereby someone . . . known to have had successful experience . . . were given an opportunity to show what . . . he could obtain at a new location." Douglass's reply, nine days later, was a shock. On May 29th, he reported, a whooping-crane egg had been found in a nest of straw. The egg was found at 7 A.M., and later that morning had been broken. Douglass went on to express the hope that another egg would be laid and to chide Baker for suggesting that the cranes be moved. He said that he felt he was doing well enough without interference, and that Baker's comments were out of order. Baker sent back a soft answer, disclaiming responsibility for any critical remarks that might have been made about Douglass, and closing with the whisper "You seem to be having somewhat the same kind of heartbreaking difficulties that were experienced at Aransas." Douglass had failed to inform Baker of one heartbreaking difficulty that had attended the loss of the egg. That morning, Douglass had welcomed reporters and photographers to the area around the nesting pen, and someone had playfully poked a stick into the pen, at which Crip, rising in fury to defend the nest, had accidentally stepped on the egg and smashed it. Josephine laid no more eggs that year.

A MAJOR frustration for Allen in his field study of *Grus americana* had been his inability to find the migrating cranes' nests in Canada. He had traced the greater part of their migration route, and had even managed an improbable rendezvous with five of them in Nebraska, thus establishing that they had flown nine hundred and twenty miles in the four days after leaving Aransas. When the birds reached Regina, Saskatchewan, however, they fanned out in a northwesterly direction and utterly disappeared. Although hunting for twenty-odd birds—even big white ones—in millions of acres of wilderness presented fantastic difficulties, Allen undertook the search, in the hope of answering such crucial questions as how many birds were nesting, what proportion of the young were surviving, and how many birds were being lost on the flight south. Finally, of course, it was vital that conservationists find the nesting ground before the operators of some commercial project stumbled upon it and destroyed it. Allen's first attempt, which he made by air in June of 1947, lasted a fortnight and ended dismally. On the last day, as he and his pilot, in a small plane belonging to the Fish and Wildlife Service, were nearing their base at Fort Smith, on the Slave River, in the Northwest Territories, they ran into a brief spell of heavy weather while crossing the northern tip of Wood Buffalo National Park, an immense tract of government-owned wilderness south of Great Slave Lake. Allen noted at the time: "1:40 P.M. Rain squall. Rough going. Poor visibility all the way in. . . . This ends our search. We have no further possibilities on our list." Here something in Allen's psychic makeup should have given him a nudge, for seven years later, when he at last found the nesting grounds, he realized that as he wrote those words he had been passing directly over the very place he was looking for—veiled at that moment by sheets of rain.

In 1948, Allen made a second attempt, again flying in a small plane belonging to the Fish and Wildlife Service, which was piloted by a biologist who regularly kept track of waterfowl in northern Canada during the summer. They left from Fort Smith and, once more unwittingly flying near the cranes' hideaway, headed for the Far North. In a month, they covered fifteen thousand miles without seeing, as Allen wrote, "so much as one feather of a whooping crane." The climax of this venture was a miserable forced landing in an Arctic lake, where for sixteen hours, until a strong wind died down, they had to stand in icy water holding their plane by the wings to prevent its being blown against the rocky shore. Allen returned to civilization feeling utterly baffled and discouraged, for he had no idea where else to look. "Once more we failed to locate the nesting grounds," he wrote. "Our only consolation is the realization that wherever this unknown place may be it is evidently hidden not only from us but from anyone who might disturb the birds or do them harm."

It was several years before Allen undertook another search, but both Canadian and American wildlife service personnel, making their rounds, kept on the

ROSE'S
LIME JUICE
WEST INDIA
SWEETENED
GIMLET
COCKTAIL
Stir and Serve
ICE COLD

If Rose's is made for gimlets, what's it doing in a Collins?

Every Rose's West Indian lime is brought up to be a good little gimlet mixer. ("One part me to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka," so the lesson goes.)

But there are some things children learn that a parent doesn't teach them. Like? How to make the best Tom Collins in the world, what else?

But Rose's Lime Juice comes by that quite naturally. That's because it is made from lush yellow limes grown *only in Dominica.* They are fatter than untropical limes. Have a much better taste. An exquisite tart-sweet taste. *Superb.*

Try it in a Collins. Mix 3 parts gin, rum, or vodka to 1 part Rose's. Pour over ice. Fill with soda. Stir. Serve.

Smart kid.

Cartier

TO CHARM
THE HOSTESS

An entertaining gift idea,
sterling salt and
pepper sets lined with blue
glass. From the Silver
Salon, two sets in a
Cartier case, $20.

Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Second Street, New York • PLaza 3-0111
Cartier, Inc., Palm Beach | Cartier, S.A., Paris | Cartier, Ltd., London

Italy's favorite drink.

America's favorite imported wine.

Bolla

Imported by Fontana Hollywood Corp., New York

alert for whoopers; moreover, once in 1952 and again in 1953 they spotted whooping cranes in the vicinity of Great Slave Lake, but they saw no nests. Then, on July 2, 1954, there arrived from Canada what Allen called an "electrifying message" to the effect that a pair of whooping cranes with young had been spotted. On June 30th, it seemed, a helicopter had been dispatched from Fort Smith to fight a fire that had broken out in a remote corner of Wood Buffalo National Park. As the pilot flew low over a swampy area in the northeastern corner of the park, he saw the birds standing on the ground, the red patches on their heads providing unmistakable identification. Beside them was a long-legged, rusty little bird that could only be their chick.

This news, Allen wrote Baker, "has been something like the clanging of a bell to an old fire horse!" But although he was extremely anxious to examine the nesting area, he realized that it was too late in the year to undertake an expedition, particularly since further reports from Canadian biologists made it clear that exploration of the nest site would be no easy matter. The cranes' nesting ground, although it was only a hundred miles west of Fort Smith, was cut off by natural barriers so formidable that almost no one, white or Indian, had ever set foot within it. Heavy brush and mushy ground made walking very difficult, rivers in the area were choked by fallen timber, and there were no landing places for airplanes. Nevertheless, Allen arranged that the following spring, with the help of the United States and Canadian wildlife services, he would try to get there. Obviously, a helicopter would be the most practical means, but neither service felt that it could spare one. It appeared that a charter would be too expensive, so some other way had to be found.

That autumn, the return of the cranes to Aransas was awaited with more than the usual eagerness. By the end of the migration, there were twenty-one adults in the Refuge. But the little bird that had been seen in Canada never got through. For the first time since records had been kept, all the young born during the summer had perished. In addition, three adults had been lost. The Aransas manager informed Washington, "With a drop of three and no young, the situation becomes ever more critical." Allen, deeply alarmed, was more anxious than ever to examine the Canadian nesting ground, in an effort to discover whether conditions there were harmful to the

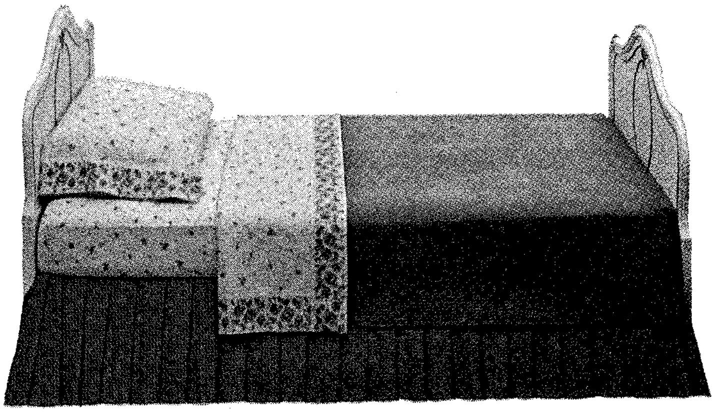
THE CHALLENGE OF COTTON

as expressed by John Anthony for Devonbrook
Whoever heard of garnishing corduroy with a cloud of red fox! Nobody. That's why John Anthony did it. There's *something* about cotton that stimulates creativity. Especially wide wale corduroy with its royal rich color, its glimmery surface interest, its quiet promise of long wear. Cotton opened up this new fashion path. Why not follow it! Just for fun.

NATIONAL COTTON COUNCIL, BOX 12285, MEMPHIS, TENN. 38112.

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON

Come close...touch the luxury of Grand Manner,® Cannon's newest and most luxurious sheet. 65% Dacron,®* 35% cotton



A special delight at summertime prices —this fine 200-count luxury sheet. Cannon takes a great blend and designs it into a magnificent percale sheet. A sheet with a fresh, cool hand. Of astonishing wear. Of proved ease of laundering, quick drying, little or no ironing. Shown, the Portofino pattern; matching Flex-O-Matic® fitted sheet. At fine department stores. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York 10020

CANNON® *Royal Family of Home Fashions*

*Polyester

flock. By the end of April, 1955, at least one pair of whooping cranes had covered the distance from Texas to Wood Buffalo National Park, and were sighted there by the Canadian Wildlife Service. On May 16th, a bird was seen crouching over a nest. Allen arrived on May 20th and, to his immense delight, was able to get a glimpse of the nest from a plane. "There beneath us was the sight I had been hoping to see for almost ten years—a wild whooping crane on its nest!" he later wrote in his book. "Its size and outline, even its posture, were unmistakable. I could see that it was turning to watch us as we passed, its head up and its yellow eyes doubtless glaring at us with hostility and a total lack of fear."

Allen, with two companions representing the Canadian and American wildlife services, hoped, despite the discouraging reports on the difficulties of travel in the area, to reach the cranes by foot and canoe, the final leg of the journey to be by way of the Sass River, a swift stream that twists through the heart of the nesting area. After three days of heavy going, the trio reached the Sass, only to find it blocked by towering log jams. They were forced to return, defeated, to Fort Smith. Now Allen decided there was nothing for it but to obtain a helicopter, but even after he had done so, his second attempt came to a heartbreaking anticlimax when the pilot misread his compass and marooned the party in a stretch of wilderness far from the cranes and equally far from help. Over a portable radio transmitter, they informed officials at Fort Smith of their plight, and learned that there was no other helicopter available at the moment to rescue them. After waiting miserably for eleven days, the trio decided to return on foot, and did, though it took a day of hacking a way through brush and scrub and four more days of portage and boat travel. Allen reached Fort Smith exhausted and apparently defeated. It was as depressing a moment as he had faced in all his whooping-crane endeavors. The United States wildlife man departed, and Allen, too, was ready to give up, when he was informed that another helicopter was unexpectedly available. With his remaining companion—Ray Stewart, of the Canadian Wildlife Service—he quickly assembled gear and provisions for a third assault on the whoopers' enclave. This time, the pilot flew unerringly to landmarks that Allen had picked out from aerial photographs. "It has taken us thirty-one days and a lot of grief," he wrote, "but let it be known that at 2 P.M. on this 23rd day of June, we are on the ground with the whooping cranes."

From the air Allen had seen a pretty green-and-brown pattern of ponds, lakes, and snaky streams interwoven with patches of forest and brush. Close at hand, the terrain was more forbidding. Allen and Stewart landed close to the Sass in an open, burned-over area dotted with naked skeletons of spruce and tamarack. Beyond the Sass were thickets of brush and stunted trees and a bewildering network of shallow ponds. This was the inner sanctum of the cranes. As so often happens at the moment of attaining a long-desired goal, Allen and Stewart were unable to feel much elation; they were too weary and too discouraged by the grim inhospitality of the landscape. They simply made camp and went to sleep.

The next morning, they set out to explore. Walking was difficult and visibility limited by the surrounding brush, but then, if only fleetingly, they found what they had come for:

> As we moved ahead . . . we were startled to see an unmistakable flash of white [Allen wrote]. . . . A second later it had assumed a strikingly familiar outline and we were staring straight at an adult whooping crane! Then, in another moment, we saw a second bird. . . . Both birds were very alert and they were moving in opposite directions. . . . The bird to the right quickly disappeared behind the thickets, but the other whooper kept in view, although walking away from us with long strides. As we came out on the open shore of a little pond he rose from the brush on the other side, calling a series of alarm notes. . . . Wheeling in a short circle, and still calling, the whooper was soon out of sight.

Allen and Stewart spent the next ten days wandering over the nesting ground, but now the whooping cranes kept themselves tantalizingly hidden.

> It was maddening to know that at least one pair of whooping cranes, with young in tow, was within a half mile of us most of the time, yet we were unable to watch them. Our visions were filled with them, a hundred yards away perhaps, calmly picking up snails, the young one quite possibly darting after a white admiral butterfly! Earthbound and weary, we could not tell. But we were on the spot. We had gazed at its features and felt of it with our bare hands. It is real and it is reasonably understandable. But most important of all, it is no longer unknown.

In those ten days, Allen filled one notebook after another with the kind of information he had come for, on plants

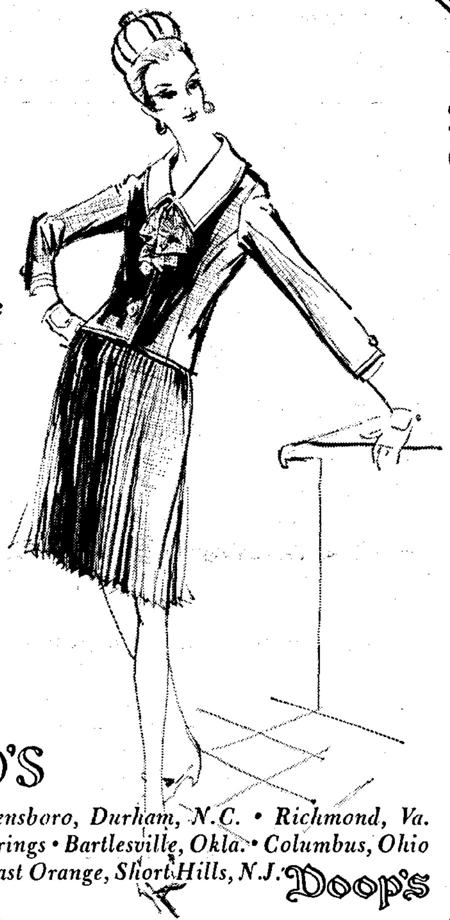
HANG YOUR HAT ON AVRIL RAYON

Ruth of Carolina does.

This bitter chocolate skimmer looks especially sweet on little women. Delicious details: brass buttons, tunnel collar, low belted back, paprika bow and fake pockets. Yummy fabric is woven with Avril® rayon for prim and proper shape, sharp color, soft touch. A tasteful dress for all times.

American Viscose Division fmc CORPORATION®

BROOKHAVEN'S "Catalina," woven of 50% Avril rayon/50% cotton. Sizes 7-14. About $9. Available at all branches of: *B. Altman & Co.*, New York; *Hutzler Bros.*, Baltimore; *Martin's*, Brooklyn; *D. H. Holmes*, New Orleans; *Lipman-Wolfe & Co.*, Portland, Oregon; *H. Liebes Co.*, San Francisco.



OUR WOOL KNIT
on the go; brass buttoned
costume, which carries the
wool mark, the quality
symbol; silk bowed wool
blouse, sizes 6 to 16
navy or vicuna 105.00

Pure Virgin Wool

MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Columbus, Ohio
East Orange, Short Hills, N.J. • Doop's

Luggage by SKYWAY. At MARSHALL FIELD, Chicago, and other fine stores.

beauty guaranteed to last

...fabric by EVERFAST® protected with DU PONT ZEPEL® FABRIC FLUORIDIZER
from watery and oily spills. EVERGLAZE® easy care cotton

THE EVERFAST COLOR GUARANTEE: We unreservedly guarantee that should a fabric by EVERFAST fade for any reason during the life of the fabric, we will refund not only the cost of the fabric, but also any reasonable making up cost. EVERFAST FABRICS, INC., 70 W. 40TH ST., N.Y.C. 10018

and animals that share the summer home of *Grus americana*: "Frogs were not unexpected. Most numerous was the wood frog. . . . No snakes were noted . . . three kinds of wheel snails . . ." He concluded that the whooping cranes could hardly have chosen a better place to rear their young in isolation and safety, and for him this was the finest fruit of the expedition. Food and water were adequate, he discovered, and predators scarce. The threat of fire was minimized by the boggy ground surrounding the nest sites. "Only man can reach them and do them harm," he wrote John Baker, "and if not permitted to fly low over these ponds or land by helicopter, even man need not be feared."

His notes completed, Allen returned to Fort Smith in weary triumph, and then went home to Florida, only to learn that the prospects for the whooping crane were much less bright than he had thought. While he had been struggling through the wilderness on behalf of the cranes, the United States Air Force had been grinding inexorably ahead with a plan that threatened an abrupt end to the cranes' sanctuary at Aransas, and thus to the cranes as well. The Air Force had announced that it intended to use its bombing range on Matagorda Island for practice in photoflash bombing. Photoflash bombs are spectacular devices dropped at night to illuminate large target areas, and their demonstrated effect on wildlife is to cause every creature that can walk, fly, or crawl to leave the vicinity with all possible speed. The plan was, of course, strongly opposed by the Fish and Wildlife Service and private conservation organizations, and also by various private commercial interests, but after public hearings were held, the Air Force announced that it would proceed as planned. Just when it seemed that nothing could stop it, the Canadian press suddenly set up cries of protest. The Canadian interest in the cranes stemmed directly from the hard-won discovery of their nests, which had made the people of Canada proudly aware of their summer custody of the precious and beautiful creatures. The Canadian public was shocked to learn, so soon after Allen's triumph, that the birds were due to be blasted out of their southern sanctuary. Canadian politicians responded to public sentiment, and in late October the Canadian Embassy in Washington sent a formal note to the State Department: "The Canadian Ambassador presents his compliments to the Secretary of State of the

You'll like gin twice as much as you used to.

For two good reasons: First, our Quinine Water is less bitter, so it flatters the flavor of gin; second, our Bitter Lemon is made from just the juicy hearts of plump lemons. Both make delicious, thirst-quenching drinks—and Canada Dry makes them both. We like gin too.

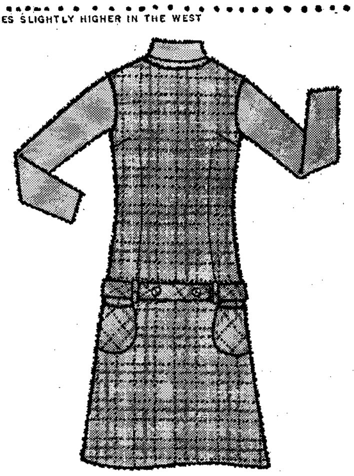
CANADA DRY
QUINA
CANADA DRY
QUININE WATER
TONIC MIXER
CANADA DRY
LEMON
CANADA DRY
SPARKLING
BITTER LEMON
FLAVOR OF THE LEMON

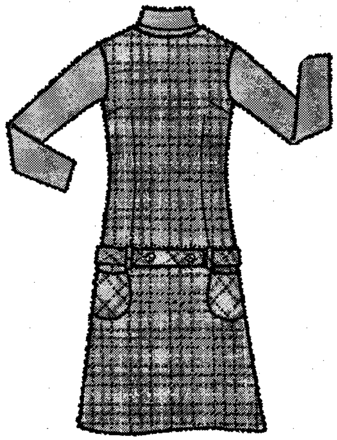
United States of America and has the honor to draw his attention to a proposed photoflash bombing range. . . . It is hoped that the existence of the whooping crane will not be imperiled at a time when the prospects for the increase of the species have at last become bright." John Foster Dulles, to whom this note was addressed, may have other distinctions in history, but it will also be remembered, to his credit, that ten days later the following reply was delivered to the Canadian Ambassador: "The Secretary of State presents his compliments to His Excellency the Ambassador of Canada and has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of his note. . . . The Department of the Air Force is withdrawing its proposal for extension of the Matagorda Island Air Force Range, which is the matter referred to in the Ambassador's note." Had Allen given up that summer and failed to find the whoopers' nests, the birds would have received small notice in the press, and it is unlikely that this diplomatic exchange would ever have taken place.

While the cranes' survival was the subject of international discussion, they themselves were in flight between Canada and Aransas, running the gantlet of autumn gunfire that Allen now believed to be the major cause of the decline in their numbers. During the summer, the Canadian Wildlife Service had spotted two sets of twins on the nesting ground, and there was particular suspense about them as the birds were awaited at Aransas. To everyone's delight, both sets of twins arrived, amid a grand total of eight young (the largest number since crane records had started being kept) and twenty adults. Only one adult whooper had been lost. The anxious bystanders felt as though the cranes themselves had responded at a crucial moment with a heroic effort.

On April 28, 1956, at the New Orleans zoo, Josephine laid yet another egg, her sixth. On May 2nd, she laid one more. Then she and Crip began the ritual of incubation. As the hatching day drew near, Douglass was again host to a crowd of newsmen, but this time they watched the birds from an improvised pressroom on the roof of the elephant house. It was a dramatic moment when, at 2:36 P.M. on May 29th, an infant crane was seen to break from the shell. It was tiny, brown, and wet. The parents, standing by the nest, put their beaks together and then slowly stretched their necks skyward and made a long, bugling call. On June 1st, a second infant was hatched. This one vanished two nights later—possibly the prey of an owl, which could have swooped into the roofless cage, or of one of the many rats that scuttled about the zoo. The surviving chick grew rapidly. Within a few weeks, it was a long-legged, ungainly youngster, with tremendous feet and fluffy plumage colored cinnamon and buff. It always seemed hungry, and the adults foraged for it, picking up insects from the grass floor of the pen. In July, the chick began to tire easily in the sultry heat and to gasp for air. On the morning of July 13th, the keeper saw it lying dead in the yard, and, fending off Josephine and Crip, he picked up its corpse. An autopsy showed that the young bird had died of aspergillosis, a lung fungus well known to poultry men. This disaster spread dismay through the steadily growing group of people interested in the cranes.

An assortment of scientists and conservationists, alerted by Dr. Ripley, agreed that the Fish and Wildlife Service should take positive action. Meanwhile, zoo keepers and aviculturists, chagrined by Douglass's monopoly on whooping-crane breeding stock, had begun to demand that the Fish and Wildlife Service capture wild cranes and let other breeders try rearing the birds. This suggestion appalled Allen, who had written in *Audubon Magazine*, "We can fully understand the feelings that have inspired this plan, but we would deplore its execution. . . . Even if two or three birds [were] successfully caught, the loss and injury and the scattering of the others would be a most deplorable price to pay for highly dubious results." By "highly dubious results," Allen meant the establishment of a captive flock whose progeny could never be returned to the wild. Establishing captive-bred creatures in a wild environment presents tricky biological problems. In the case of such a complex creature as the whooping crane, the problems may be insoluble. Research that could solve them is now being undertaken, but at the time Allen wrote, no such project was contemplated. Aviculturists talked of "bolstering the wild flock" with captive-bred birds—a suggestion that in Allen's view showed the people who made it to be unaware of the difficulties involved. Others conceded the impracticability of returning captive whoopers to freedom, but they did not agree with Allen that there was an important difference between preserving *Grus americana* in the wild and preserving it in zoos. Dr. Ripley, for instance, wrote, "There is no pertinence to the discus-





PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

businesslike

LADYBUG® is especially adept at the intelligent, efficient, and businesslike look done with dash. Done so easily, so offhandedly, as to be quite painless to even the staunchest opponent of women's rights. The jumper/pullover idea, for instance. See? Write for your nearest Ladybug shopkeeper. 5 to 15. Jumper, About $26.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

© 1966, LADYBUG

but dashing

The Norfolk jumper, in a fully-lined wool windowpane plaid. Bias belt and pockets. Butterscotch, Hayseed, Glen Green, Sandringham, Persimmon, Dungaree, Elderberry. With it, the turtleneck pullover in 2-ply cotton knit, zippered at the neck. Colors to match. At nicer stores. S-M-L. Pullover, About $7.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

Come to Portugal and have yourself a good cry.

The music of Portugal is called the *fado.* And sometimes it's enough to break your heart.

You can hear it in the small cafes of Lisbon—where the song is often more important than the wine.

When the time for the *fado* arrives, the lights begin to lower. Waiters scurry to finish serving, then stand frozen against the stuccoed walls. A minute passes. Then another. A hush falls over the entire room.

Only then does the music start.

The singer tosses her head back and vents her sorrow into the murky dim. The melody is mournful and voluptuous. And her song is always of love—usually a lost one.

If you want to hear the *fado,* fly Swissair non-stop to Portugal for only $300* round-trip. To make sure you enjoy yourself, we'll send you a list of all the best *fado* cafes and restaurants in Lisbon.

It's just one of the little ways we make ourselves useful—even when we're not around.

Remember though, when you go to hear the *fado,* be prepared.

Bring an extra handkerchief.

For more about Swissair, the *fado,* the market place at Sintra, the fishermen of Nazaré, or the beach at Estoril, call your travel agent.

(Ask him about our 2 weeks *you drive* package from $399* or our Portugal/Spain tour for $424.*)

Or just write Swissair, 608 Fifth Ave. (at 49th St.), The Swiss Center, New York, N.Y. Offices in other principal cities.

SWISSAIR

SWISS-CARE WORLDWIDE ON THE PRIVATELY OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND.

*PRICES BASED ON 14/21 DAY ECONOMY EXCURSION OR IT BASING FARES FROM NEW YORK.

Elizabeth Arden Sun Control
goes before a sunbath. What comes after is a golden tan—never, ever, a burn. Note: very fair skins can play it completely safe with SUN BLOC. That screens out all the rays.
Sun Bloc Lotion
Sun Control
Elizabeth Arden
New York • London • Paris

Make Friends with
Grace Rush

3 UNUSUAL COOKIES
- Rum Cookies
- Creme de Menthe
- Old Fashioned Lace

A trio of hand blended taste delights . . . rich with the old fashioned goodness of pure sweet creamery butter and eggs—sparked by the unique flavors of creme-de-menthe . . . rum . . . butter. Sold only in fine food shops.

Or write to Grace Rush, Cincinnati, Ohio 45208

LAINIE KAZAN
is the towering eyeful in the
PERSIAN ROOM
July 27-August 16
Mon.-Thurs., 10:00 P.M.
Fri. & Sat., 9:00 & 11:30
For reservations call
PL 9-3000
THE PLAZA

JAMAICA
Flee to the Half Moon for fabulous beachfront living and the finest golf in the Caribbean. It's Montego Bay's only complete resort. Lower rates now.

See your travel agent. Represented by Hetland & Stevens Inc., 211 E. 43rd St., New York, TN 7-1450; Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Miami, Ontario. Western Office (George R. Smith Co.): Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Seattle, Sydney, Australia.

Half Moon
HALF MOON HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
MONTEGO BAY • JAMAICA • WEST INDIES
Heinz E. W. Simonitsch, Managing Director

Discover the Last Century
Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
We park your car at dinner

sions as far as I can see, as to whether in future captive-reared birds will or will not survive in the wild state. . . . In the future, *all* live whooping cranes may have to be in parks or preserves of one sort or another, just as the buffalo occur today." This view of the cranes' future prevented any *rapprochement* between the National Audubon Society and the avicultural group; in fact, the National Audubon Society's major effort in behalf of the cranes from this time on was to defend them from capture.

Now that the battle lines were drawn, the Fish and Wildlife Service found itself caught between the opposing forces. It dealt with the dilemma by calling a meeting of representatives of major ornithological and conservationist organizations and of several zoos and museums to discuss the plight of *Grus americana*. On October 29, 1956, what Allen described as "some forty highly interested gentlemen" filed into a conference room in a Washington hotel for a session that lasted all day. It developed that the conferees, like opposing medical specialists at the bedside of a critically ill patient, not only proposed different remedies but could not agree even on a diagnosis. The Audubon Society declared that the wild whoopers were holding their own so well that the drastic step of capture was unwarranted, but the aviculturist bloc contended that the species was fluttering its last. The outcome of the conference was the formation of a committee called the Whooping Crane Advisory Group, made up of members of both factions and charged with studying the situation. Allen left the meeting with the gloomy conviction that if the Service ever yielded to the proposals of the aviculturists, *Grus americana* might indeed be saved, but the wild cranes would be doomed. Meanwhile, their number was down to twenty-four, but the ranks of the captives had increased by one. This was a bird that had broken a wing, probably by hitting a power line on its way north, had been captured by a Texas farmer, and had been turned over to the San Antonio zoo. Stark, the director of the zoo, quickly acknowledged the government's ownership of the bird and was allowed to keep it. Although it was impossible to determine its sex for certain, it was named Rosie. In a roomy cage in the zoo, Rosie began what proved to be a nine-year wait for her nuptial day.

IN November, 1956, the Fish and Wildlife Service was reorganized and the whooping-crane dossier was moved to a new pigeonhole—the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. There was, however, no perceptible change in whooping-crane policy. The wild cranes at Aransas received no special favors, and Douglass's possession of the captives continued unchallenged. Pondering this stalemate, Dr. Ripley conceived the idea of moving the mountain to Mohammed—if the captive birds couldn't be moved to a qualified aviculturist, the next-best thing would be to send an aviculturist to them. Accordingly, Dr. Ripley began negotiations both with Douglass and with the Bureau, and, in February, 1957, accompanied the Bureau's whooping-crane deputy, Dr. Frederick C. Lincoln, to New Orleans to open peace talks. Douglass was receptive, and the three men sat down in the crane pen for a chat. While Josephine and Crip circled them suspiciously, Dr. Ripley tactfully suggested possible improvements in their care. By the end of the meeting, it had been agreed that in the coming season Douglass would accept help from an experienced bird keeper—a veteran of the Bronx Zoo named George Scott, whom Ripley had already recruited for the job. Josephine laid two eggs at the end of April, and three weeks later Scott arrived to take charge. Incubation was uneventful, and in the third week of May two healthy chicks emerged. The young birds grew rapidly. At the end of a week they were seven inches tall. With Josephine and Crip caring for them assiduously, and Scott vigilantly watching over such matters as sanitation and protection from predators, they continued to prosper, and in due course they were named George and Georgette in honor of Scott and Douglass. Scott stayed with them until midsummer, when it seemed safe to turn them over to the regular keepers at the zoo.

The survival of George and Georgette not only made avicultural history but enabled Douglass to take a bow as the world's only successful breeder of whooping cranes. At a meeting of the National Audubon Society on November 11, 1957, he delivered a speech on the subject of "the reproduction and rehabilitation of . . . whooping cranes," and proudly displayed some baby-whooper feathers, remarking, "I have here something which I doubt anyone has seen, and I'm going to ask our future congressman down there if he will step up here and pass these feathers around." Ten days later, he had another opportunity to star when a celebration was held in New Orleans to mark the issuance by the Post Office

GORDON-FORD

Take a Giant Step

New short length for long easy strides...new contoured yoke for perfected body fit. Gordon-Ford's Gentry Walking Skirt in heathery herringbones of pure virgin wool. Fully lined. About $20.

At Lord & Taylor, all stores; John Douglas,all stores;Robert Kirk,Ltd.,San Francisco; Traditional Shop, Lubbock, Texas; Bocock-Stroud,Winston-Salem,North Carolina;or for the store nearest you, write GORDON-FORD, 350 Fifth Avenue,New York 10001

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Department of a whooping-crane commemorative stamp. The ceremonies included the personal appearance of Josephine, Crip, George, and Georgette, who shared television honors with two senators and several congressmen. "An incident that is to be regretted," Lincoln observed in a report to the Advisory Group, adding, "Fortunately, the birds suffered no harm."

In the spring of 1958, Scott was unable to go to New Orleans, and no qualified man could be found to take his place. The cranes therefore remained in the care of their regular keeper, a small, gray-haired man named Leo Buras, who had spent thirty-seven years in a New Orleans bakery, making cookies, and had become a bird keeper after the bakery closed, only a year before. Buras watched over his precious charges conscientiously and with the anxious manner of a man who feared that the cookies might burn. That spring, Josephine laid four eggs, of which one was successfully hatched. The third whooping crane to be born in captivity survived the perils of infancy, and Buras named it Pepper.

In 1958, the wild whoopers, as though to refute the aviculturists' charge that they couldn't survive on their own, nested with splendid success. There were nine young—a new high—and, despite losses, the flock increased from twenty-six to thirty-two. Other developments were less happy. An effort by the Audubon Society to have the Aransas Refuge enlarged by condemnation of neighboring lands—something that Allen had long considered vital—was blocked by the Sportsmen's Clubs of Texas, whose president, a millionaire rancher, happened to own some of the land in question. Similarly, when John Baker tried to have a bit of whooping-crane territory set aside on St. Joseph Island, he was defeated by a man who used the site for duck blinds. The addition of territory was only one of many recommendations that Allen had made. He felt that there was a great need for more refuges along the migration route, and he also kept urging further study of the still mysterious areas in the cranes' life cycle. For Aransas, better protection against poachers, more precautions against water pollution, and improvement of the food supply were high on his list. Since his study and the Coöperative Whooping Crane Project had both been undertaken in order to help the whooping crane survive in the wild, he could not understand why his recommendations were consistently ignored. His monograph, he sadly came to feel, might as well never have been written. Once it was completed, his official work for the cranes had ended, and it was up to the Bureau to implement his findings. Allen, as Research Director of the National Audubon Society, had turned to other tasks, notably a study of flamingoes, but he continued to worry about the cranes, and from time to time tried to stir up action on their behalf.

In 1959, Allen visited Aransas and wrote an angry report on conditions there to Baker. "The whooping cranes are pretty much left to shift for themselves. . . . Entire crews with their families, housing provided, live on Aransas to look after the oil interests, the cattle interests, and the administrative affairs of the area, but not one solitary soul is there to tend to the welfare of the wintering whoopers." In the same memo he wrote, "All of the old difficulties are still present . . . still unsolved. Trespass violations and buzzing by low-flying aircraft are completely out of hand. There seems to be no official consciousness of these problems and no long-range plan for dealing with them." The lack of solicitude for the cranes stemmed, of course, from the fact that Aransas was not officially a whooping-crane refuge but rather a waterfowl refuge, catering to large numbers of economically valuable ducks and geese. Thus the cranes' welfare was incidental in the operation of the Refuge and concern for them fluctuated according to the attitudes of whatever officials happened to be in charge. In another memo, Allen urged Baker to try once more to seek additional territory for the cranes on Matagorda and St. Joseph. In this, Baker was at last partly successful. In 1960, the National Audubon Society was able to lease a portion of Matagorda and put it under the care of a full-time warden.

Ironically, the whoopers themselves were responsible for some of the human encroachment at Aransas. Publicity had made the birds a tourist attraction. Thousands of visitors came every year to climb an observation tower for a glimpse of their white shapes dotting the marsh. Two excursion boats sailed the Waterway, bringing bird watchers within a short distance of the feeding whoopers. The nearest bayside town, Rockport, was expanding rapidly as a hunting, fishing, and bird-watching center. Along the adjacent highway, the gay little flags of developers marked spots where bulldozers would roll into the brushland. Thus, when Allen visited Aransas in 1959 he found it far dif-

Fashion sense tells you it's
BEVERLY PAIGE
1407 Broadway, New York 18

Furniture for Gracious Living

Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 35¢ Dept. N.
UNION-NATIONAL INC. JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

Year 'round choice of particular people
HOTEL TECALI
In Mexico City
To entertain the discriminating visitor,
Mexico's most luxurious hotel offers:
25 Two-Level Suites
for two or four persons
On lower level: spacious living room, bar, kitchenette, small bathroom with shower, and terrace.
On upper level: bedroom, dressing room, big marble bath with steam cabinet and shower.
At star level, on the 16th floor, restaurant and bar command a thrilling view, and a famous continental cuisine conspires to help you enjoy it.
See your travel agent, or write for illustrated folder.
HOTEL TECALI
Mariano Escobedo 736
Mexico 5, D.F. Mexico
Cable Address: HOTECALI

You'll Love all of Mexico when you fly Aeronaves de Mexico

To see Mexico is to love it. The best way is via the Super DC-8C Fan Jets of Aeronaves de Mexico. The flight's non-stop from New York; and you'll revel in the wonderful "Welcome, amigo!" atmosphere on board.

Our colorful new folder spotlights much of Mexico, its principal spas and beaches, pre-Columbian treasures, colonial masterpieces, and modern pace. See civilizations old when Columbus found the New World. See resorts such as Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta, lesser known luxury spots like La Paz. You'll find fishing, skin-diving, al fresco dining and dancing, plus bargains for any budget.

There's a lot to love in Mexico. Tell your **travel agent** to start with an Aeronaves de Mexico jet flight; then he'll route you around Mexico for a round of pleasure. Write for our new folder today—you'll love it!

You'll Love
all of Mexico
via Aeronaves de Mexico

Please send Heart Folder about all of Mexico.

Name __________________

Address __________________

City ______________

State __________

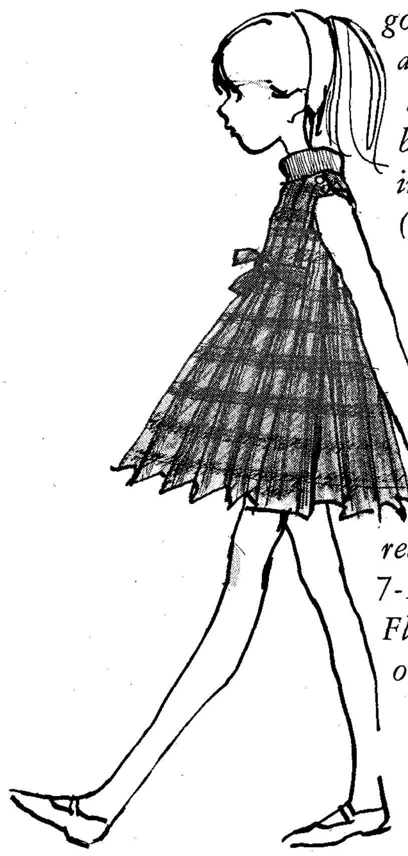
Zip _______

AERONAVES DE MEXICO
MEXICO'S LARGEST AIRLINE

13 West 50th Street • New York • BR 9-9700

Serving the United States, Canada, Europe, Central and South America with the world's most modern jets.

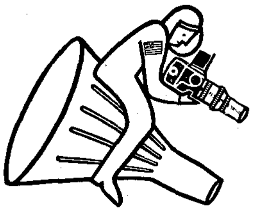
Offices: Boston • Caracas • Detroit • El Paso • Hartford • Los Angeles Madrid • Miami • Montreal • Newark • New York • Panama • Phoenix Rome • San Diego • San Francisco • Toronto • Tucson.



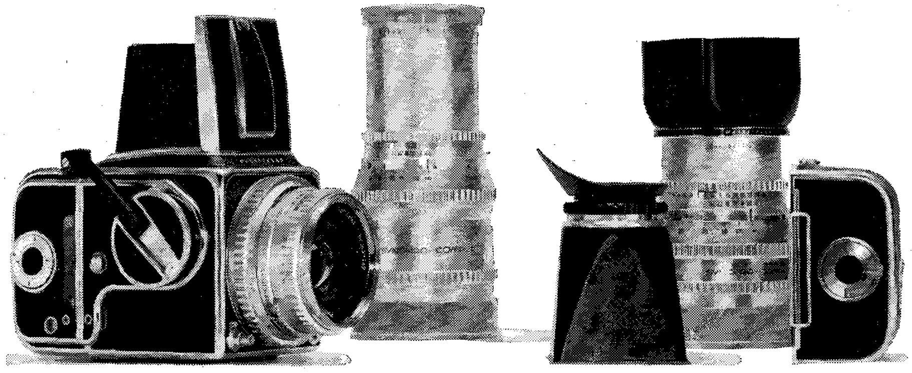
Hi, I'm Debby, and Boys & Girls is where we got my new jumper. It's red and green plaid and has lots of pleats front and back—just like the man wore in the parade we saw. (Why does Daddy like that AWFUL NOISE?) Only my pleats go all the way to the top, and have a green tie. Wool and cotton flannel. 2-4, $20; 3-6X, $25; 7-12, $30. Cotton knit shirt, red or white. 2-4, 3-6X, $4; 7-14, $5. Both are by Florence Eiseman, and are on the 6th Floor of BG.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Or your Mommy can order by mail or phone, but please add 55c beyond delivery area.



THE HASSELBLAD SYSTEM HAS BEEN USED IN 10 MANNED SPACE FLIGHTS SINCE 1962



—including the thrilling "space walk" flight. It is the most rugged, reliable 2¼" x 2¼" single lens reflex camera in the world. You'll find Hasselblad invaluable for your own picture taking—with over 100 combinations of interchangeable lenses, camera backs and accessories, you build as advanced a system as you wish...Explore new worlds of sight and photographic expression as only "the system" can offer you. Begin your exploration with the Hasselblad catalog—it describes the complete system. Write: Paillard Inc., 1900 Lower Road, Linden, N.J. 07036.

HASSELBLAD

ferent from the wild, lonely emptiness he had known a few years before. It was obvious that getting more space for the cranes would become increasingly difficult, and he wrote, "Each pair and family requires approximately four hundred acres. This fact I have checked and rechecked. If the flock increases to a hundred birds, where are they to winter? . . . It is something we've been trying to interest the [Bureau of] Fish and Wildlife in taking seriously." In 1960, he wrote, in an article in *Audubon Magazine*, "Do we really want to save the whooping crane?. . . For the first time, there is grave doubt by some people whether, for all our pious words to the contrary, we can continue to provide sanctuary for large, wilderness-seeking species like the whooping crane." Here Allen at last seemed to be on the verge of admitting that defeat might be inevitable, no matter how he or anyone else labored to preserve *Grus americana.*

In June, 1960, Allen retired from the National Audubon Society in order to work on his own writing and research. He continued to feel strongly about the cranes, which had come to symbolize some of his deepest moral beliefs about conservation, but he knew that there was little further he could do for them. His outspoken criticism of the Bureau for its failure to pay more attention to the wild birds and his opposition to any interference with them for the purpose of breeding captives had made his advice unwelcome in Washington, and he was seldom consulted. On June 28, 1963, almost precisely three years after his retirement, Allen died of a heart attack at his home in Florida. He was fifty-eight.

THE 1959 breeding season at New Orleans was a tantalizing affair. By mid-February, Josephine had laid two eggs. She proceeded to break them deliberately with her bill and, picking up the pieces, deposit them in the water trough. This strange act was more ominous than anyone then realized. Scott was sent for, and arrived as Josephine was laying a second clutch of eggs. Birds will usually lay new eggs to replace those removed from their nests—a fact that aviculturists trade on to induce captives to lay several clutches. By taking Josephine's eggs and placing them in an incubator, Scott persuaded her to lay a total of seven that season. Of these, only two appear to have been viable, and none hatched. One contained a fully formed dead chick that had been unable to escape from the shell. This news was a particular blow to the other would-be breeders of whooping cranes, who now banded together in an organization they later named the Whooping Crane Conservation Association. This group dedicated itself to trying to convince the Bureau of two things: first, wild whoopers must be captured before the species expired, and, second, the Bureau must somehow wrest the present captives from Douglass's grip and—since, in the opinion of the group, "There was no record of talent in artificial propagation reflected among personnel in Government agencies"—distribute them among other zoos. Thus prodded, the Bureau officials again consulted their legal adviser. This time, he not only reaffirmed Douglass's legal title to Josephine but also ruled that George, Georgette, and Pepper belonged to New Orleans—more or less according to the principle that gives a divorced mother custody of her children. The 1960 breeding season brought no consolation. Josephine laid five eggs, from which two chicks hatched, only to succumb to aspergillosis. The following spring, however, one of Josephine's eggs hatched a healthy young whooping crane, the fourth to survive. It was named Peewee.

A particular difficulty in breeding whooping cranes in captivity is the problem of determining the sex of individual birds. By 1961, George and Georgette were approaching what was presumed to be maturity but they still refused to give positive clues to their gender. When they were penned together, they showed nothing but hostility. Pepper was similarly noncommittal. This situation was a source of exasperation to those at the Bureau who hoped someday to find a mate for the lonely Rosie, in San Antonio. Whenever the Bureau suggested that Douglass send one of his young cranes on an experimental visit to San Antonio, he invariably replied that he didn't know which one to send but would cheerfully welcome Rosie at New Orleans. At length, goaded by the aviculturists, the Bureau set a biologist to work to devise a means of discovering the sex of a whooping crane. The biologist chosen was Mrs. Roxie Laybourne, a tall, dark-haired woman with a soft Georgia drawl, and in due course she designed an instrument that she called a cloacascope, which enabled her to make the necessary examination. To hold the bird during this procedure, she designed a crane jacket, of Canton flannel with a zipper down the front. In the spring of 1962, having experimented on sandhill cranes to confirm the safety and reliability of her method, Mrs. Laybourne packed her equipment and journeyed south to visit the captive whoopers. When she reached the New Orleans zoo, she was told that Douglass was not in and had left word that she was on no account to lay hands on his cranes. Sadly, Mrs. Laybourne went on to San Antonio, where she was welcomed by Stark. She found Rosie to be a female, as Stark had guessed. By turning away Mrs. Laybourne, Douglass had, of course, successfully postponed the sending of any young cranes to San Antonio, but he had also condemned himself to continued uncertainty about the sex of his four young birds, and he had involved himself in a further dilemma as well. Although he was as anxious as anyone else to raise young whoopers—and fully aware that he needed expert advice—in refusing the Bureau access to the birds he had cut himself off from official help.

An offer of aid came to Douglass from an unexpected quarter. A salesman for the Ralston Purina Company, which sold the zoo a product called Game Bird Chow, offered him the use of the company's avicultural laboratory in St. Louis. In April, 1962, at New Orleans, Josephine hatched a chick with a defective leg tendon. It was flown to St. Louis for an operation, and died on the operating table at the Ralston laboratory. Josephine's next two eggs were also flown to St. Louis, and in both cases the embryos died in the shell. Next, a young crane hatched at New Orleans and died within a week. Another egg was broken by Crip; it contained a dead chick. News of this series of disasters infuriated people who were interested in preserving the cranes. Dr. Ripley, for one, wrote irate letters to Frank Briggs, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, protesting "the travesty" at New Orleans and again urging legal steps to take the cranes from Douglass, "who . . . seems to have taken extraordinary pains to jeopardize the future of this species in captivity." Briggs replied by reiterating the solicitor's legal opinion and adding, in essence, that the Bureau did not wish to antagonize Douglass, since it believed it could catch more flies—or hatch more cranes—with honey than with vinegar.

While things were going downhill at New Orleans, the luck of the wild cranes improved further, if only briefly. In 1960, the Bureau at last made a start on the biological studies that Allen had urged ten years before. And at Aransas that winter, when heavy rains

"I never knew vitamins and minerals were haute cuisine."
Vionate TABLETS FOR PETS
says canine gourmet about

Vionate Tablets

FOR PETS

YES—Vionate® Tablets not only taste wonderful to dogs but are wonderful for them! You'll think Vionate Tablets are wonderful, too, when you see how they help *your* dog develop vital good health, fine coat, strong bones and teeth...and how easily you feed them by hand. Only one tablet per day for a 20-25 lb. dog.

Or maybe you prefer Vionate for Pets Powder for mixing with food. Either form, Vionate contains 21 vitamins and minerals (including vitamin C to help prevent skeletal scurvy in dogs) in scientific balance for dogs of all ages and breeds. The Guaranteed Analysis is proof of potency. Get Vionate from your pet shop or pharmacy—today. (Vionate is wonderful for pussy-cats, too!)

Free booklet about canine nutrition. Write Squibb, Veterinary Dept., 745 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, INC.

SQUIBB – A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

What golf ball was #1 choice in this year's Big 3?

Titleist 3

®

TITLEIST

Same ball that's been #1 on the tour for the past 18 years. And remember: nobody's paid to play Titleist Golf Balls.

TOURNAMENT	PLAYING TITLEIST	PLAYING NEXT BALL
MASTERS	28	21
US OPEN	60	25
PGA	62	30
TOTAL	150	76

ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS
Sold thru golf course pro shops only

interfered with the cranes' food supplies, the manager was instructed to provide supplementary grain. The cranes showed their appreciation by staying within the boundaries of the Refuge instead of wandering nearby in search of food. Then, in 1961, in Canada, an important victory was won when the protests of the cranes' admirers caused the government to alter the route of a projected railroad that would have crossed their nesting ground.

In the spring of 1962, a record flock of thirty-eight whoopers migrated, but they were met by cold, wet weather in Canada. Their nesting that summer was a failure, and, more sad, six adults were lost. Then, on their return to Aransas, the whoopers became innocent bystanders of the Cuban missile crisis. Late in 1962, the Air Force stepped up the bombing practice on Matagorda Island, using explosives that shook the ground for miles around. The Refuge manager first warned Washington of the danger to the cranes and then reported that four whoopers were missing from the Refuge. Though the Bureau assigned a biologist to investigate their disappearance, no white-feathered corpses were found. This meant that the biologist was unable to pin the loss on the Air Force, but his report warned:

> It appears we should take a long hard look at the entire situation. At almost any hour of the day or night the area is a beehive of . . . activity, ranging from oyster dredges to SAC bombers. A constant stream of boat and barge traffic moves through the Intercoastal Canal, and oil exploration and drilling continue to increase in waters near the Refuge. The question is, How much disturbance can the whooping crane tolerate without creating obscure psychological effects which eventually will cause the entire population to scatter and disappear? . . . There is no evidence [that the missing whoopers] were lost due to the bombing program on Matagorda. Yet this activity, as well as others on the wintering grounds, must be curtailed if the whoopers are to receive sanctuary and maximum safety.

The next summer was comparatively kind to the twenty-eight whooping cranes that survived the perils of the Refuge. The flock lost only two birds and triumphantly added seven, for a total of thirty-three. That autumn, their symbolic, if not their real, status was indicated in a statement by Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall. "The good news on the flock's growth is heartening evidence that thoughtful men can help undo the ravages of thoughtlessness," he told the press. Perhaps he should have added a line giving some credit to the tenacity of the cranes. The winter months of 1963-64 were, fortunately, more peaceful than the previous ones. The acorn crop was good, and the birds were given supplementary feedings of grain. The only untoward event was the discovery of an immature whooper, dead, near the Waterway. That year, visitors continued to arrive at the Refuge in droves; in 1963 more than twenty-five thousand people came to Aransas for a look at the famous birds.

In the summer of 1964, the Canadian Wildlife Service, which had assigned a biologist named Nicholas S. Novakowski to make occasional survey flights over the cranes' nests, reported that he had seen five young birds. Checking up on them by helicopter in September, he noticed that one of the youngsters appeared to be crippled. This news was telegraphed to the chiefs of the two wildlife services, and within a few hours Novakowski had been instructed to capture the cripple. The next day, Novakowski and two assistants landed in a helicopter near the bird, and cornered it easily. It was surprisingly unresistant as they wrapped it in sacking and put it in a cage. It was flown to Edmonton, where a veterinary repaired a dislocated wing and removed a sliver of charred wood from the breast muscle. He guessed that the young bird had struck a burned tree while learning to fly. The little whooper remained quite unafraid, and its captors concluded that it mistook people for larger whooping cranes. By now, the United States Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife had on its staff a qualified aviculturist, and he transported the captive to a Bureau research station at Monte Vista, Colorado, where it was named Lady Bird. Soon, however, it was strong enough for a session with Mrs. Laybourne, and she pronounced Lady Bird to be a male. The name Lyndon Bird was rejected by officials mindful of Presidential dignity, and Lady Bird became Canus—a combination of "Canada" and "U.S." When the cranes returned to Aransas in November, 1964, it became clear they had pulled off another of their astonishing feats of recovery. All thirty-two had survived, and they had brought back the magnificent total of ten young.

In the past few years, a number of things have happened that will play a part in determining how many journeys

Come hither.

The Digest has more come hither, any way an advertiser looks at it. More than the second magazine, in each case, right down the list. In fact, The Digest offers advertisers by far the biggest, richest market in the world:

More big spenders. (76% more in homes earning $15,000 and up)

More in-homers. (63% more in-home readers)

More out-of-homers. (20% more who took 3 or more trips last year)

More daredevils. (22% more "venturesome" people)

More grown-up readers. (111% more 18 years of age and over)

More of the gentlemen. (101% more)

More of the ladies. (71% more)

More *young* ladies. (35% more 18 to 34)

More cosmopolitan people. (82% more in metropolitan areas)

More car nuts. (87% more 2-car families)

More live-it-up homemakers. (26% more heavy users of soap for fine fabrics)

More well-groomed grooms. (22% more men who use spray shoe polish)

More well-educated people. (23% more who went to college)

More top brass. (85% more business owners and officials)

More homeowners. (90% more)

Reader's Digest

More thoughtful providers. (63% more who bought additional life insurance last year)

More furniture buyers. (67% more who spent $200 or more last year)

More cool people. (73% more air conditioner owners)

More painted ladies. (21% more heavy users of nail polish)

More reason, all in all, to quote our sources:

Politz, The Audiences of Twelve Magazines; Brand Rating Index; Starch Consumer Magazine Report.

BUT *less* cost per thousand. (Almost half that of any other general magazine for a four-color page)

More of everything for advertisers. Because The Digest has more for its readers than any other magazine. More articles that have something to say now. And something to say months—even years—from now. More articles of lasting interest for the most interesting—and most interested—people. Everywhere.

(We have more come hither than anyone.)

WORLD'S BEST SELLER

lie ahead for *Grus americana*. The catalogue of dangers to the species is, of course, simply a selection of what are known as the pressures of our times. In Texas, new dams and canals may change the food supply at Aransas. New encroachments may shrink the cranes' territory. In Canada, the security of the nesting ground may be breached by commercial projects. On the birds' migration route, hunting—a paramount menace, encouraged by the firearms industry and by "sportsmen's" clubs—increases every year, and the wildlife services of the United States and Canada, yielding to pressure from sportsmen and from wheat farmers, who complain about crop depredation, have opened seasons on the sandhill crane. This puts the whoopers in added danger during the fall migration in Canada, where whoopers may mingle with sandhills.

Happily, not all the pressures are destructive ones. There is at last something that might be called counterpressure. Conservation is again taken seriously in Washington, where politicians are becoming aware that bird watchers also vote. The result is that for causes like that of the whooping crane there is now money available that simply wasn't there before. The Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, which Congress had long compelled to dance to the tune called by sportsmen and farmers, has responded gladly to the change. Specifically in the case of the crane it has made improvements at Aransas—planting patches of grain, patrolling against poachers, and, in general, showing the attitude of concern for which Allen pleaded so long. And, what is more important, in November, 1964, Secretary Udall announced a program designed to save from extinction not only whooping cranes but a number of other species that are now in danger. In early 1965, Congress allotted three hundred and fifty thousand dollars to start this project, which is known as the Endangered Wildlife Research Program. A laboratory has been set up and staffed at the Patuxent Wildlife Research Center in Laurel, Maryland, and here Canus is now in residence. Here, too, biologists are experimenting with sandhill cranes in pilot studies that they hope will show them not only how to rear whooping cranes in captivity but how to release them to the wild. It has thus far been determined that trapping wild birds, either young or adult, is far too hazardous to be practical, but that there is a good proportion of survivors when eggs are removed from the nests of wild

New Varustaja canvas suits from Marimekko®. The coat is red, green or gray on white and is fully lined, $87. Skirt to match, $20. Slacks in white on red or green, $36. Sizes 6–12. Design Research, Cambridge, Mass. New York and San Francisco. **Design Research**

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC
NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE...SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER...ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

First Family of Photographers
Bachrach
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PL 5-6233
Also The Mall at Short Hills, New Jersey

VIRTUTE NON VERBIS
Internationally Famous Restaurant
with a tradition of Elegance
HOTEL Shelburne
BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY
NEW YORK PHONE (Local Call) RE 2-5450
or ATlantic City 344-8131

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining...and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"
HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400
Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

birds and artificially incubated. The next phase, concerned with various techniques of releasing the birds to the wild, will be undertaken as soon as the sandhill cranes in the Patuxent experimental flock are sufficiently mature. Meanwhile, Bureau biologists have worked out a careful plan for taking eggs from the nests of wild whooping cranes once its facilities and staff have been fully tested. By taking only six eggs in a season, they expect to keep damage to the flock at a minimum and to build up a large captive breeding flock, which may in time produce enough whoopers to permit experiments showing how they can be sent back to the wild. Since whooping cranes are slow to mature, it may be ten to fifteen years before this point is reached.

When this scheme was first announced, two years ago, the avicultural group was greatly pleased with it, and has ceased to argue for the capture of wild whoopers. The National Audubon Society gave the plan a guarded reception, feeling that the return of the birds to the wild must be the only true goal. The Society was concerned not only over whether that *could* be done but whether it *would* be done. It was possible, the Society's officers felt, that once tame whooping cranes were safely established in captivity, the pressure to save the species would be withdrawn, and it might then be convenient to skip the final, difficult step of releasing the birds. At length, however, the Society accepted the Bureau's assurances of sincerity, and last year it gave its approval to the Bureau's plan. Thus, for the first time in many years the members of the whooping-crane circle were united. To a present-day observer looking back on their roles in whooping-crane history, it seems that the avicultural group accomplished what the National Audubon Society was unable to—namely, forcing the Bureau to take the fate of the cranes seriously—while the Society's staunch defense of the wild flock prevented premature meddling that might have been fatal.

GEORGE DOUGLASS's unhappy experience with the Ralston Purina Company apparently both chastened him and stiffened the Bureau's spine, for in the spring of 1963 the two parties concluded an agreement by which Douglass would surrender one of Josephine's eggs to the Bureau for incubation. But now Josephine, who had performed so nobly for so many seasons, intensified her strange behavior, pecking most of her eggs to bits as soon

Big Cruise Choice

Cunard cruises can spirit you away for a few days or a few months of restful, zestful, far-flung adventure in the most intriguing places on the globe. And Cunard fills every memorable moment with freewheeling fun, fantastic food, and impeccable *British* service...all in the *bargain*. Stop dreaming. Start doing. Make your choice. Mail the coupon. Today!

Around the World Cruise from New York (or Florida)

Jan. 26, 1967 (Jan. 29, from Ft. Lauderdale) *Caronia*, 95 days, $2,895 up.

Indian Summer Cruise from New York

Oct. 28, 1966 *Queen Elizabeth* (Bermuda, Southern Europe, Africa, West Indies) 25 days, $780 up.

Mediterranean Cruises from New York

Aug. 26, 1966	*Caronia,*	31 days,	$895 up.
Sept. 29, 1966	*Caronia,*	61 days,	$1,175 up.
Feb. 21, 1967	*Queen Elizabeth,*	37 days,	$1,350 up.
May 5, 1967	*Caronia,*	41 days,	$1,175 up.

Nassau Cruises from New York

Dec. 22, 1966	*Queen Elizabeth,*	5 days,	$160 up.	(Christmas Cruise)
Dec. 28, 1966	*Queen Elizabeth,*	5 days,	$160 up.	(New Year's Cruise)
Feb. 17, 1967	*Queen Mary,*	5 days,	$150 up.	(Washington's Birthday Cruise)

West Indies Cruises from New York

Dec. 23, 1966	*Franconia,*	10 days,	$275 up.
Jan. 4, 1967	*Queen Elizabeth,*	11 days,	$330 up.
Jan. 17, 1967	*Queen Elizabeth,*	15 days,	$490 up.
Feb. 3, 1967	*Queen Elizabeth,*	15 days,	$490 up.

West Indies Cruises from Florida (Ft. Lauderdale)

Dec. 22, 1966	*Carmania,*	11 days,	$315 up.
Jan. 3, 1967	*Carmania,*	6 days,	$140 up.
Jan. 7, 1967	*Franconia,*	9 days,	$200 up.
Jan. 10, 1967	*Carmania,*	12 days,	$310 up.
Jan. 18, 1967	*Franconia,*	11 days,	$275 up.
Jan. 24, 1967	*Carmania,*	12 days,	$310 up.
Jan. 30, 1967	*Franconia,*	13 days,	$340 up.
Feb. 7, 1967	*Carmania,*	17 days,	$485 up.
Feb. 13, 1967	*Franconia,*	15 days,	$430 up.
Feb. 25, 1967	*Carmania,*	15 days,	$430 up.
Mar. 2, 1967	*Franconia,*	14 days,	$400 up.
Mar. 14, 1967	*Carmania,*	12 days,	$310 up.
Mar. 28, 1967	*Carmania,*	10 days,	$260 up.
Apr. 8, 1967	*Carmania,*	8 days,	$195 up.
Apr. 17, 1967	*Carmania,*	8 days,	$195 up.

Cunard Cruises

All Cunard liners are of British Registry...you'll appreciate the difference.

See your travel agent or Cunard

Cunard Cruises, Dept. NYM, 25 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10004.

Please send free literature on the following Cunard Cruises:

Ship____________________

Sailing date (s)____________________

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________State________Zip Code________

My travel agent is____________________

Minimum rates subject to space availability.

Get to know
John Widdicomb furniture
See it at any
John Widdicomb showroom
through your dealer
or decorator

John Widdicomb
MAKERS OF FINE FURNITURE FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY

NEW YORK, 205 EAST 58th ST.
PHILADELPHIA, 2301 CHESTNUT ST.
GRAND RAPIDS, EXHIBITORS BLDG.

CHICAGO • CINCINNATI • CLEVELAND • DALLAS • DENVER • HOUSTON
INDIANAPOLIS • PITTSBURGH • ST. LOUIS • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

Bring a gourmet's appetite when you visit Houston

Treat yourself to quail a la Jacqueline . . . lump crabmeat . . . Danish scampi . . . or the legendary prime rib of beef for which The Flag Room of The Rice has become so famous. And make your meal even more memorable with a wine from The Flag Room's superb cellar—Corton Charlemagne, for example, or Chateau Lafite-Rothschild. Cuisine to be remembered is just one of the reasons why The Rice is Houston's traditional host. Stay at The Rice on your next visit to Houston, and discover all the other pleasant reasons. *Singles from $8.00; doubles from $11.50*

THE RICE HOTEL

In New York City, phone Spring 7-5080
or see your travel agent.

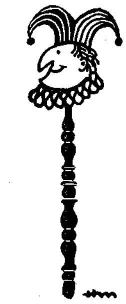
Read What A Famous Authority Says About America's Most Distinguished Steak House Restaurant

"My all-time favorite . . . the ultimate in steak with all the trimmings . . . attracts the pick of the stars of the entertainment world."

— Earl Blackwell, International Epicure
Originator of Celebrity Service in
Hollywood, New York, Paris,
London and Rome.

Bruno's
PEN and PENCIL
205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660 John C. Bruno

as they were laid. Finally, one was snatched from her and delivered to the Bureau, but, unhappily, it was infertile. The next season, a Bureau biologist named Eugene Knoder retrieved Josephine's first two eggs, but once again inadequate knowledge of whooping-crane biology led to failure. Apparently because the eggs were incubated without proper cooling periods, the chicks hatched prematurely and died. By now, Josephine had been in captivity for twenty-four years, and, though no one knows the reproductive span of whooping cranes, it seemed that she might be reaching the end. Therefore, in the spring of 1964 the Bureau accepted Douglass's offer to receive Rosie at New Orleans, in the hope that she might take the torch from the failing Josephine. Before Rosie was moved, however, the Bureau obtained a firm legal agreement that any offspring would belong to the federal government.



The summer passed uneventfully at New Orleans, and then, on November 10, 1964, whooping-crane circles were startled by the news that George Douglass had suddenly died. He was fifty-seven years old. An obituary by the Associated Press, which appeared throughout the nation, identified him as the only man ever to raise whooping cranes in captivity—an indisputable fact that will no doubt win him a place in ornithological annals. It is fair to guess that the whooping crane brought this vain, often likable, often exasperating man some of his most glowing moments of satisfaction and also some moments when he wished he had never heard the name *Grus americana*.

Douglass's successor, a prosperous New Orleans businessman named William R. Pohlmann, welcomed Bureau representatives to the zoo. Mrs. Laybourne hurried down and made the important discovery that three of the young whooping cranes were males, Peewee being a female. It was arranged that the birds would remain at New Orleans but that their care would be closely supervised by Knoder. New pens were built, at Bureau expense, and the cranes were at last given plenty of green grass, running water, and—equally important—room for dancing. The spring of 1965, however, brought forth no additional young whoopers. Rosie mated but did not nest. Peewee remained hostile to her brothers. Only Josephine, the old *grande dame*, did her part, but of the three eggs she laid just one was fertile, and the chick died in its shell two days before hatching was due.

On Thursday, September 9, 1965, Hurricane Betsy drove directly upon the city of New Orleans. As the barometer fell, the scene at the zoo was one of frantic battening down and shifting of animals to safe quarters. Oddly, most wild birds and animals, when faced with a natural catastrophe, become very tractable—almost as in the story of the Ark. Birds have hollow bones and air sacs sensitive to atmospheric pressure, which apparently act as aneroid barometers; as the pressure drops the birds grow nervous, but at hurricane lows they become almost numb. Thus, the keepers were easily able to move the whooping cranes to shelter. The birds were taken across the grounds singly, with one keeper in front holding the bill and another on each side holding the wings. To prevent the cranes' being trapped together in one damaged building, they were separated. Josephine and Crip were shut in a corridor next to the cage of a giraffe. As the wind rose to full hurricane force and trees began to crash, the zoo's human inhabitants retreated to the administration building to spend the night. By midnight, the storm had passed, but the tangle of wreckage around the buildings was so thick that it was dawn before the men were able to reach the cranes. They found that all had come through safely—and so had all the zoo's large animals—but that the once lovely park was a ghastly tangle of uprooted trees.

The day after the storm, the cranes were returned to their outdoor quarters, which had come through undamaged, and if the birds were unduly excited by the strange aspect of their surroundings or by the crews of men clearing debris, no one noticed it. Then, three days after the storm, a helicopter dropped low over the zoo. At the noise, the cranes first crouched down, then began to dash about their pens. Their whoops could be heard throughout the grounds, and Buras came running to quiet them. As he reached their enclosure, Josephine gathered herself as though for a mighty effort of escape, and, half running, half flying, with all the remaining power in her pinioned wings, hurled herself into the air. She hit the fence with the full weight of her body. The wire mesh threw her back, but she rose and battered herself against it, until, by the time Buras reached her, her wing bones were rubbed raw. Finally, the helicopter moved on, and Josephine became quiet. She did not appear to have suffered any serious injury, but the following morning, September 13th, a keeper who came to feed the cranes found her lying on the ground. Josephine was dead.

In November, 1965, the wild cranes came back to Aransas bringing eight young. They had lost six, but the net gain of two increased the flock to forty-four—by far the highest number since records had begun to be kept at Aransas, twenty-seven years earlier. Their winter was peaceful, and this April they began the incredible flight to their nesting grounds. There, in June, the Canadian Wildlife Service reported sighting four chicks. If the fates are kind to the cranes, they, and their young, will come back to Aransas in the fall. It is possible to imagine them as they end their long flight. We know that mysteriously, from high in the air, the birds sense the presence beneath them of the small patches of sand and water that are theirs. They brake their flight and descend, floating down in narrower and narrower spirals. For an instant before a whooping crane touches the ground, its huge wings seem to hold it motionless in the air. Its legs stretch out, reaching for the earth, and then it settles. Its great, tapered shining-white body comes down so softly that it seems as though it could light upon an egg and not break it. Those who have seen this say it is a marvellous thing.

—Faith McNulty

•

Dear Mr. E——:
You have never received a letter like this in your entire life. If you put this in your waste basket, then put your waste basket in your safe.—*Letter received by a man in Texas.*

Then put the the safe in the river and you're all set.

•

Dr. Billy Graham, seen by nearly one million Britons during his month-long London crusade, warned the Angelican church Tuesday to Evangelize or "you will parish."—*Columbus (Ohio) Citizen-Journal.*

He's a fast one with the jokes, that Billy.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the San Francisco Sunday Chronicle*]

As State School Superintendent Max Rafferty put it, "When you take off this straight jacket, you introduce a lot of wild cards into the game on which we will have to ride herd."

Before you say tequila, say "Olé!"

Olé Tequila makes the best Margaritas in town! Lightly salt the moistened rim of a cocktail glass. Shake an ounce of dry, delicious Olé Tequila, ½ ounce of Triple Sec and an ounce of lime or lemon juice with cracked ice. Strain and serve.

Olé
Imported
Olé Tequila
MADE IN MEXICO

OLÉ TEQUILA 80 AND 100 PROOF • © OLÉ PRODUCTS CO., FRESNO, CALIF., AND SCHENLEY, PA.

IMPORTED
ST. JOHNS BAY RUM
VIRGIN ISLANDS
IMPORTED
ST. JOHNS
WEST INDIAN
LIME COLOGNE
MASCULINE

TWO HONEST SCENTS FOR THE MALE

St. Johns® authentic Lime Cologne and St. Johns genuine Bay Rum in native woven bottles. Made by the West Indies Bay Company, St. Thomas, V. I.

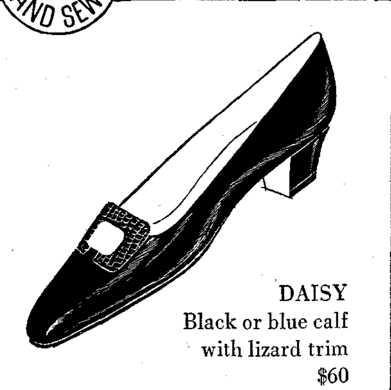
For name of nearest store, write our U. S. office, 680 Fifth Ave., New York City

De Busschere

Belgian Shoes

HAND MADE · HAND SEWN

MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President



DAISY
Black or blue calf
with lizard trim
$60

Classic, timeless styling.
Brochure on request

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

JAMAICA

Imagine a private sugar-white beach.

Almost as long as Central Park is wide. Over two times as long as the longest crosstown block. Over five times as long as the Statue of Liberty stands high. Almost twice as long as the longest ocean liner in the world.

Then, imagine having your own private villa or room on this 1700-ft. private sugar white beach of a hotel called Bay Roc. On the Caribbean. At Montego Bay, Jamaica. See your travel agent or call Utell International, New York. Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Miami. In N.Y.: JU 2-3226

BAY ROC

Superlative Setting for gracious Dining

AL FARBER'S
CHÂTEAU
LE BOEUF
OPEN 5 p.m.
CHICAGO

in the BELDEN-STRATFORD HOTEL 2300 N. LINCOLN PARK WEST LA 5-7375

THE CURRENT CINEMA

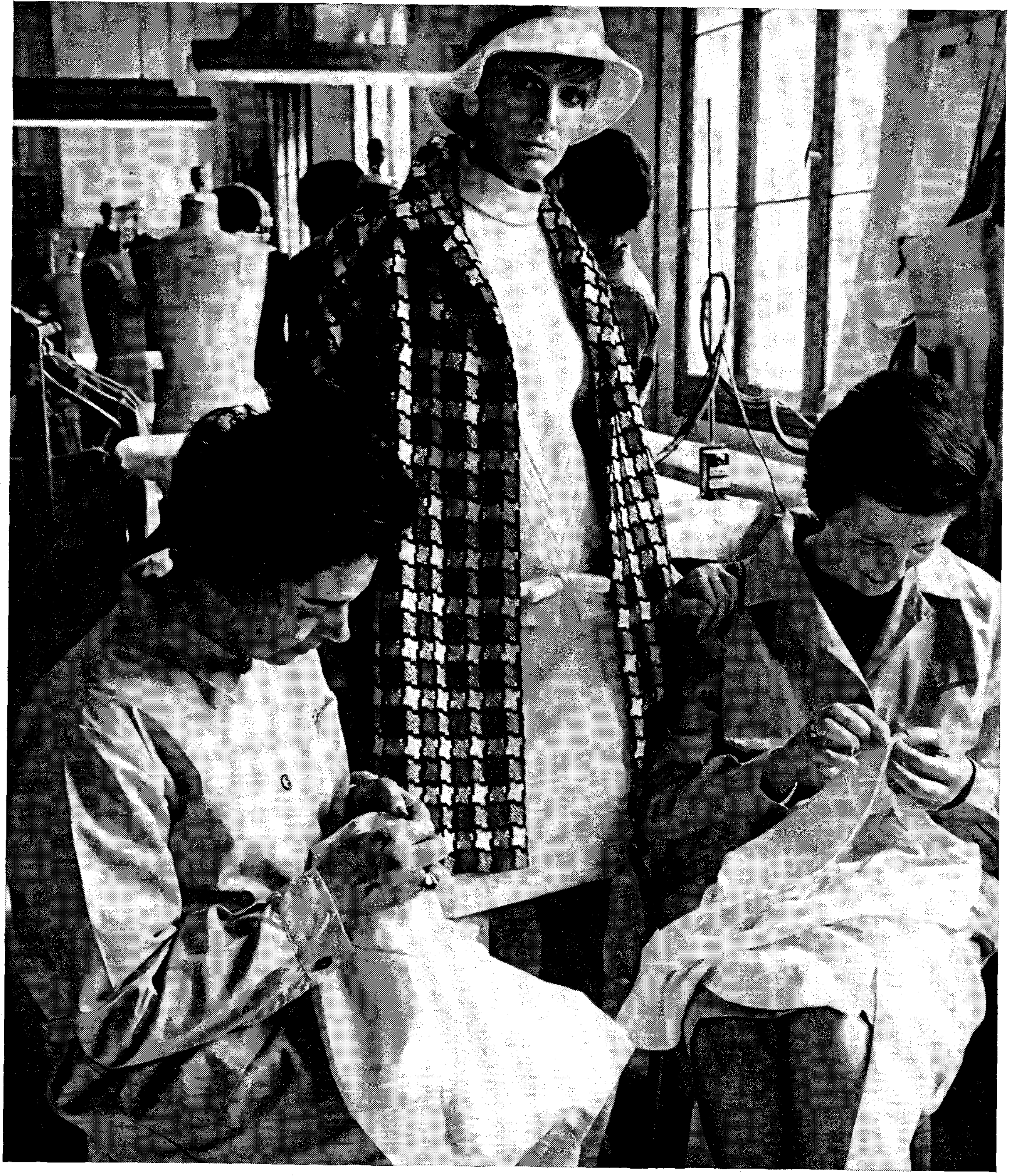
Hitchcock and Richardson

ALFRED HITCHCOCK uses film as an instrument for playing upon the nervous system of his audience. His films awaken little emotional response, and they have no intellectual content—only a sensory keying up and playing down, and, at certain moments, a kind of humorous release at seeing technique work. In this he may have caught an element of the modern sensibility: not so much moved, or even interested, as subject to cold, rising and diminishing tensions. A whole audience has been trained by Hitchcock, for better or worse, to endure even the most brutal excesses of his more recent films (to arrive on *time* for them, in fact; no one was permitted to enter "Psycho" late and disturb the sado-masochistic orgy in progress), and a whole generation of filmmakers has learned from the great technical innovations of his earlier ones. Hitchcock's fiftieth film, "Torn Curtain," however, is very bad. The story is preposterous without being at all inventive, and the script, by Brian Moore, is adequate except at pivotal moments, when it founders in plot exposition, and except for character parts, like that of a bodyguard (played by Wolfgang Kieling) whose lines, intended to be funny and menacing, are neither, and flat. For approximately the first third of the film, we are expected to wonder whether Paul Newman, playing an American nuclear physicist, has really defected to East Germany, leaving his ideals and his fiancée, Julie Andrews, behind; later on, we are expected to wonder whether Mr. Newman will wring a secret formula out of a funny old professor in Leipzig before his attempt is discovered by the East German security police; and, finally, we are expected to wonder whether Mr. Newman and Miss Andrews (who has followed him) will get safely home. At no point do we wonder any of these things. From time to time, the music—usually so effective in exacerbating the nerves in spy and horror films—warns us that something terrible will happen, but it doesn't matter. There is a rather hideous, protracted killing performed by Paul Newman in concert with a female member of an underground organization called Pi (Hitchcock has always found it difficult to resist an untidy death), but although this killing is explicitly pornographic—not so much executed as consummated—it doesn't work, either. Everything is out of phase. Of the film's two climactic scenes, one (Newman getting the professor's secret) is moronic (the scene, at a blackboard, somehow conveys something totally other than a scientific interchange—a Morse-code-tapping contest, perhaps, or a world darts tournament), and the other (Newman and Miss Andrews waiting through a ballet performance to get out of East Berlin) provides an irritatingly slack sort of suspense. In taut suspense, what retards the action is a genuine development of the plot. In slack suspense, what holds things up is the director's reluctance to get them over with. Having Newman and Miss Andrews sit through an interminable ballet adds a long dead moment to a picture that already has too many such moments. There is one lovely sequence—a grand, wild bus ride—that seems complete in itself, independent of the picture. The background melody, the lines, and the action are all paced just right, and the ride seems a little musical comedy on its own. The rest is awful.

"MADEMOISELLE" is a film written by Jean Genet, starring Jeanne Moreau and Ettore Manni, and directed by Tony Richardson, who establishes at the outset that there is going to be a lot of action on the screen. The opening titles, which must be read, of course, from left to right, run counter to a religious procession, which proceeds from right to left. Then there is a shot of Jeanne Moreau opening some sluices, and water flows from the back of the screen to the front and from the top of the screen to the bottom. The religious procession, meanwhile, reverses itself and winds from left to right, and the water presently begins to flow from right to left. In broad Byzantine strokes, Tony Richardson keeps the viewer visually alert from the start. Jean Genet's story is a simple one. Mademoiselle (Jeanne Moreau), a spinster schoolteacher in the South of France, is driven mad by the appearance of a handsome Italian woodcutter (Ettore Manni) in town. (Apparently, Genet, like some of our own playwrights, has a very dramatic view of what happens to lonely women when

SIGNORA MARTIZZI THE BLOUSE MAKER HATES SIGNORINA DEL CORSO THE SKIRT MAKER.

One of our biggest struggles at Promenade is the rivalry between the craftsmanship of skirts and the artisanship of tops. And if you ran a quality knit house as we do, you'd encourage this rift. The skirt makers are constantly being threatened to be topped by the top makers. And if the top makers are topped, mamma mia! You will have to decide the result of this fashion rivalry. Is the skirt more perfect than the top, or is the top more perfect than the skirt? Make your decision at the finest stores, only in America.



PROMENADE LTD. / VENICE
In New York at 498 Seventh Avenue

New York Airways Heliport atop the Pan Am Building.

Old world elegance and new world conveniences

A butler waiting for you at the heliport? Almost! He's waiting only a few blocks away at the Sheraton Russell ready to be of service to you. Actually, he's just part of the old world service offered at the Sheraton Russell. We also have a concierge whom we call "the-chap-who-can-get-you-anything-you-can't-find-anyone-else-to-get-you" and we serve afternoon tea in the lounge at four. We like to think of it as Mayfair in Murray Hill. Even with today's fast pace of living, we firmly believe in the old idea of relaxed elegance.

The best of both worlds at the Sheraton-Russell

37th and Park Phone 685-7676

Classic French Cuisine for luncheon and dinner

Chateaubriand

131 East 54th St.
Call...755-5260

Betsy Ross Slept Here—just 15 minutes away from

One of the 7 Wonderful Inns of the world!

- Luxurious Accommodations for 600
- Year 'round swimming & other resort pleasures
- Exciting Weekend Package Plans
- Truly Fine Dining
- Write for free Color Brochure

Cherry Hill Inn

Route 38 at Haddonfield Rd.
N.J. T'pke. Exit 4/Cherry Hill, N.J.
Reservations: phone (609) NO 2-7200

JULES PODELL PRESENTS

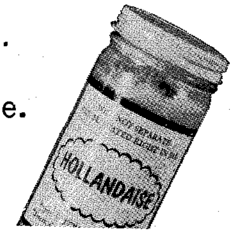
MARVIN GAYE

FRED BARBER

COPACABANA

FULL COURSE DINNERS from $5.25 | SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS SATS. 8, 11:30 & 2
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900
AIR CONDITIONED

No tears.
No fuss.
No curdle.



HAPPY HOLLANDAISE

Every meal is festive with our lemony sauce. Write for free recipes.
SIX PACK of 6-oz. jars, $5.95
(Or two each of Hollandaise, Bearnaise, Crab Meat, $5.95)
Send your order to,
BUTTERNUT FARM, Cannondale, Conn.

attractive men appear nearby: fire, flood, plague, death, thunderstorms.) Mademoiselle wantonly crushes quail's eggs and destroys apple blossoms, takes up smoking and starts an accidental fire, sets some deliberate fires, causes a flood, poisons livestock, and imagines herself to be Joan of Arc. Finally, she spends a night with the woodcutter (he is murdered the next morning by the townspeople, who imagine him to be the author of their misfortunes) and then she leaves town, evidently sane and feeling much better.

The film was received with some reservations abroad, and this is not surprising, although why Genet's ideas of the relationship between crime, eroticism, and saintliness should be so much better received when he argues them badly in books than when Miss Moreau plays them well on the screen is something of an enigma. And Tony Richardson, using black-and-white, does a better, less obvious, and less derivative job of directing than he did in the widely acclaimed "Tom Jones." Some scenes, particularly the allegorical ones, are undeniably awkward; there is a very long flashback during which Mademoiselle stands, holding one end of a snake that belongs to the woodcutter, who holds the other end. Ettore Manni himself is often required by the script to break into what must be earthy, elemental, sidesplitting laughter—which seems, inadvertently, to be less part of the action than at it. And the dialogue of the film, which is situated in France, is unaccountably dubbed into British English. But there are some wonderful scenes of the flood—swimming hogs, frantic horses, and a rabbit floating on a piece of wood. There is a fine fire, in which the flames are reflected in Miss Moreau's eyes and then her profile is silhouetted against the flames. And the scene in which the animals die of arsenic poisoning has a wonderful languid quality about it. One would not have realized, for example, that a drugged horse had such a human range of facial expression. —RENATA ADLER

•

In addition to the use of air conditioners, exhaust fans and similar cooling equipment, there are a number of other preventive measures that can be taken to help keep the inside of any house cooler on hot summer days. The problem is very similar to that encountered when trying to keep a house warm during the winter—with one important exception. In the winter all measures are designed to keep heat *inside*, while in the summer the idea is to keep heat *outside*.—*The Times*.

Tell us about spring and fall, O Clear Thinker!

Will Old Spice find out about Family Circle before Aqua Velva does?

Family Circle—a publication of Cowles Communications. © 1966 by The Family Circle Inc.

Maybe.

And maybe your competitor is reading this right now.

So read fast:

Family Circle has the largest single copy circulation in the world, every single month. 7,500,000 guaranteed.

Of the four leading women's service books—McCall's, Family Circle, Good Housekeeping, Ladies' Home Journal—only Family Circle is all service.

So. If you want to get to a man; get to his wife—in the book she takes home, to take seriously.

Family Circle. A magazine only a homemaker could love. And 7,500,000 do.

guaranteed average

LETTER FROM LONDON

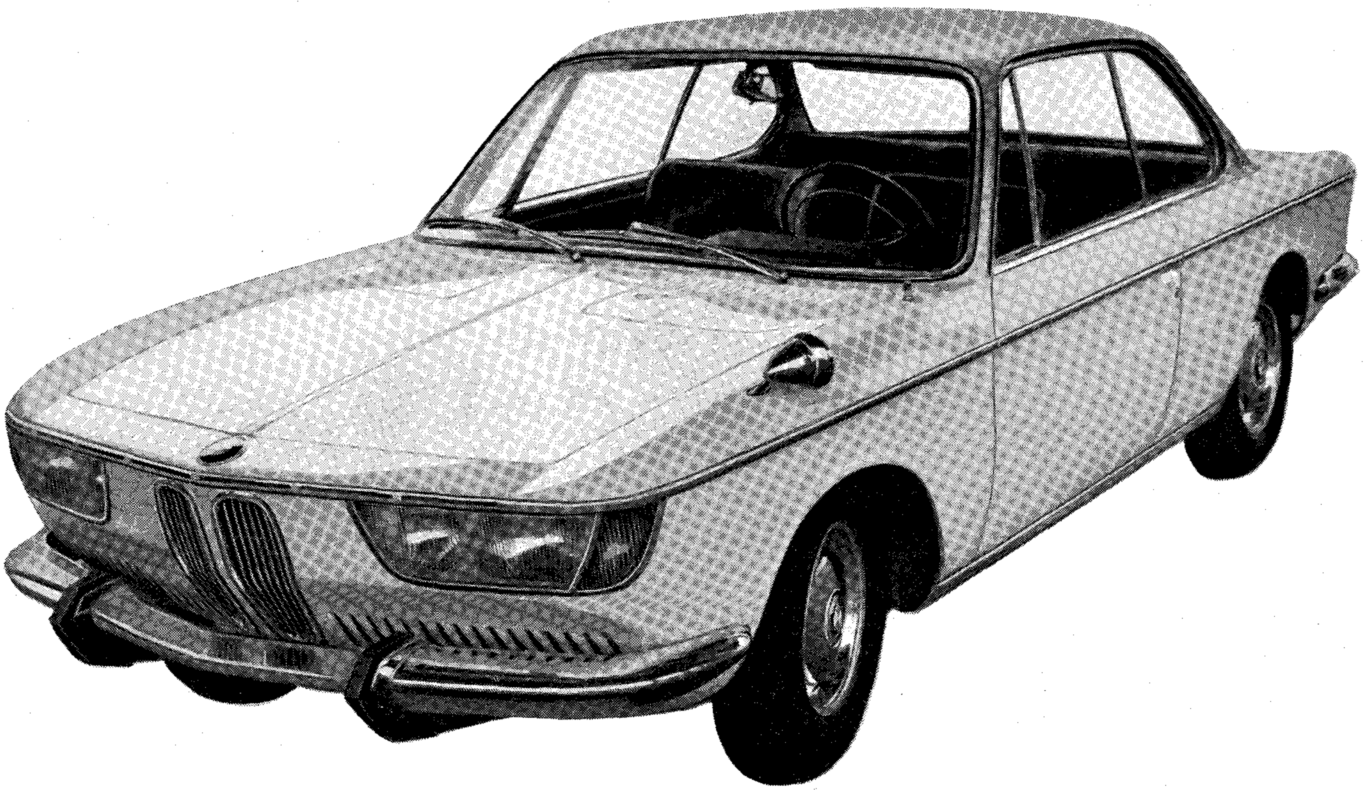
JULY 27

LAST Wednesday's grim list of new measures designed to sew up the pockets of the too freely spending British and—it is devoutly hoped—to repair foreign confidence in the strength of their pound is still being explained and discussed on all sides. Though it was not technically a budget, its impact felt like a sort of painful Budget Day and Judgment Day combined. It also seemed something like the start of another, different war for survival, in which the nation was being asked (with resolution but without any large Churchillian vision or phrases to encourage it, unfortunately) to demonstrate to the world once more those dogged qualities of endurance and comprehension that have appeared to be so oddly missing in the long euphoria of the Conservatives' comfortable, fatal slogan "You've never had it so good." After last Wednesday, few citizens should have any reason for failing to understand by the hard economic arguments that the good times were on tick. That is the outstanding excellent news. Apart from that, the one certainty seems to be that things look very different in a number of directions since the Prime Minister presented his five-hundred-million-pound deflationary package to Parliament—the heaviest and least comfortable that any Government has had to lay on the country in times of peace. For a Labour Government to be forced to do so was a shattering blow to it and to many of its dismayed supporters. There is no doubt that one of the changes now being widely talked about with various emotions has been in Mr. Wilson's reputation in the country, which appears to have taken a beating that six months ago would have seemed incredible. The criticisms are not of the unpopularity of the measures he announced (many Britons feel relieved that they are really tough at last) but of the events that led up to the moment when he rose to his feet, the stocky gray center of all the tensely listening faces tilted toward him from every part of the packed Commons, to reel off the details as briskly as though they were an auditor's report on how this firm of England might hope to balance its books. Its contents had obviously been scrambled together in haste. If many people who had considered that Labour's strength as a government lay in its superior stock of good economic brains, particularly in the shrewd head of its top man, are now apparently revising their opinions sharply, it is because of their dismayed sense that Downing Street was almost as completely, unbelievably unprepared for the crisis as the man in the street had been until Wednesday evening, when he sat gloomily calculating what the new crunch would do to him over his last drink at the old pre-crunch price. Numbers of citizens who had been anxiously watching the deterioration of the situation since the seamen's strike damaged it some more were amazed, to say the least, to see Mr. Wilson depart for Moscow as planned to keep his date for the unprofitable talks on the Vietnam war. Though the trip was applauded in his own party (concern about Vietnam has cropped up in a whole bundle of agitated motions—the largest group on any subject—in the just published agenda for the Labour Party Conference this October), a sizable slice of opinion felt that it was as untimely as going to try and help a neighbor when there was so nearly a death in the house right here at home. Before he went, in his speech at the dinner in honor of the visiting Australian Prime Minister, he had angered the press, and certainly bewildered its readers, by pitching into the editorial writers for their defeatism, as he witheringly called it, in writing gloomy interpretations of "the realities of the economic situation." The bank rate was raised to a thumping seven per cent two days later in order to defend these realities, and Mr. Wilson made his statement to Parliament that new deflationary restrictions (unspecified, because, as it suddenly became clear to all, they had not been decided upon) would be announced in the near future. In the alarmed view of foreign-exchange dealers, it was not near enough or clear enough by half for the health of the pound, which continued its rapid hemorrhage out of the City of London in spite of the tightening of the bank-rate tourniquet. The date of the Prime Minister's announcement was then abruptly pushed forward.

On Wednesday, confirming the lobby correspondents' information that there had been violent Cabinet disagreement over what cuts were to be made in the hasty, anguished rewriting of the different departments' spending budgets, Mr. Wilson's volatile Deputy Prime Minister and Minister for Economic Affairs, Mr. George Brown, was pointedly absent from his side, as though he refused to countenance even by an ear the deflationary program that cut his own cherished program of industrial expansion to ribbons. Then came the comedy-drama of his resignation and its rapid withdrawal on the emotional ground of party loyalty. Mr. Brown is an unpredictable, sincere, often excitable politician, for whose drive and exuberance people in all parties have an affectionate warm spot, though he has embarrassed or angered his party by such public displays of feeling in the past. This time, the Labour benches welcomed him back next day like a conquering hero. Many citizens, however, are apparently a good deal less cheerful over the idea that a Minister who had resigned in honest opposition to the Government's economic policy should remain in the key position for steering it over the formidable rocks ahead.

It certainly seemed like

This is the fabulous new BMW Sports Coupe. It costs $5,100.* It may be the best car you can buy at any price.

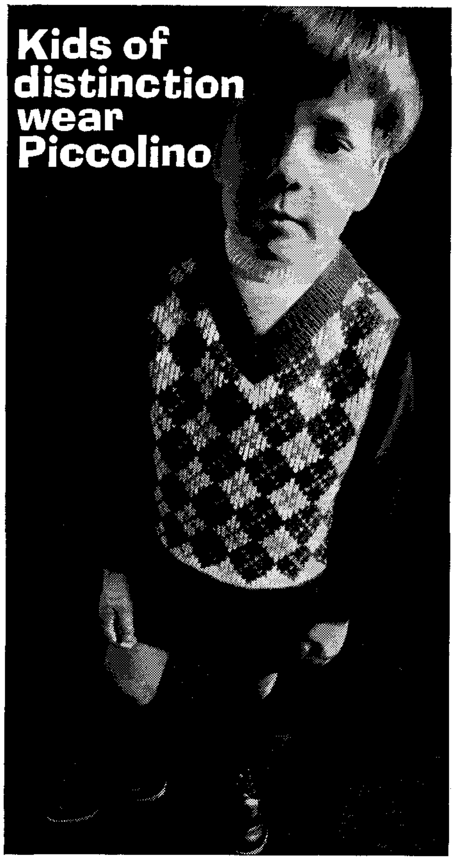


Fantastic. From Germany's famed Bavarian Motor Works, a full-sized, four-passenger sports coupe that will corner with a Ferrari, accelerate with a Porsche, give you the dependability of a Mercedes and the workmanship of a Rolls-Royce. You can drive it all day at speeds over 115 m.p.h. and not strain it in the slightest. You can drive it for hours on end and not feel fatigued. You can drive it over the roughest of country roads even at high speeds with the utmost security, thanks to its unique suspension system. It has the most advanced four-cylinder engine ever designed, and it may be ordered with the renowned **ZF Automatic Transmission.** Inside and out, it is finished to the highest standards of elegance. Many of the world's automotive experts believe that no other car offers this combination of qualities. You have to drive the BMW Coupe to believe it. But we warn you: once you do, you may never be satisfied with anything less, even if it costs more.

*Suggested retail price P.O.E. New York

Dealers coast to coast. Advantageous European Delivery Program. Write for free brochure.

For 50 years famous for the finest automotive products.
Sole U. S. Importer **Hoffman** Motors Corporation, 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.; 1862 S. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.


Kids of distinction wear Piccolino

Piccolino *American Edition:* a superior collection of children's wear in all sizes, knitted of Orlon® acrylic in the U.S.A. At Best & Co., New York, and distinguished stores everywhere. Or write Piccolino, a division of Gino Paoli, 112 West 34th Street, New York, New York 10001.

Barrie Ltd.
OF NEW HAVEN

Classic Moccasin

FREE BROCHURE ON REQUEST

Made from soft Scotch-grained calf * Fully leather-lined * Genuine hand-sewn vamp * Hand antiqued and polished * Double leather sole and heel * in Golden Tan Grain ☐ Light Weathered Ivy Grain ☐ Smooth Black Calf ☐ or Smooth Brown Calf ☐ $19.95 postpaid.
Order by Mail, state shoe size — Dept. N
BARRIE LTD., 260 YORK ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

A BOOK OF COUNTRY INNS*
with my compliments

Has maps, backroads, covered bridges and instructions on how to get lost within two hours of 43rd. street.

THE BERKSHIRE TRAVELLER
Dept. N, Lee, Massachusetts.

THE BERKSHIRE TRAVELLER

* *Includes Bromley House, Williams Inn, White Cupboard, De La Vergne Farms, Curtis Hotel, Ragamont Inn, Beekman Arms, White Hart, Stage Coach Hill, Jug End, Old Farms, Williams House, Waybury Inn, Morgan House.*

clos normand

FORMERLY
LOUIS AND ARMAND

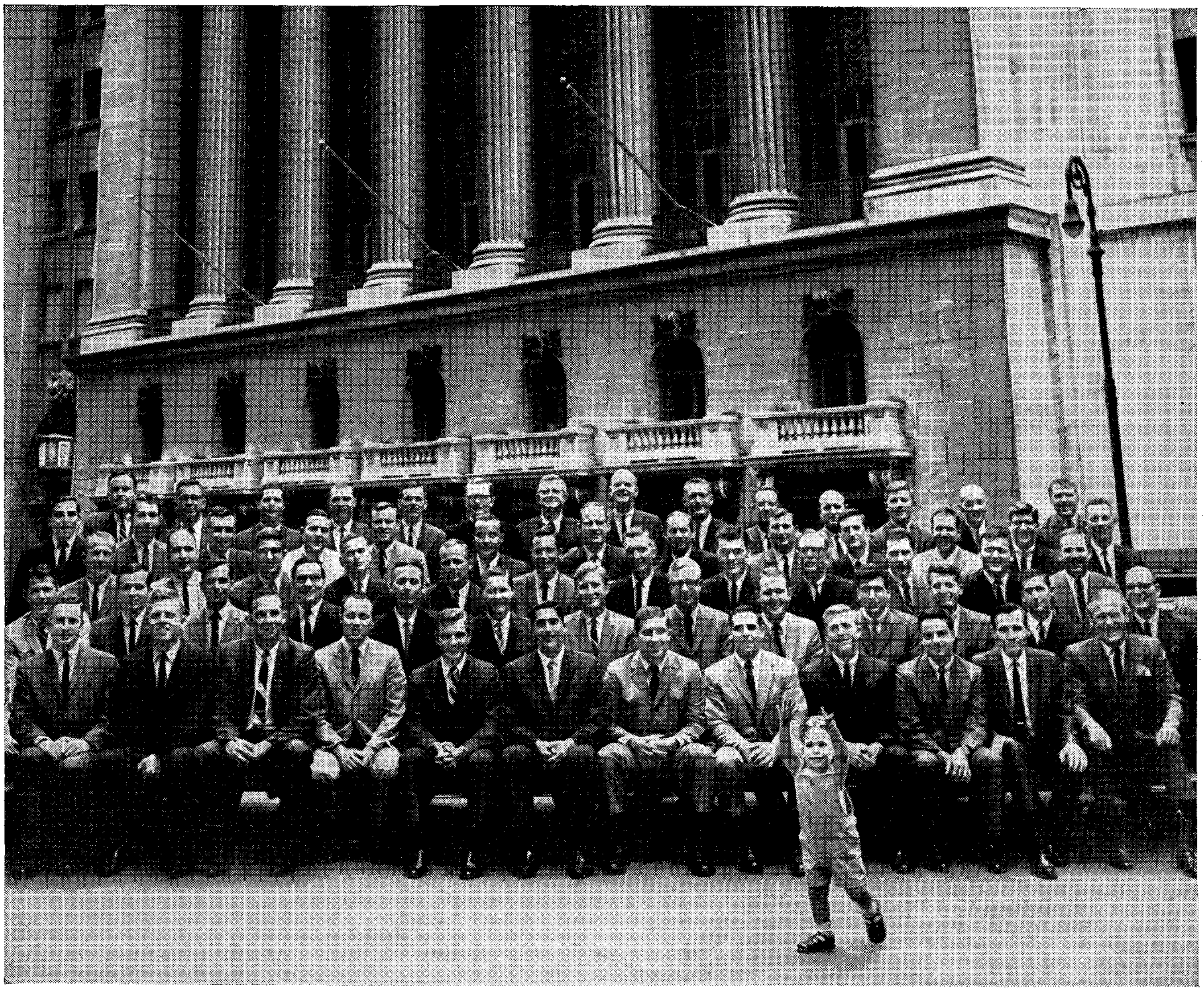
OPEN FOR
LUNCH AND DINNER

42 EAST 52, PL 3-3348

poetic justice that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd was in the House of Commons last week, staring thoughtfully and poker-faced into space as he listened to the Prime Minister announcing swingeing national austerities on precisely the same lines (though infinitely tougher) that he had introduced and that had called down such bitter censure from the Labour Party when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Harold Macmillan's Government and battling with the 1961 edition of the perennial intractable economic crisis. By a neat arrangement of fate, it was almost exactly five years ago, also on a July afternoon, that he faced the barrage of Labour's anger over his unpopular "pay-pause" policy, having just taken the step of raising the bank rate to seven per cent, where it stands today. As the Conservatives immediately and ironically recalled, Mr. Wilson was always one of the most caustic attackers of the jerkily alternating stop-go signals that Mr. Lloyd and Reginald Maudling, the subsequent Conservative Chancellor, had to flash to the economy. In his campaign speeches last spring, the Prime Minister constantly—and somewhat equivocally, it was charged by his opponents—declared that Labour was the only party that would somehow manage to keep jobs and wages safe while dealing strongly with the country's financial crisis. Now the Government has dealt strongly with it indeed by bringing out the old Lloyd "pay pause" as a voluntary "standstill" on incomes and prices, and on dividends, too, on which Mr. Wilson has asked for a six-month moratorium, with six months of careful control after that.

The Trades Union Congress has just given its qualified backing to the plan, though several of the unions lost no time in serving uncompromising notice that a pay pause by any other name would feel just about as unwelcome in their weekly envelopes. Mr. Frank Cousins, who recently resigned from the Cabinet in disapproval of the sins against the sacred old Socialist tenets which the Government has had to commit willy-nilly in its desperate efforts to hold prices and incomes steady, and who did not withdraw his resignation on any emotional ground whatever, will clearly be the rallying point for the substantial amount of hostility that will probably kick against this, the backbone of the whole complex operation. The really appalling shock for numbers of Labour's faithful working-class supporters, though, was that for the first time the dread, unthinkable word "unemployment" has been hardly mentioned by a Labour Prime Minister, though euphemistically described in the new semantics as "shake-out." Mr. Wilson was guarded, as well he might be, in forecasting how many jobs would come hurtling out of the folds of the recession ahead, which some of the economic commentators think will be long and deep, and professional guesses on the subject vary. But this is itself a vast, dismaying shake-out of ideals to the rank and file, over whom, when the word is spoken occasionally at their Party conferences, a sort of uneasy tremor can be seen to pass—an icy wind from the depressed twenties blowing into the hard-won present of telly and supermarkets and jobs for all.

Even before Mr. Wilson's almost Gilbertian list brought down its axe on pretty well every section of the community, it was obvious that the cost of living will rise this winter anyway, after the Chancellor's highly controversial selective-employment tax begins to bite. This aims at chasing workers in the non-manufacturing trades—shops, horticulture, teaching, banking, domestic work, the hotel business, and so on—out of them and into the factories by clapping a tax on their employers for every employee's head. The manufacturers will pay the tax, too, but will get it refunded in due course, plus a premium—a fine incentive, as the critics pointed out, to postpone modernizing their plants with more automation and hang on wastefully to labor. Now petrol, drinks, telephone calls, and foreign postage are all dearer, or are marked to become so soon. The ten-per-cent levy on this year's surtax payers was bitterly resented as a discriminatory and not particularly productive class wallop, put in to please the Government's left wing, though the less well-to-do were also singled out, for that matter, by heavy, discouraging increases in installment-buying terms on cars, TV sets, furniture, and other things. What certainly did not please the left-wing critics was the Prime Minister's sturdy refusal to cut back as much as they would have liked on overseas defense spending. The biggest blow, again to the fairly prosperous, was the reduction of the travel currency allowance, from an overmunificent two hundred and fifty pounds a year to fifty pounds, which is said to be no hardship for the average British tourist, who spends no more than that on an annual jaunt anyway. All the same, it felt uncomfortably restricting to many people last week, who were



Class Portrait...

Real class.

An ex-paratrooper, a Navy fighter pilot, a former missionary—and at least one father. They're all in the picture. Also a one-time bank manager, engineer, ranger, professor, and pension fund consultant. They've got MA's and BA's in everything from business to biology.

They are the 64 men we picked from some 900 applicants to attend Class 93 of the Merrill Lynch Training School for Account Executives.

We're proud of that school and the men it turns out. Each one of them represents a $10,000 investment on our part, but we consider the money well spent for the job they do in helping our customers invest their savings prudently over the years.

Since 1945, a total of 3,323 men have gone through that school, taken one of the toughest courses we know about in the securities business, and graduated to take their places in our 162 offices around the world.

We've lost some of our Account Executives along the way, of course. Some have retired or moved into other fields, but even after 21 years, 85% of all graduates still in the securities business are with us today:

- 136 of them are office managers or departmental executives at headquarters.
- 214 are stockholders of the firm.
- 48 are vice-presidents.

So we have few qualms about the future of Class 93.

Very shortly they'll finish what might be considered the equivalent of a year of graduate work in finance. After that, it's the New York Stock Exchange examination which, based on the record, they should hit for just about the highest average we know about. Finally they'll go to work as Merrill Lynch Account Executives.

Thoroughly schooled in our basic policy that "the customer's interest must come first."

Thoroughly trained to provide the kind of service that can make that policy meaningful to any investor.

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC
MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10005

Insist on
COOK'S
Travelers
Cheques
and save
25% on the
issuance
charge

Still only 75¢ per $100
WHY PAY MORE?

In $10, $20, $50, $100 and $250
denominations. At authorized
banks, travel agencies and all
Cook's Offices.
THOS. COOK & SON
WORLD'S LARGEST TRAVEL ORGANIZATION

JAMAICA
and the
ROYAL CARIBBEAN
Royal Caribbean
HOTEL
Days filled with sunshine...nights sublime...a bit of Jamaica that swings!
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA
Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul, Owners
See your Travel Agent, write direct or call
LEONARD HICKS, INC. • NEW YORK 688-0123

NOON TO 2:30 · 6:30 TO 11:00

The Leopard
RESTAURANT
RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

Tony's Wife
Luncheon
Bar
Dinner
just good food served con amore
150 EAST 55TH ST., N. Y. • EL 5-4506
Closed Sat. & Sun.

quickly revising plans for their summer holidays (the limit applies right away, unless bookings were made before the blow fell) and wondering if they could still get by if they cut out those odd vermouths or little presents that for a long time have not had to be jotted down on the backs of old envelopes. The biggest, most serious criticism of Mr. Wilson's powerful bunch of measures is that it will have the desired effect of stopping people from spending but gives them no boost to produce and export more. The great, crucial question that everyone immediately asked after trying to assess what it all meant, and that will not be answered for some time, was: Will it work?

EVEN those British who never go to a football match have been caught up in the fever of excitement and astonished talk that is sweeping through England over the World Cup, now being competed for here. Evening after evening, the games have given millions of TV spectators a fascinating and extraordinary spectacle of international bad blood and bad manners, of referees' being physically attacked and ordering players off the field, of savage play, rising tempers, bodies rolling in dramatically prolonged agony on the ground, and brawny athletes leaping high in the air like ballet dancers to embrace each other girlishly in victory. There has also been some good, thrilling football slipped in between what has sometimes looked like meetings of a couple of rival gangs turning out for a nice, murderous rumble. The heroes have certainly been the chipper little North Koreans, who, starting as the tiniest and darkest of horses, unexpectedly knocked out Italy, and were taken noisily to the affectionate bosoms of the crowds at Liverpool, where they gave the splendid, sporting Portuguese team a distinctly tough win. Liverpool was also the scene of the most dramatic strong-arm confrontation, between West Germany and Russia, which the Germans won. The Liverpudlians roared their heads off for the Russians and, when the happy German fans in the stands unfurled their flags at the finish, began chanting "England! England! England!" on their own account. This Saturday, everybody who can jam into London's Wembley Stadium will be there, and the rest of the population will be sitting riveted in front of their TVs when England plays West Germany in the final. This time, they ought to hear the roaring on Merseyside.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

Imported
ROYALL LYME and
ROYALL BAY RHUM
TOILET LOTIONS
Companions in both good taste and good grooming. ROYALL LYME, made with centuries-old technique of equelling and with the sweet oils of hand-pressed, plump West Indian limes and—ROYALL BAY RHUM, authentic as the Jamaican Bay Tree, contains as well the lightest oils of MENTHA PIPERITA and CAMPHYRE to produce cool and pleasurable after shave comfort. At fine stores.

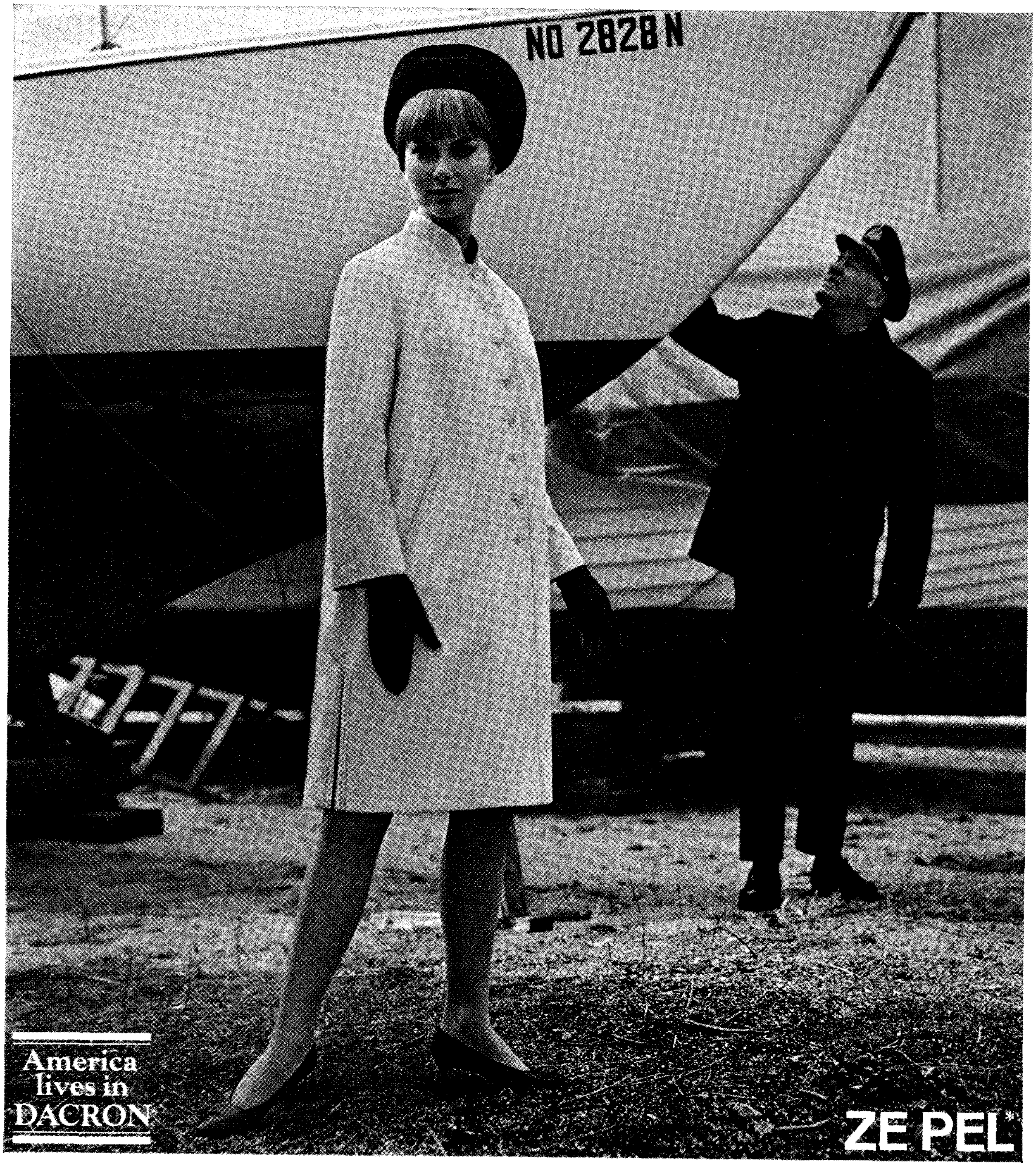
ROYALL LYME LTD.
232 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 16

Had any
hibachi steak lately?
Don't know what hibachi steak is?
Let us show you...
tonight!
61 West
56th Street
120 East
56th Street
BENIHANA OF TOKYO
LT 1-0930

SUMMER STANDS STILL
while you dance delightedly in the cool, cool magnificence of ROSELAND...a weather-wonderful world of its own!
Nightly exc. Mon. • Mats. Thur. & Sat. • Sun. from 3:30
ROSELAND DANCE CITY
WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM • RESTAURANT • BAR
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

HOTEL
Meurice
Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations. Singles from $10.50, Doubles from $16.50. Suites from $19.00.
Air Conditioned
Circle 7-7440
145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

SHOW OFF A LITTLE in Misty Harbor's **"BURMA"**... *bright new star that outshines every other coat in any-weather!* Skippered in from the exotic East in posh poplin "Buoy Cloth" of 65% **Dacron® polyester**-35% cotton, protected against rain and oily stains with **ZE PEL** fabric fluoridizer. Ice blue (shown here), ivory, maize, natural, mint, pink, black, navy, olive. Sizes: regular 6-20; petite 2-16; junior petite 3-15. About $35. Talls 10-20. About $36.



AT **"CASUAL CORNER STORES" EVERYWHERE** including **VIRGINIA,** Alexandria, Arlington; **GEORGIA,** Atlanta, Decatur; **MARYLAND,** Baltimore, Catonsville, Silver Spring; **MASSACHUSETTS,** Boston, Springfield, Worcester; **NORTH CAROLINA,** Charlotte; **OHIO,** Cincinnati; **PENNSYLVANIA,** Lancaster; **ARKANSAS,** Little Rock; **TENNESSEE,** Memphis, Nashville; **WISCONSIN,** Milwaukee; ***RHODE ISLAND,*** *Providence;* ***NEW YORK,*** *Rochester, Syracuse;* **CONNECTICUT,** West Hartford; **WASHINGTON, D. C.;** and fine stores everywhere or write Misty Harbor Ltd., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018.

Misty Harbor® LTD.
A DIVISION OF JONATHAN LOGAN

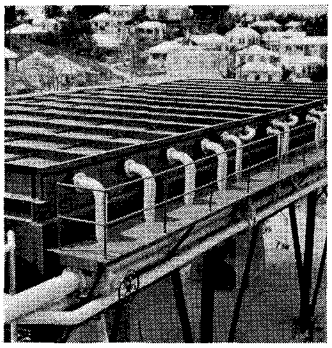
*DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK

SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

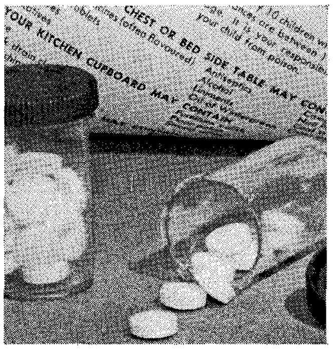
Hoedown, Ontario Styl

Americans who know us dig our dancing. So do Russians. Members of the famed Bolshoi consider Ontario's National Ballet School to be the best in the new world.

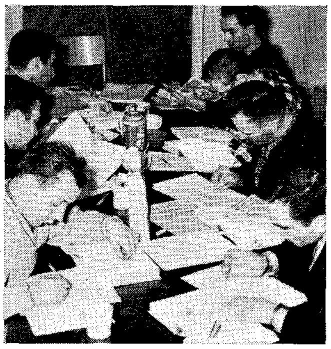
If you suspect that Ontario, Canada, pursues a culture peppered with barn dances and barrel jumping, let us shake your beliefs. The ballerina at left dances with our National Ballet, a company acclaimed internationally by experts such as Erik Bruhn and Rudolf Nureyev. Our culture steeps in other works too—from Mondrian (the world's largest collection first appeared in an Ontario gallery) to Ming (an Ontario museum houses the Western world's largest collection of early Chinese art). Each fall, your finest jockeys spur north into Ontario for our Queen's Plate and its purse of $75,000 (plus 50 golden guineas). One Ontario city has so improved on the brass-band-in-the-park idea that such names as Maureen Forrester and Walter Susskind now appear in free outdoor concerts. And on a recent European tour, one of our symphony orchestras earned rave reviews in London, standing ovations in Paris, and a round of dead silence (the highest compliment possible) in Wales. Shown below are some achievements of Ontario's less relaxing hours.



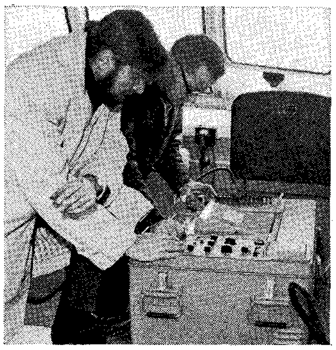
One of the world's largest cooling systems is this ranch-house-size heat exchanger, built by an Ontario firm for the Bermuda Electric Light Company. Its job: to cool the diesel engines that power the company's electric generators. Its measurements: 22 feet high, 27 feet wide, by 63 feet long.


YOUR KITCHEN CUPBOARD MAY CONTAIN
CHEST OR BED SIDE TABLE MAY CON

President Johnson recently made a plea for a way to cut down on the accidental poisonings that last year hospitalized 40,000 children. His plea was answered by a firm in Windsor, Ontario. Shown above is their new drug container, the Palm-n'-turn. It cannot be opened by youngsters of pre-school age. Also important: it is one of the first child-resistant drug containers made that is economical to produce.



Ontario's Frontier College is the only institution of its kind in the world. Their instructors work in regions beyond our centres of culture and industry, helping miners and bush workers freshen up their three r's. One well-remembered instructor: pediatrician Dr. Benjamin Spock.



Pictured above is one of Ontario's recent contributions to World science: the Hydrosonde 2A, a portable instrumentation system that can produce X-ray-like profiles of the earth below the ocean floor. Hydrosondes are currently at work on a United Nations study, probing the ocean floor off the coast of Burma. Such studies could once be made only through extensive and costly drilling.

For economic and industrial information about Ontario, write to:
Government of Ontario, Department of Economics and Development,
Special Projects and Planning Branch, 950 Yonge Street, Toronto 5,
Canada. Offices in New York, Chicago, London, Düsseldorf, Milan.

Do some missionary work at lunch

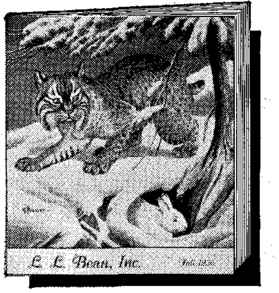
Life is an island festival for lunch, cocktails, dinner and supper daily and Sunday.
Reservations: call EL 5-5185

TRADER VIC'S
at The Plaza

Entrance on 59th Street

HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Bean's Free Fall Catalog



Ready August 15

Hunters, Campers and Fishermen will find many practical items in our fully illustrated Fall Catalog. Shows hunting footwear, clothing and other specialties of interest to both men and women. Many items are of our own manufacture.

L. L. Bean, Inc.
325 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Hunting, Fishing and Camping Specialties

IN SAN FRANCISCO

The Blue Fox
Ph. 415-981-1177

Middlebury Inn

U.S. ROUTE 7 MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT
Enjoy New England hospitality at its best in a charming college town. 85 newly redecorated rooms. All modern conveniences. Elevator. Congenial guests. Authentic New England dishes. Pine Room, Snow Bowl Lounge. Folder. Write or phone:
Sidney McCartney, Mgr., 388-4961
A Colonial Inn with a Contemporary Flair

THE HOLE

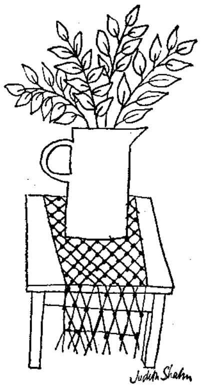
WHEN I look out the window of my office, which is on Forty-fourth Street, I have a clear view of the back wall of the Fifth Avenue bank building owned by the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company. Until a spring morning in 1964, it was always a scenic blank—a sheer white brick cliff unadorned by windows, air-conditioners, or ventilators. That morning, when I was looking out at nothing in particular, my eye was caught by a black spot the size of a brick in the center of the white wall at about the fifteenth story. As I watched, the spot grew larger by a couple of bricks. Then my telephone rang, and I turned to it. When I looked out again, I saw a dark hole about a foot and a half by two. Its edge was ragged, as though something had smashed through the wall. Three or four more bricks disappeared from the perimeter while I stared.

Had someone assigned to a windowless office gone berserk, I wondered? Or were there possibly bank robbers inside, cornered and frantic? As I was speculating, a brown-sleeved arm came out of the hole and ran its hand around the outside edges. The arm next thrust itself straight out of the center and waved. Then it withdrew. I telephoned Morgan Guaranty and asked for the Fifth Avenue branch.

"For what purpose do you wish to speak with Fifth Avenue?" asked the operator.

"Well," I said. "It's about a hole in its back wall. I mean the back wall of the building."

"*What?*" she said nervously. There was silence, and then a lot of clicking.



Someone else came on the line and told me that I wanted to speak to (as I shall call him) their Mr. Wilson. "Just a minute. He's busy," the new voice said.

I wondered if they had a regular man for these situations. I waited. Then an executive voice said, "Hello."

"Mr. Wilson?" I said. "I'm calling about a hole in the west wall of your bank. It's a small hole, with ragged edges, and an arm comes out of it, and I wondered what it was for."

"A *hole* in the *wall?*"

"That's right. I was just kind of curious about it. I mean, with the arm and all."

"I see," Mr. Wilson said, and paused. "Well, perhaps it's for something like a stove. For the cooking fumes."

"In a *bank* building?" I said. "Look—it's really there. I can see it."

"This hole is visible to you? Right now?"

"*Yes.*"

"I understand," said Mr. Wilson soothingly. "I see. At about what height would you judge this hole to be?"

"About the fifteenth story," I replied.

"And how would you estimate its size?"

I told him at about two feet by two.

"In other words, you see a small hole, high up. Now—is the arm bare? Or in a sleeve?"

"It's not there right now," I told him. "It was in a brown shirtsleeve. Rolled up. The arm was *partly* bare. From the hand to just below the elbow."

"I see," he said. "It all sounds quite singular."

"You know, I'm perfectly serious about this," I said.

"Oh, I can tell you are," replied Mr. Wilson. "Yes. Now—would you mind just telling me your name, so we know whom to thank for this information?"

To refuse would be cowardly, I thought. Anyway, what was the difference? It wasn't my bank. I spoke my last name, which is Vroom, distinctly.

"Good Lord!" Mr. Wilson said. "Do you have an Aunt Helen?"

My Sunday-school teacher, I remembered, had said that you can't get away with a thing, because God is always watching.

"Yes, I have an Aunt Helen," I said.

"Then are you Robert's child?"

"Yes, I am," I said. "He's my father."

"Well! Say hello to Helen for me," said Mr. Wilson. "We went to high school together, and my wife's in her bridge club."

I told him I would.

"And thanks very much for informing us about that hole," he said kindly, and hung up.

AFTER that encounter, I felt creepy whenever I looked out the window for the rest of the day.

The next morning, I had a telephone call from my father, who also works in midtown Manhattan. "I got something kind of funny in the mail this morning," he said. "From Jim Wilson, at Morgan Guaranty. Didn't know you knew him. It's a photostat of a memo for their files, and it says the young lady who telephoned him yesterday is not to be classified as a 'nut, crank, or zany,' and that the hole to which she referred is probably for a stove. A zany?" My father paused. "What on earth have you been doing?"

Another telephone explanation was more than I could face. I promised my father a letter plus a diagram.

After I had hung up, I swung my chair around to face the window. The hole was now covered by a neat metal grille.

I kept a watch on it that afternoon in hope of further action—perhaps a hand signalling wildly through the bars—but nothing appeared. I still don't know what that little dark grilled hole is for, though I'm sure somebody up there at the bank does. However, I don't much want to know. I've grown to like an enigma as part of my regular view.

—Barbara Vroom

•

THE MURDERED GIRL IS FOUND ON A BRIDGE

Hammerstroke and
hammerstroke and
hammerstroke de-
stroyed me—

that mallet
(or what you call it)
pounding away.
My thighs betrayed me.

The noise! The cries!
I cracked like a bell
forcing a chime
and came

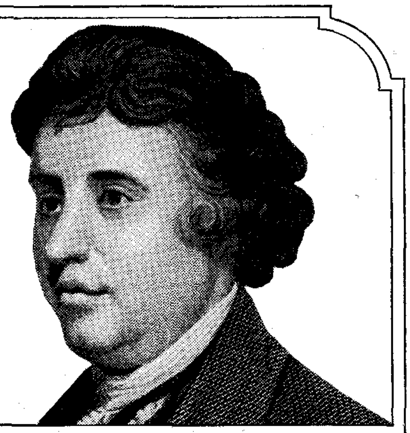
or went.
At any rate I'm here
over streets that bear,
easily, giant trees;

here where the air's
absorbed my blood
into white light,
silence a bell,

an odor all about,
the smell of
oranges or
something growing.

—Jane Hayman

Edmund Burke



plan

Smith, Barney is forced to disagree with Edmund Burke's claim that "you can never plan the future by the past."

In our experience, you can *only* plan the future by the past—especially when you're planning something as important as a new issue of securities. Not that precedent is an infallible omen of success. But achievement of one's aims most often arises from application of the *lessons* of the past.

As underwriters, we've learned those lessons through over ninety years of practical schooling. We *apply* them to interpret current trends...to anticipate both immediate and long-range needs...to distinguish between the probable and the possible. And our clients, in many industries, have profited from our planning.

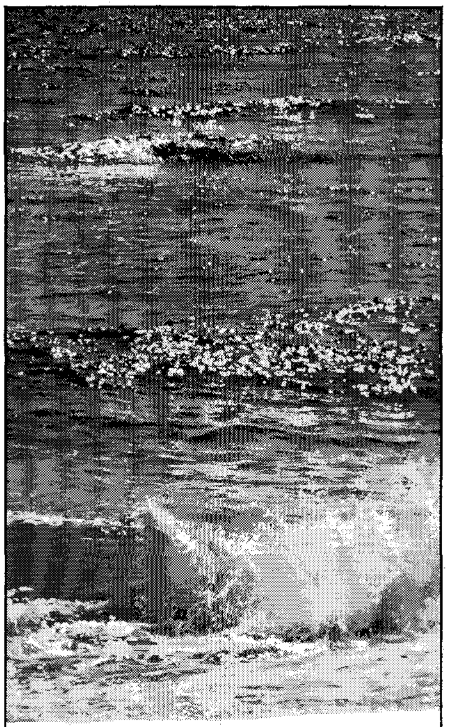
If your company contemplates a new capital issue, our knowledge of the past could be useful to your company's future. And we're at your service.

Smith, Barney & Co.
Incorporated
Members New York Stock Exchange and other leading exchanges
20 Broad Street, New York 10005 · 529 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017
PHILADELPHIA · CHICAGO · BOSTON · SAN FRANCISCO · MINNEAPOLIS
Albany · Allentown · Cleveland · Dallas · Hartford · Los Angeles · Milwaukee · Tampa

$500.00
REWARD
FOR EVIDENCE WHICH SECURES CONVICTION OF ANY PERSON FOR REFILLING BOTTLES BEARING OUR TRADE MARK OR FOR SELLING AS POLAND WATER ANY WATER NOT FROM POLAND SPRING.

Why would a 49¢ bottle of Poland Water offer such a fat reward?

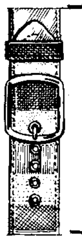
Just read the small print. Poland Water doesn't want to get mixed up with phonies. It stakes its reputation on the fact that it's pure, natural water that flows from a spring in Poland Spring. In the state of Maine. You'll find it at neighborhood stores—everywhere.



Thirty-five rooms for seventy guests.
Your own private beach.
A very personal Jamaican experience.

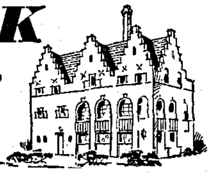
The Jamaica Inn
Ocho Rios, Jamaica.
For free brochure
see your travel agent or Ray Morrow.
51 E. 42 St., N.Y. 10017, OX 7-2340.
Hope he can get you in.

**A mug of ale,
a mutton chop, and
a churchwarden pipe.
No, you're not in
London...you're at
Keen's
English Chop House.**
72W.36,N.Y.—WI 7-3636
Closed Sundays: July & August.



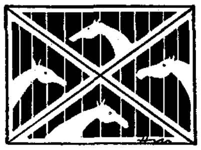
Come see *the Wild Ones* at
STRAPARAMA®
Summer watchstraps from all over the world—for men and women. Liberty's of London—Madras from India—Shantungs from Hong Kong—Braided Nylons from Switzerland. Hundreds of color combinations. Most are priced at $2.50. Attached at once. Come in and have a ball.
425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

***KNIFE
& FORK
INN...***
*ATLANTIC CITY'S
FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912*



THE RACE TRACK

Buckpasser Again



IF ever there was a race for the connoisseur, it was the recent Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct. There were five starters, but it quickly became a duel between Buckpasser and Buffle, the top two three-year-olds, and because they were lengths ahead of the others, it was possible to watch every detail of their running and the style and tactics of their jockeys in as enthralling a struggle as I've seen in ages. As you probably know, Buckpasser beat Buffle by a head. I caught up with Max Hirsch as he was on his way to saddle Buffle, and I wished him luck. "I need it," he said. "And I need a horse, too." This seemed anything but complimentary to the big King Ranch colt, but of course Max wasn't serious. He seldom is. Buckpasser, who was the chief object of interest in the paddock, stood out—a handsome, powerfully built bay. He was so sleek and so near to bursting with vitality that it was hard to believe he had made two trips to Chicago in the appalling weather we've been having, and that, because of the airlines strike, he'd had to return from the second one in a motor van. His condition reflects much credit on Eddie Neloy, who trains him.

In the Brooklyn, Buffle was sent to the front right at the start, as he had been when he won the Suburban, and Buckpasser was never far behind. At the six-furlong mark, the pace, which had been rather slow, accelerated sharply, with Buffle still keeping the lead. Then, as they swung into the stretch, Baeza gave Buckpasser his head, and the race looked virtually over. It wasn't, though, for Rotz, on Buffle, went to the whip and his mount responded gamely, but as they flashed past the post, Buckpasser was drawing away. It was the second time Buckpasser had beaten Buffle. In the Leonard Richards Stakes at Delaware Park, last month, he gave the King Ranch colt twelve pounds and won by three-quarters of a length; in the Brooklyn, he gave him seven pounds. It was Buckpasser's seventh consecutive victory this season; it was also the first time since 1938 that the Brooklyn had been won by a three-year-old, and never in its annals had a colt that age carried so much weight—120 pounds—in beating older horses. Now Buckpasser has gone to Chicago for the American Derby, which has a purse in six figures, at Arlington Park a week from Saturday. From here, it looks like a soft touch. Several weeks ago, I suggested that Buckpasser might top a million before the year is out. Well, I may win a bet, for first money in the Brooklyn brought his earnings to $900,519. Still, that last hundred thousand is always the hardest.

THERE seems no possible doubt about Lady Pitt's being the top three-year-old filly. In her latest triumph, the Delaware Oaks, at Delaware Park, she polished off ten runners of her sex, winning by five lengths. Help On Way was second and Miss Spin third. Down at Monmouth Park, Tom Rolfe, a star last season, returned to the races. Though well fancied, he was beaten by Vagabond Prince, who was nicely wound up for the occasion, in a six-furlong sprint. Later in the afternoon, Impressive was beaten in the Choice Stakes, for which he started as the favorite; Tequillo, to whom he gave eleven pounds, won by a nose. Mr. Right, winner of the Dwyer Handicap the week before, was never in the picture.

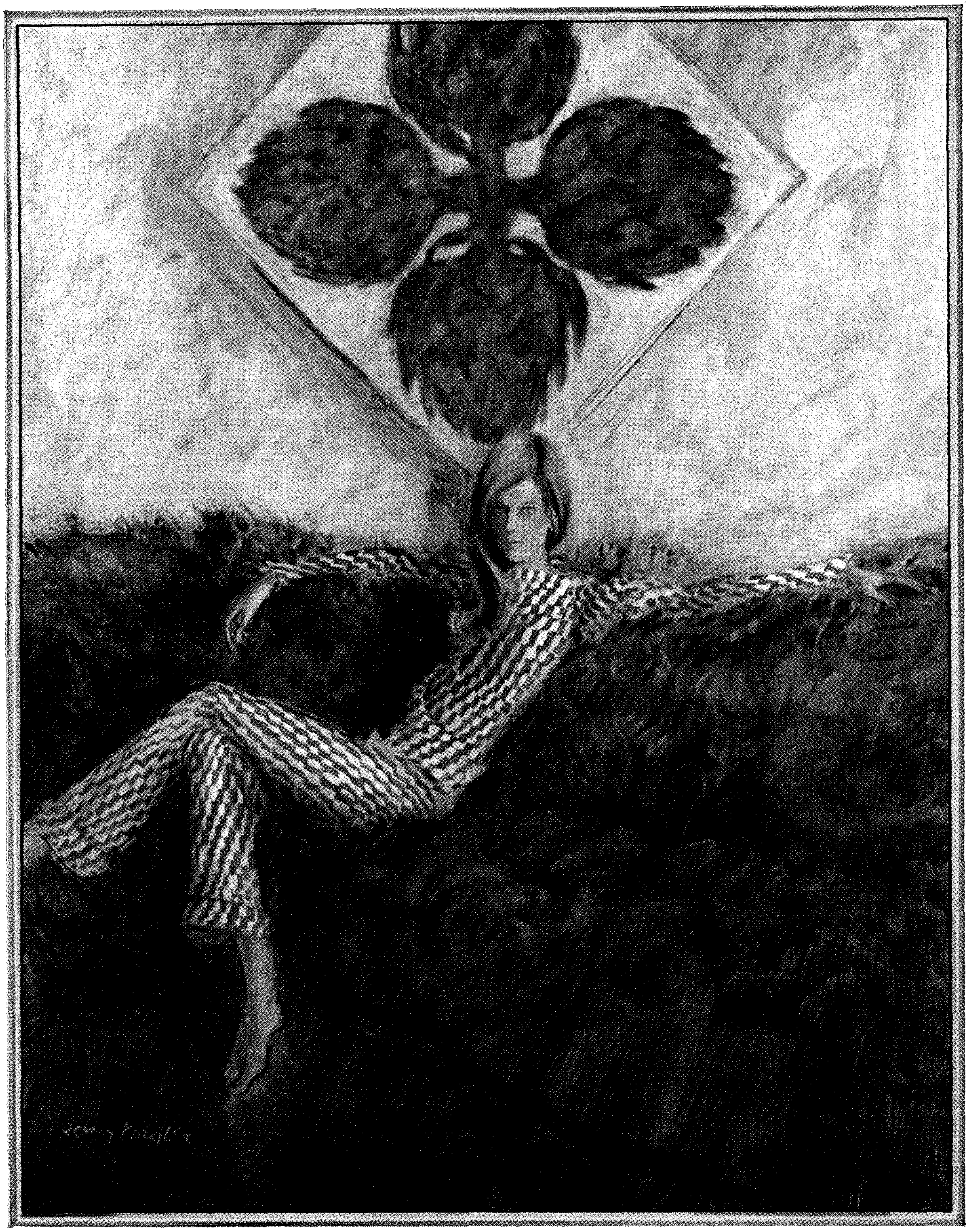
THE shock of the week for Los Angeles racegoers was the defeat of Tumble Wind, the 1–10 shot in the Hollywood Juvenile Championship, by a colt from the Harbor View Farm stable with the fascinating name of Forgotten Dreams. Tumble Wind is the colt by Restless Wind for whom Mrs. T. Kenneth Ellis gave $100,000 at the Hialeah sales last winter. Forgotten Dreams is also a Florida-bred. Wilbur Clark, a California-bred, led home the six other runners. The time for the six furlongs was a lickety-split 1:09⅖. The race, the first of the season's jackpots for two-year-olds, was worth $101,350 to the winner.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

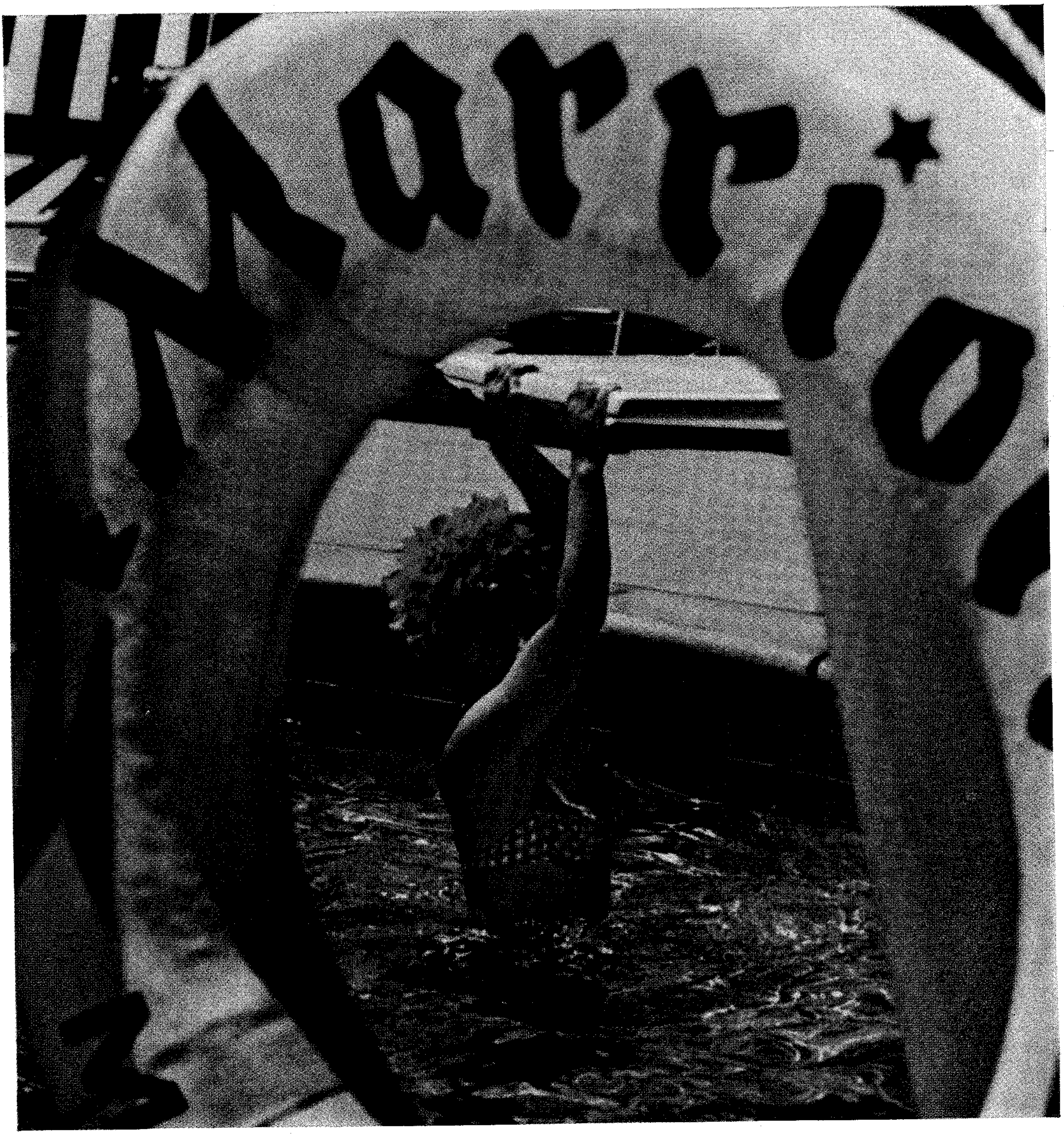
Mrs Ruslan Abdulgani told journalists' wives, members of the IKWI (Indonesian Journalists Wives Association) here to integrate into journalism, not to "become journalists." Oho, as wives of journalists they should have long ago integrated themselves in journalism life. Because, they are true wives of journalists. While journalism is a profession! Get it?—*Jakarta Indonesian Observer.*

No, but we *like* it. That's the main thing.



She believes in the Rolling Stones, Federico Fellini and Yevtushensko. Thinks Greece is just too much. And swings to kicky, young fashion—like pants and top, all of a match, in merry houndstooth cotton. Her outfit, hers alone. Her fabric, to be found in collection clothes at America's finest stores. Galey and Lord. A Division of Burlington Industries.

Galey & Lord



Overboard!

We blush to admit that we have gone overboard in our new Marriott Motor Hotel in Saddle Brook, New Jersey. For example, we made it convenient—placing it where Interstate 80 intersects Garden State Parkway, just 10 minutes west of the George Washington Bridge. We made it roomy. For conventioneers, banquet facilities for up to 455 . . . reception space for up to 750 . . . a variety of meeting rooms. (And, if you're 260 individual travelers, we have spacious rooms for you, too.) We made it enticing—superb restaurants and lounges with a view of the New York skyline, service that spoils you for living at home, a giant pool, and on and on. In short, the kind of place to steal away to for an elegant weekend vacation. Like all Marriotts. Come soon . . . we suspect that you'll go overboard for Saddle Brook, too.

This is living... this is **Marriott** MOTOR HOTELS

Garden State Parkway at Interstate 80, Saddle Brook, N.J. (201-843-9500)

Also in Washington, D.C. • Atlanta • Dallas • Philadelphia • Chicago ('68) • Houston ('68)

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

San José, Costa Rica,
July 10, 1966

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Sirs:

I MUST beg indulgence for referring to an item in the Talk of the Town as far back as the issue of February 19th; down here I do not always see my copies of the magazine with promptitude. Describing the *cacoëthes exaggerandi* now prevailing in the aircraft world (as exemplified by the C-5A), you liken it to a similar mania for size that afflicted shipbuilding in the ancient world of the Greeks and Egyptians, and remark, "With the Battle of Salamis, the brief, extraordinary era of the super-galleys began: quadriremes, quinqueremes, decaremes, dodecaremes—even tredecaremes, with eighteen hundred men at the oars. . . . The largest oared ships in history were two trigintaremes, constructed in the third century B.C. by King Ptolemy II of Egypt." So it appears that our jolly old classical friend the myth of the ancient ships with dozens of banks of oars has got out into the open again. Referring to Ptolemy's trigintaremes, you add, "With thirty banks of oars sticking into the water like roots into the earth, they had the over-all mobility of banyan trees." They had indeed—or would have had if they had ever existed. As any sailor can tell you, such vessels, even if it had been feasible to construct them, would have been preposterously impossible to maneuver, even in harbor, let alone on the high seas or in the confusion of battle. Yet scholars have clung with pathetic tenacity down the centuries to their belief in these monstrosities—even, it seems, unto this day.

The layman, quite understandably, is inclined to adopt a "Show me" attitude toward flat statements, even from those who are professionally qualified to make them; I therefore suggest a simple experiment with some graph paper (ruled off in, say, quarter-inch squares) and a pencil and ruler. Let the side of each square represent five feet; draw a vertical line for the side of the ship and a horizontal line for the surface of the water. Now rule in each bank of oars, in proportion, as follows: From a point two and a half feet (half the side of a square) up the ship's side, rule a diagonal line outboard to a point five feet (one square) away, on the surface of the water. Allowing for a couple of feet of blade below the surface, and for two or three feet of handle ("loom" is the correct term) inboard, this diagonal gives us a ten-foot oar—just about the right size for the first row, or bank. The slope, too, is about right for an oar. Now draw a second line, or oar, parallel to the first one, meeting the surface about five feet farther out; it will meet the ship's side about five feet above the waterline, giving a vertical distance between oar holes of two and a half feet—again, just about right, for practical purposes. Continue in this way until you have fifteen such oars drawn on the paper. The fifteenth will meet the ship's side at a point thirty-seven and a half feet above the waterline, and the oar itself will measure approximately eighty-five feet from the ship's side to the surface of the water. Some oar! Especially when you remember there will now have to be about ten feet of loom and about two feet of blade under the water—a total of almost a hundred feet.

Yet the pundits calmly assure us there were ships with *thirty* banks of oars. Kindly return to your squared paper a moment and, using the same scale, plot out an additional fifteen oars. You will find that the thirtieth oar has an outboard length of a hundred and eighty feet (which would mean about two hundred feet over all) and meets the ship's side seventy-five feet above the waterline—about the height of a transatlantic liner's bridge. And the oar itself would have to be longer (and thicker) than the mainmast of one of the giant Class J sloops that used to defend the America's Cup, in the days before the much smaller twelve-metre type was introduced.

Let the non-rowing reader be reminded, also, that oars do not simply move back and forth on the same plane; they must be lifted out of the water, swung forward, dipped in again, and hauled back. The consequences of one

DANISH MARY
A Bloody Mary gone Danish...
made with Aalborg Akvavit
instead of vodka.
Deliciously different...
it's not only "in"
but out of this world!
HERE'S HOW:
1 jigger AALBORG AKVAVIT
3 oz. tomato juice
Juice of ½ lemon or lime
Dash celery salt
Stir (don't shake)
with plenty of ice
until chilled. Pour
into 6 oz. glass.
P.S. You'll enjoy Aalborg Akvavit
straight and icy cold, too,
especially with Smorgasbord.
AALBORG AKVAVIT
86 PROOF, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS,
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., N.Y.

Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors
PORTRAITS, INC.
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

RESTAURANT & BAR
SIDEWALK CAFE
HOURS: 12 NOON TO 4 A.M.
THE GINGER MAN
51 WEST 64th STREET, N.Y.C.
RESERVATIONS: SC 4-7272

DELIGHTFUL DINING JAPANESE COUNTRY-STYLE
MINGEI-YA
2033 UNION
SAN FRANCISCO
& FOLK ART SHOP

distinctive

CHRISTMAS CARDS

The new catalogue of famous Metropolitan Museum cards—paintings by Fra Angelico, El Greco, and Goya, goldsmiths' work in enamel, crystal, and jewels, Renaissance angels, medieval stained glass, Victorian Christmas illustrations, American primitives, drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, Dürer, and Rembrandt, and a festive variety of designs from Tibet, Persia, Greece, and Sweden. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, cost from 5 to 95 cents each, and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue – which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents – will be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N10

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

________________ZIP________

THE SENSE OF WONDER

by Rachel Carson

Photographs by Charles Pratt and others

Parents and grandparents will find in this lovely book the paths that adult and child can take together to explore the joy, excitement and mystery of the summer world. At your bookstore, $5.95

Harper & Row

"COOL IT" IN MIAMI BEACH AT JunioRs
4 RESTAURANTS
THE PLACE WHERE EVERYONE MEETS

rower's "catching a crab" in a single bank of oars can be disastrous; in the case of a trigintareme (even though the time, or beat, would, of course, be given by a drum or gong) the chaos resulting from the catching of a crab among that forest of gigantic spars beggars the imagination.

Biremes and triremes there presumably were (I believe Napoleon III built a trireme once, just to see if it would work; it scooted merrily about Cherbourg Harbor), but with anything above a quadrireme we begin to enter the realm of nautical absurdity. (Suetonius tells us that Caligula built two galleys with ten banks of oars, but his further description of these as floating entertainment palaces, with saloons, baths, galleries, and even growing trees and vines, shows that they could not possibly have been "all engines," as a ten-banked galley would necessarily be. The two pleasure boats of Caligula's that were raised from the bottom of Lake Nemi in 1931 were almost certainly the same two; such reconstruction work as was accomplished on the remains before they were destroyed by the retreating Germans in 1944 gave no indication that they had ten banks of oars, or anything like it.) Tredecaremes and trigintaremes must be regarded as figments of the scholarly (but unsailorly) imagination. How and why has this belief in a manifest absurdity persisted for so long? If one were to postulate a deerlike animal twice as big and heavy as an elephant, it would not need a professor of anatomy to point out that such an animal could not support itself on the slender legs of a deer but would need elephantlike legs, thus ceasing at once to be deerlike—that such a postulation was, in fact, a contradiction in terms. The multireme (if I may be permitted the word) is equally a contradiction, but apparently only sailors can see it.

How did the belief arise? In a quite simple way. An ordinary lifeboat today normally has one man at each oar, but in special conditions two men may be placed on the same thwart, pulling at the same oar, the oar then being said to be double-banked. If three men were put to the same oar, it would be said to be triple-banked. There are no large vessels in modern times propelled by oars, but if there were, and one such had five men at each oar, it could be said to be quintuple-banked. The term "banked," used in this sense, derives from the Middle Latin *bancus* (whence "bench"), meaning the seat on which the rowers sit; it does *not* mean separate banks, or tiers, of oars.

See "Sound and Light" at Boscobel

Spend a summer evening at famous Boscobel Restoration—and enjoy one of the most unusual outdoor dramas you will ever see.

The Hudson River bluff, the woods, the gardens and the house—one of America's most beautiful homes—provide the setting. Voices people this stage and light illuminates each scene, as Helen Hayes tells the dramatic story of the Hudson River Valley and of Boscobel.

You can see this exciting mosaic of music, light and history any Wednesday or Saturday evening. For reservations and further information call (212) LO 2-7444 or (914) CO 5-3638 or write Boscobel, Garrison-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Siambelli 50th
RISTORANTE
ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760
Diner's Club
American Express

Area Code 413 - 773-3838
OLD DEERFIELD INN
DEERFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS 01342
E. Baxter Webb, Innkeeper
Ten 18th Century Houses Open to the Public

RIZZOLI
International
Bookstore
Peter Novelli, Director
Books • Periodicals • Records • Objets d'Art
from around the world
712 Fifth Avenue, New York 19 • 245-0400
Open six days a week until midnight

It is almost certainly this confusion of terms that has led the pundits astray all this time.

I suspect, too, that words like "trigintareme" and "quadragintareme" are "constructed" words, which never appeared in original ancient documents. *Redolet lucerna:* the misconception having been born, the appropriate word had to be devised to fit it. It is quite reasonable to imagine a large ship with extra-powerful oars (but not two-hundred-footers!), their looms extending inboard for about fifteen feet. Each would have to be manned by, say, fifteen men, in two rows, facing one another—some pulling, some pushing, in unison. If such a word as "quindecareme" was ever used in the ancient world, it would have referred to this arrangement, and would have been interpreted at the time to mean a ship with fifteen men to a *bancus*—certainly not one with fifteen *banks* of oars.

Sincerely yours,
TERENCE L. STOCKEN
Lieutenant Commander,
R.N.V.R. (*Retired*)

•

We are therefore in front of a nightmare and of the attempt to free one's self from it through the impellent and screamed confession, leaving no time to an overthought. The incubus of the alienating modern world—above all American—that our friend Ken lives and carries along—*in corpore suo*—with his flights and comebacks and new fleeing from New York, Chicago, St. Louis, his home town, to this illusion of peace and of human reconquest in Italy, in Florence, which is among all the city of his fine wife, the painter Franca Barbara Frittelli, disciple of Rosai, a maestro over all dear to Ken who is so far from in his vocabulary but so close humanly to fully feel his substantial message. I believe that a show like this one, on that side or this of the moment's disputes, can talk to all.—*Invitation to an art exhibit in Bologna.*

Somebody better start talking.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER AND FROM WAY BACK

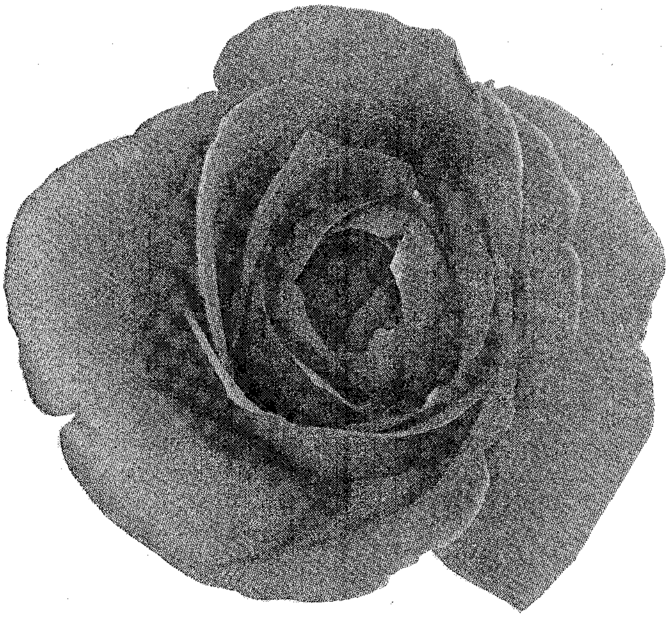
[*From the Monticello* (*Ga.*) *News*]

Dr. and Mrs. Lancaster spent Wednesday in Macon. Dr. Lancaster attended the annual meeting of the Masonic Secretaries and Mrs. Lancaster visited the Washington Memorial Library studying the genealogy Department with the idea of learning more about her ancestors. The Librarian showed her the line of a lady in Macon, Mrs. Schifield who has traced her line back to Noah very concisely and step by step. Of course the lineage from Noah to Adam is outlined in the Bible.

Even if it's a chrysanthemum. Colors are brighter and more attractive on Mead Superb Enamel. Reproduction is truer. In glossy or matte finishes, it's the best paper you can use for all those thorny printing problems. Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD papers

On Mead Superb a rose is a rose is a rose.



Mead Papers, a division of The Mead Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

SUBSCRIPTION
ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET • NEW YORK, N. Y 10036

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8 ☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

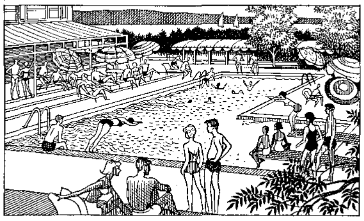
(*Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America, and Spain—$1 per year; other foreign—$3.*)

NAME ______

ADDRESS ______

______

(*Please include ZIP Code number*)



Enjoy the new pool at Basin Harbor!

Our 75-foot pool has twin diving boards, temperature control, and special poolside luncheon daily. There's also 18 holes of uncrowded golf, tennis, supervised children's programs, and 126 lakefront miles of lovely Lake Champlain for water sports and fine fishing. Victuals are famous, as are the Club's snug lodgings. For reservations and details: N. Y. Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West. LT 1-6595.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB

Robert H. Beach, Manager

VERGENNES • VERMONT

Prometheus

The Life of Balzac

by

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

THE choicest vacation reading for the sophisticated reader. "A magnificent literary biography, perhaps the greatest I have read." — IRVING STONE. Illustrated. At your bookstore, $10.00

Harper & Row

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. No obligation. Write:

BOOKS-ON-FILE

DEPT. NY-66 UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

FANNY'S

WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT

Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.

Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.

Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PALACE OF MONEY, by W. H. Manville (Delacorte). A novel about a man who is trying to write a novel, by a man who has written two, counting this one. The hero thinks that everyone knows what is meant by love except him, and has equally perplexed thoughts about art (Aristotle vs. Percy Lubbock) and money (Hemingway vs. Fitzgerald). Though the book is written in the third person, it is difficult to distinguish the hero's irresolute attitudes and style from the author's. Mr. Manville alternates between prose of flippancy and of unsubstantiated intensity. One dramatic and frequently Freudian confrontation after another occurs between the characters—the struggling writer, his wife, her rich mother and father and sister and brother—who are defined in terms of brand names and topical references: Jax pants, Balenciaga, Enovid, Bobby Short, Algerian marijuana, Oedipus. There are signs in the passionate record of what these people eat, drink, sit on, and do when they're nervous that Mr. Manville has a sense of humor that he should have trusted further.

GENERAL

THE ABDICATION OF KING EDWARD VIII, by Lord Beaverbrook (Atheneum). When Lord Beaverbrook died, in 1964, he left a number of manuscripts that he intended to incorporate in a series of books called "The Age of Baldwin." This account of the abdication crisis of 1936 was one of them—a day-to-day record of the author's rather prominent part in the affair, with emphasis on its political implications, and obviously designed to set matters straight for history. Beaverbrook, who was the King's man in the contest between King and Cabinet, believed that Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin was out to get rid of Edward VIII at all costs and did not care about the marriage to Mrs. Simpson one way or the other; he attempts to show how Baldwin accomplished his end by trickery and various other kinds of double-dealing. It is not a pretty tale, and the author's intemperate language does nothing to tone it down, but it makes for a lively book. Photographs.

THE FOURTH SESSION, by Xavier Rynne (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). The fourth volume of Mr. Rynne's "essay in theological journalism," dealing with the last session of Vatican Council II. Mr. Rynne is openly on the side of the progressives and critical of Pope Paul's actions and inactions (particularly on the birth-control issue), but he recognizes the necessity for compromise, and he is always fair. He concludes that if the Council was not a Second Catholic Reformation, it laid a good foundation for such a mighty work, particularly in the ecumenical innovations with which the Pope concluded it. With running summaries of the sessions and a full appendix of documents. A very few passages first appeared in these pages.

THE AGE OF WIT: 1650-1750, by D. Judson Milburn (Macmillan). This work of scholarship is entertaining despite its author's evident determination to be serious; given the happy subject and Mr. Milburn's fine sense of style, it could hardly be otherwise. He describes wit during its heyday in English letters—its definitions, its uses, and then its decline as "sensibility" became the quality to which art and artists were supposed to aspire. He is very good on Augustan literary achievements; he also clarifies—without insisting on their current applicability or any such didactic nonsense—some of the values of Augustan thought.

•

CEMETERY SALESMEN

If you have been or are now a successful closer in the Cemetery Lot And Mausoleum Sales Field, We offer You a Unique New Program Where Your Time Is Spent In Closing. We Deliver The Prospective Buyer To You On Our Property And You Have But To Close Them. Call Mr. Donnell, At National Memorial Park, Falls Church, Va., weekdays, 9-5. —*Adv. in the Washington Post & Times-Herald.*

Mind if we ask what *condition* the prospective buyer is in when you deliver him?

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

We've learned from experience.
To get the perfect gin and fruit juice
you need a "fussbudget".
To make the drink.
And the gin.

Seagram's Extra Dry/the perfect martini gin,
also perfect with fruit juice...
perfectly smooth,
perfectly dry,
perfect.

Seagram's
Extra
Dry
THE PERFECT MARTINI GIN
Distillers
since 1857
Seagram's
Extra Dry
Gin
90 PROOF
90 PROOF

Anne Richards is on a business trip

(Her father's)

She's flying to San Francisco. Flying for the first time in her life.

And she's having the time of her life.

The stewardess gave her a hot dog with all the trimmings for lunch. And a pair of junior stewardess' wings for keeps.

Saturday her father's going to take her to Chinatown and buy her a lunch at Fisherman's Wharf.

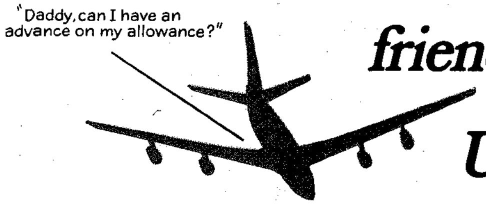
Her father's having the time of his life, too, just watching Anne. And he's showing her a lot of America for very little money.

He saved 25% of his round-trip Coach fare with United's new Excursion Fare plan. And Anne is traveling for half fare, since she's under 12 years of age.

What's more, he charged both fares with his United Personal Travel Credit Card. You can get one, too.

Next time you have to take a business trip, why not take along your youngster?

We've already given you some pretty good reasons why you should. But, if you need one more, just remember what it was like watching TV re-runs in your hotel on your last trip.


"Daddy, can I have an advance on my allowance?"

fly the friendly skies of United.